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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. ASQUITH AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE

I

THE way in which Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister of Great Britain will remain one of the most dramatic incidents in British history, and one of the great outstanding events in the direction of the world war. It was symptomatic of a time when the stress of war stirs men deeply and drives them to ruthless methods undreamed of in the calmer days of peace. The incident had a domestic as well as a world-signification. It has meant the break-up of the historic Liberal Party for the time being, and the beginning of a new alignment in British politics which may have far-reaching effects. Political life would have been very different after the war in any case; but Mr. Lloyd George by his action and his policy has forced the pace and upset the old party traditions and policies. Whether the recreant leader of Democracy will return as a prodigal son to the fold among his former Radical-Progressives; whether he will veer to the right among his former antagonists; whether he will endeavor to organize a centre party round his own forceful personality, or make a bid for the leadership of Labor, no student of political conditions emerging from the war will venture with

confidence to predict. It is doubtful if Mr. Lloyd George himself has at the time of writing decided upon the course which he will follow or the party he will lead.

Usually a change of government in Great Britain is brought about by the defeat of the Administration in the House of Commons, or by defeat at a general election following upon a dissolution of Parliament. The change was made from the Asquith to the Lloyd George Coalition in December, 1916, without either of these things happening. Mr. Asquith and all his Liberal colleagues retired without having been defeated in the House of Commons or having tested the opinion of the country on their war-policy. The Lloyd George Administration came into being as the result of political wire-pulling and personal intrigue. The change may have been necessary in the course of the war, and the results may have justified the change; but the methods adopted to bring about that change were new in British political life.

No one can fully appreciate the incidents of the crisis from which the Lloyd George government emerged without understanding the internal conditions of political parties in Great

Britain at the time, and without knowing something of the enigmatic and complex personality of the present Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George is and has been for the past few years the most picturesque personality in British public life. He has amazing intuition; he has vision; he is subject to impulses and frequently seeks the means to justify action after the action has taken place; he has flashes of political genius and the faculty of projecting himself into the future, of reading the undercurrents of public opinion. He has fascinating qualities. He radiates charm, but does not inspire trust. He cares more for the end to be achieved than for the means by which that end is to be attained.

In the war he played several great parts. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer when war was declared. He knew less of finance than any financial minister in the world. He knew nothing of the mechanism of exchange, and he exhibited the first bill of exchange which he handled as a rare curiosity — an awesome document carrying the hidden force round which the commerce of the world revolves. But Mr. Lloyd George is wise in his ignorance. What he lacks in training, knowledge, and education he makes up by intuition, by a receptive, alert mind, by an uncanny aptitude for assimilation. So he promptly called to his counsel the greatest merchants, the ablest bankers and financiers in the City of London. He sought their advice and acted upon it. He averted a financial crash by the measures which he took. He was bold in imposing war-taxation. He was a success as War Finance Minister.

But he yearned for other spheres of activity. He wanted to get closer to the direction of the war. He interested himself in armaments. He learned much from the initiative and example of the French in rising to a great national

emergency in the matter of munitions. He was appointed by Mr. Asquith first Minister of Munitions, when the ministry was created, leaving the Chancellorship of the Exchequer with regret and with the hope of returning to the position, as he, unlike Lord Kitchener, did not foresee a long war. This was at the end of May, 1915, when Mr. Asquith reconstructed his government by the admission of Unionists. As Minister of Munitions, Mr. Lloyd George mobilized the industries of the country more quickly than anyone else could have done. It was Kitchener's striking personality that enabled England to recruit her new army — Kitchener's Army; it was due to the energizing influence of Lloyd George that the industrial forces of the country were put on a war-footing in record time.

Mr. Lloyd George succeeded Lord Kitchener as Secretary for War in June, 1916. By this time he regarded himself as the nation's war-leader, and his friends likened him to Cromwell and to Pitt. As War Minister he was not a great success as an office administrator, but he shone in other ways: in pushing on munition production, in organizing military railways in France, and in other directions. He was also among ministers the first and most insistent advocate of compulsory military service.

II

By the summer of 1916 rifts had arisen inside the Asquith Coalition. That coalition had been formed in May, 1915, over the Dardanelles crisis, and the shortage of shells and other munitions. Sir Edward Carson retired in October, 1915, mainly because the war was not going well in the East, and because the Allies did not coerce Greece. It was well known that Mr. Lloyd George was in general agreement with Sir Edward Carson and considered that

Mr. Asquith's War Committee was dilatory and inefficient as an instrument for waging war.

It was generally admitted that the machinery for directing the war was cumbersome and slow. The military chiefs regarded it as ill-fitted for the purpose. Two 'ginger' groups were formed in the House of Commons, one on the Unionist side, with Sir Edward Carson as its chief, and one on the Liberal side. The war was not going well for the Allies in the summer of 1916. There were continual attacks on the Cabinet from the outside, and Mr. Lloyd George was in permanent revolt inside.

The progress of disintegration which had begun came to a head on a subsidiary issue which had no bearing on war-policy. It was on an economic question in which the United States was involved. Enemy properties in British dominions were being sold, and in the fall of 1916 the turn came to dispose of German interests in Nigeria. The Governor of the colony advertised the properties for sale in neutral countries, — including the United States, — as well as in Allied countries and within the British Empire. He did so because he considered that he was following the traditional British policy of acting in the best interests of the natives, of whom he regarded himself — in the absence of representative government — as the trustee. There was another reason why there should be foreign competition: the palm-kernel trade in Nigeria had fallen into the hands of an English monopoly as soon as the German competition had stopped, and the price paid to the natives had fallen fifty per cent. The tariff party in the House of Commons fastened on this issue: they considered that Empire interests were being betrayed. British raw material for the British was their policy; 'Alien hands off!' was their cry.

The issue was also raised to embarrass the Government and in the hope of defeating it.

These tactics were not discouraged by Mr. Lloyd George although he took no direct part in them. The running was made by the Ulster fire-eater, Sir Edward Carson. The government policy won, but Mr. Bonar Law, the Unionist leader, became alarmed about his own position. When taking office under Mr. Asquith in May, 1915, he had pledged himself to his party that, if ever he found himself in disagreement with them, if ever he lost their confidence, he would resign. In the division on the Nigerian sale sixty Unionists voted against the Government and the Unionist leader, and seventy-one voted on the other side, including fifteen office-holders. The margin was too narrow for safety. Mr. Bonar Law decided that 'something should be done to give greater security to the Government,' and he thought that the proper course lay in improving and quickening the machinery for directing the war — then a clumsy committee which had increased in numbers until it resembled a small public meeting; and the larger it became, the less work it accomplished.

Sir Edward Carson was all out for war against the Asquith Administration. Mr. Lloyd George was with him, and carried on his operations by occasionally speaking against the government of which he was a member, and by pursuing an aggressive policy inside the War Committee and the Cabinet — all from a genuine desire to make the war go better.

At this particular time, Mr. Lloyd George had drifted apart from Mr. Bonar Law; so had Sir Edward Carson — a feature of the situation which did not make the Unionist leader's position more comfortable. Carson, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Com-

mons, was in close coöperation with Mr. Lloyd George, the leader of the Opposition inside the Cabinet.

This clash of personal interests made the position impossible: it could not last. Then entered upon the scene a gentleman almost unknown in English political life, who started to bring about a reconciliation. He knew the three. He was Sir Max Aitken, a Canadian financier who entered English politics a few years before, and who now hides his former identity under the title of Lord Beaverbrook. He had no influence in the House of Commons, but he had influence with Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. He had had a profitable experience as a merger of industrial enterprises in Canada, and he now applied the same skillful diplomacy to bring together conflicting political personalities in England. He succeeded. First, he reconciled Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. Next, he brought in Mr. Lloyd George; and the three spent the latter part of November in secret confabulation, with the Canadian financier acting as host and go-between. Little progress was made toward reforming the War Committee, and consequently improving the direction of the war. At that time Mr. Bonar Law had not the same complete trust in Mr. Lloyd George that he had in Mr. Asquith, whom he still considered as the indispensable head of a government and the focus of national unity.

The first proposal for a new War Council was submitted by Mr. Bonar Law to Mr. Asquith on the 18th of November, 1916. It was simplicity itself. The Council was to consist of the trio themselves, working without portfolios under the supreme control of Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith did not accept the scheme. Mr. Bonar Law produced an alternative a week later. This scheme was for a cabinet within the Cabinet: a body of

civilian ministers who would sit daily, if necessary, together with naval, military, and other expert advisers. It was to be a real War Council. The members would have no other function than 'to conduct the war.' Mr. Asquith was to be the President and Mr. Lloyd George the Chairman, and President in the absence of the Prime Minister. The prerogatives of the Prime Minister were not encroached upon. He had power to refer any question, or all questions, to the Cabinet, and was left in supreme control, with his authority unimpaired and his responsibility not lessened. The scheme looked an admirable working arrangement — better than the War Cabinet, subsequently created by Mr. Lloyd George, which is not a War Cabinet at all, except in name. It is a body changing in personnel according to the subjects discussed, and dealing with the whole work of the Administration, military and civil. Mr. Asquith did not accept the revised scheme as presented by Mr. Bonar Law, nor was it approved by Mr. Bonar Law's Unionist colleagues, who proposed a dual council separating the military from the civil administration.

III

In the meantime, Mr. Asquith was wrestling with all sorts of trouble. He could not find a food-controller, he was seeking a plan to speed up shipbuilding, he was preparing a ministry of national service, he was contemplating the organization of a civilian general staff to work on parallel lines with a reformed War Council. He did not take his trusted Liberal colleagues in the Cabinet into his confidence. His chief Liberal lieutenant, Mr. Lloyd George, was coöperating with the Unionist leader. Mr. Asquith was in great perplexity; he was sincere, honest, straightforward, but harassed with doubts. He studied

and hesitated. But Mr. Lloyd George was in a hurry, and his restlessness made Mr. Asquith all the more anxious, as he never knew where demands would end or what Mr. Lloyd George's last word would be. Mr. Lloyd George's political and personal supporters kept up a perpetual attack on the Prime Minister; and while he did not know whether Mr. Lloyd George encouraged the assailants, he did know that he neither rebuked nor tried to restrain them.

At this point negotiations passed into the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. Then began a rapid interchange of letters between him and Mr. Asquith. The sequel of this correspondence was the downfall of the latter. The historic letters have been circulated among a select circle of friends of both men. One gentleman intimately associated with the negotiations has printed them privately. They have been read by a number of leading statesmen and publicists, including visitors from overseas, among them Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada. This correspondence reveals the working of the minds of two men who played great parts in the war at a time of stress and national crisis, and deserves wider publicity, not alone for its own interest, but for the development of which it was the prelude.

The first communication from Mr. Lloyd George was dated the first of December, 1916, in the form of a brief memorandum, as follows:—

December 1st, 1916.

MEMO. TO PRIME MINISTER

1. That the War Committee consist of three members—two of whom must be the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, who should have in their offices deputies capable of attending to and deciding all department business—and a third Minister without portfolio. One of the three to be Chairman.

2. That the War Committee shall have

full powers, subject to the supreme control of the Prime Minister, to direct all questions connected with the War.

3. The Prime Minister in his discretion to have the power to refer any question to the Cabinet.

4. Unless the Cabinet, on reference by the Prime Minister, reverses the decision of the War Committee, that decision to be carried out by the Department concerned.

5. The War Committee to have the power to invite any Minister and to summon the expert advisers and officers of any Department to its meetings.

To this Mr. Asquith replied later on in the same day. He wrote:—

(Secret)

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.

1st December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE,—

I have now had time to reflect on our conversation this morning and to study your memorandum.

Though I do not altogether share your dark estimate and forecast of the situation, actual and perspective, I am in complete agreement that we have reached a critical situation in the War, and that our own methods of procedure, with the experience which we have gained during the last few months, call for reconsideration and revision.

The two main defects of the War Committee, which has done excellent work, are (1) that its numbers are too large; (2) that there is delay, evasion, and often obstruction, on the part of the Departments in giving effect to its decisions. I might with good reason add (3), that it is often kept in ignorance by the Departments of information, essential and even vital, of a technical kind, upon the problems that come before it, and (4) that it is overcharged with duties, many of which might well be delegated to subordinate bodies.

The result is that I am clearly of opinion that the War Committee should be reconstituted, and its relations to and authority over the Departments, etc., more clearly defined and more effectively asserted.

I now come to your specific proposals. In my opinion, whatever changes are made

in the composition or functions of the War Committee, the Prime Minister must be its Chairman. He cannot be relegated to the position of an arbiter in the background or a referee to the Cabinet.

In regard to its composition, I agree that the War Secretary and the First Lord of the Admiralty are necessary members. I am inclined to add to the same category the Minister of Munitions. There should be another member, either without portfolio or charged only with comparatively light departmental duties. One of the members should be appointed Vice-Chairman.

I purposely do not in this letter discuss the delicate and difficult question of personnel.

The Committee should, as far as possible, sit *de die in diem*, and have full power to see that its decisions (subject to appeal to the Cabinet) are carried out promptly and effectively by the Departments.

The reconstruction of the War Committee should be accompanied by the setting up of a Committee of National Organization, to deal with the purely domestic side of war-problems. It should have executive powers within its own domain.

The Cabinet would in all cases have ultimate authority.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

Clearly Mr. Asquith was of opinion that the War Council proposed would undermine his authority, and he therefore wished to retain his right to be chairman. He could not very well have acted as chairman of a committee at daily meetings, and as chairman of a committee on national civil organization, have presided at general Cabinet meetings, and have continued to perform his parliamentary duties as Leader of the House of Commons.

Instead of pursuing the negotiations and trying to reconcile their differences, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George went into the country for the week-end. On Sunday morning, December 2, Conservative ministers met at Mr. Bonar Law's house. These min-

isters were in favor of Mr. Asquith remaining; and in order, as they thought, to strengthen his position and give him a free hand, they advised him to resign and reconstruct his government.

The British Prime Minister in the matter of allocating offices is an autocrat. When he resigns or reconstructs his government, he invites all his ministers to return their portfolios and he re-allots offices, according to his own desires and interests, to so many of them as he wishes to retain.

Mr. Asquith, who returned to his official residence in London on Sunday afternoon, did not see how resignation would facilitate his task, and solve the pressing problem before him. As a lever to bring Mr. Asquith into harmony with the policy of the Unionists, Mr. Bonar Law was authorized to resign and to tender the resignation of all his Unionist colleagues. He did not carry out this part of his mission. Mr. Asquith was in a conciliatory mood. He was willing to continue discussion in order to arrive at an understanding. Interviews took place between him, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Bonar Law, separately and together, on Sunday evening, and on the third a compromise was reached, and a scheme was agreed upon. The War Committee was to direct the war-policy, under the supreme and effective control of the Prime Minister. The Committee was not to consist of more than five: they would have a chairman, — Mr. Lloyd George, — and Mr. Asquith would attend the meetings at his discretion and preside when he did attend. The chairman would report to him daily. He would review the programme of business and have the power of veto.

This solution, almost on the lines of that proposed by Mr. Bonar Law in November, maintained the supreme control and responsibility of the Prime Minister. The question of personnel

was not settled. Mr. Asquith agreed to Mr. Lloyd George (as chairman), Mr. Bonar Law, and a representative of Labor (Mr. Arthur Henderson), but he did not agree to Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion that Mr. Balfour, then at the head of the Admiralty, should be excluded and that Sir Edward Carson should be included. He considered that Mr. Balfour had proved an efficient First Lord of the Admiralty, and that he had a right to be a member of the Committee, with or without portfolio. He had not been impressed with Sir Edward Carson's ability as a cabinet minister, and, perhaps, he was also thinking of Ireland. At any rate, while the constitution of the Committee, as regards two men, was not settled on Sunday evening, Mr. Asquith was confident that this remaining difficulty would be overcome. He dined at the house of Mr. Edwin Montagu, now Minister for India and then Minister for Munitions, who had been trying to play the part of conciliator. So sure was Mr. Asquith that the way was clear for a settlement, that he issued a notice to the press from Mr. Montagu's house, which read: 'The Prime Minister, with a view to the more effective prosecution of the war, has decided to advise His Majesty the King to consent to a reconstruction of the Government.' Probably the first knowledge the King had of this intention was when he read the announcement in the press next morning.

The next day — the fourth of December — the breaking-point was reached. The *Times* published an editorial which was intended to make an agreement between the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George impossible. That journal had attacked Mr. Asquith severely and somewhat malignantly for two years or so. It misrepresented Mr. Asquith in many respects, and probably misled public opinion. Mr. Asquith

was indifferent to personal attack or abuse, but what disturbed him in respect to this particular article was that the secret conversation of the previous evening had been conveyed to the *Times* within a few hours. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law certainly had not communicated with the press, so the leakage must have been through Mr. Lloyd George.

During this period Mr. Lloyd George and the Northcliffe press had not been on friendly terms. As Minister for War, Mr. Lloyd George had not carried out the Northcliffe policy. There was a temporary estrangement. Here again came in the Canadian merger and proposed a reconciliation between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe. He pointed out that Lord Northcliffe's support was better than his opposition. Therefore, as the price of peace, he had to be let into the confidence of Mr. Lloyd George. He was informed, either by Mr. Lloyd George or by an intermediary. The *Times* was put in possession of a weapon which it used, not to support Mr. Lloyd George, but to stab Mr. Asquith. It represented, or rather misrepresented, the agreement arrived at on Sunday evening as meaning the annihilation of Mr. Asquith. He was to be a mere *roi-fainéant*: he had not abdicated, but had been reduced to a non-entity and he was represented as being a consenting party to his own effacement — relegated, as he himself said, to the position of an 'irresponsible spectator of the war.' Consequently he wrote as follows on the morning of the fourth of December to Mr. Lloyd George:—

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
4th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

Such productions as the first leading article in to-day's *Times*, shewing the infinite possibilities for misunderstanding and misrepresentation of such an arrangement as

we considered yesterday, make me at least doubtful as to its feasibility. Unless the impression is at once corrected, that I am being relegated to the position of an irresponsible spectator of the War, I cannot possibly go on.

The suggested arrangement was to the following effect: The Prime Minister to have supreme and effective control of War Policy.

The agenda of the War Committee will be submitted to him; its Chairman will report to him daily; he can direct it to consider particular topics or proposals; and all its conclusions will be subject to his approval or veto. He can, of course, at his own discretion attend meetings of the Committee.

Yours sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

Mr. Lloyd George, within a few minutes, sent the following reply: —

WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL, S.W.
4th December, 1916.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER, —

I have not seen the *Times* article, but I hope you will not attach undue importance to these effusions. I have had these misrepresentations to put up with for months. Northcliffe frankly wants a smash. Derby and I do not. Northcliffe would like to make this and any other rearrangement under your Premiership impossible. Derby and I attach great importance to your retaining your present position — effectively. I cannot restrain or, I fear, influence Northcliffe. I fully accept in letter and in spirit your summary of the suggested arrangement — subject of course to personnel.

Ever sincerely,

(sd) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George might have known about the article or have been told about it, although he had not actually seen it. It is inconceivable that he did not know of its existence, as no one is a keener student of the press or has a better appreciation of its influence. He did not volunteer any explanation about the source of information upon which the article was founded. He admitted nothing and denied nothing. Lord Derby, then Mr. Lloyd George's

assistant at the War Office, was introduced as a party to the negotiations for the first time. As a rule, Mr. Lloyd George ignored his assistant, who was absorbed in work which the Minister threw upon him; but he is an amiable gentleman, with a conciliatory and friendly spirit. Lord Derby's published view on the situation was that

the Committee should consist of a small number of men; that the Prime Minister, whose duties were so great that he could not always preside over its deliberations, should not be required to attend all its meetings; and that the Committee should be able to sit all day, and every day if required. It would therefore be desirable, when it was impossible for the Prime Minister to preside, that the business of chairman should be delegated to someone else; and I am sure that you will agree that there was certainly one who would be designated by the country as the right man to fill that position. There was a further power given to the Prime Minister, and that was not only of attending, and, when he attended, presiding over the Committee, but of vetoing any proposal which that Committee might wish to put forward. That was the constitution of the Committee, and I thought, and still think, that it would have been possible to make such a change without overthrowing the Government.

Although Mr. Asquith was seriously perturbed, the door was not closed. In the meantime, he had consulted his colleagues, both Liberal and Unionist; he had regained confidence in himself; he felt that he could take bolder measures, and, without defying Mr. Lloyd George, bring his restless lieutenant into line. So he plucked up courage to send him this letter — still on the fourth of December: —

(Secret)

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
4th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

Thank you for your letter of this morning.

The King gave me to-day authority to ask and accept the resignation of all my colleagues, and to form a new Government on such lines as I should submit to him. I start therefore with a clean slate.

The first question which I have to consider is the constitution of the new War Committee.

After full consideration of the matter in all its aspects, I have come decidedly to the conclusion that it is not possible that such a Committee could be made workable and effective without the Prime Minister as its Chairman. I quite agree that it will be necessary for him, in view of the other calls upon his time and energy, to delegate from time to time the Chairmanship to another Minister as his representative and *locum tenens*; but (if he is to retain the authority which corresponds with his responsibility as Prime Minister) he must continue to be, as he always has been, its permanent President. I am satisfied, on reflection, that any other arrangement (such for instance as the one which I indicated to you in my letter of to-day) would be found in experience impracticable, and incompatible with the retention of the Prime Minister's final and supreme control.

The other question, which you have raised, relates to the personnel of the Committee. Here again, after deliberate consideration, I find myself unable to agree with some of your suggestions. I think we both agree that the First Lord of the Admiralty must, of necessity, be a member of the Committee. I cannot (as I told you yesterday) be a party to any suggestion that Mr. Balfour should be displaced. The technical side of the Board of Admiralty has been reconstituted, with Sir John Jellicoe as First Sea Lord. I believe Mr. Balfour to be, under existing conditions, the necessary head of the Board.

I must add that Sir Edward Carson (for whom personally and in every other way, I have the greatest regard) is not, from the only point of view which is significant to me (namely the most effective prosecution of the War), the man best qualified among my colleagues, present or past, to be a member of the War Committee.

I have only to say, in conclusion, that I am strongly of opinion that the War Committee (without any disparagement of the

existing Committee, which in my judgment is a most efficient body, and has done, and is doing, valuable work) ought to be reduced in number, so that it can sit more frequently and overtake more easily the daily problems with which it has to deal. But in any reconstruction of the Committee, such as I have, and have for some time past had in view, the governing consideration to my mind is the special capacity of the men who are to sit on it for the work which it has to do.

That is a question which I must reserve for myself to decide.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

There was nothing new as regards Mr. Asquith's attitude, but his views were firmly expressed, and his determination to ask for the resignation of all his colleagues gave him as he said 'a clean slate,' with power to re-allocate offices as he chose, and to omit anyone whose coöperation he no longer desired.

Mr. Lloyd George did not expect this bomb-shell, and took more than a few hours over his reply, which was a masterly production, intended as a justification of his whole war-policy, and was written with a view to publication. This letter read:—

WAR OFFICE, S.W., 5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER, —

I received your letter with some surprise. On Friday I made proposals which involved, not merely your retention of the Premiership, but the supreme control of the War, whilst the executive functions, subject to that supreme control, were left to others. I thought you then received these suggestions favorably. In fact you yourself proposed that I should be the Chairman of this Executive Committee, although, as you know, I never put forward that demand. On Saturday you wrote me a letter in which you completely went back on that proposition. You sent for me on Sunday and put before me other proposals: these proposals you embodied in a letter to me written on Monday: —

'The Prime Minister to have supreme and effective control of War policy;

'The agenda of the War Committee will be submitted to him; its Chairman will report to him daily; he can direct it to consider particular topics or proposals; and all its conclusions will be subject to his approval or veto. He can, of course, at his own discretion attend meetings of the Committee.'

These proposals safeguarded your position and power as Prime Minister in every particular. I immediately wrote you, accepting them 'in letter and in spirit.' It is true that on Sunday I expressed views as to the constitution of the Committee, but these were for discussion. To-day you have gone back on your own proposals.

I have striven my utmost to cure the obvious defects of the War Committee without overthrowing the Government. As you are aware, on several occasions during the last two years I have deemed it my duty to express profound dissatisfaction with the Government's method of conducting the War. Many a time, with the road to victory open in front of us, we have delayed and hesitated whilst the enemy were erecting barriers that finally checked the approach. There has been delay, hesitation, lack of forethought and vision. I have endeavored repeatedly to warn the Government of the dangers, both verbally and in written memoranda and letters, which I crave your leave now to publish if my action is challenged; but I have either failed to secure decisions or I have secured them when it was too late to avert the evils. The latest illustration is our lamentable failure to give timely support to ROUMANIA.

I have more than once asked to be released from my responsibility for a policy with which I was in thorough disagreement, but at your urgent personal request I remained in the Government. I realize that, when the country is in the peril of a great war, Ministers have not the same freedom to resign on disagreement. At the same time, I have always felt — and I felt deeply — that I was in a false position, inasmuch as I could never defend in a wholehearted manner the action of the Government of which I was a member. We have thrown away opportunity after opportunity, and I am convinced, after deep and anxious re-

flection, that it is my duty to leave the Government, in order to inform the people of the real condition of affairs and to give them an opportunity, before it is too late, to save their native land from a disaster which is inevitable if the present methods are longer persisted in. As all delay is fatal in war, I place my office without further parley at your disposal.

It is with great personal regret that I have come to this conclusion. In spite of mean and unworthy insinuations to the contrary, — insinuations which I fear are always inevitable in the case of men who hold prominent but not primary positions in any Administration, — I have felt a strong personal attachment to you as my chief. As you yourself said on Sunday, we have acted together for ten years and never had a quarrel, although we have had many a grave difference on questions of policy. You have treated me with great courtesy and kindness; for all that I thank you. Nothing would have induced me to part now except an overwhelming sense that the course of action which has been pursued has put the country — and not merely the country, but throughout the world, the principles for which you and I have always stood throughout our political lives — in the greatest peril that has ever overtaken them.

As I am fully conscious of the importance of preserving national unity, I propose to give your Government complete support in the vigorous prosecution of the War; but unity without action is nothing but futile carnage, and I cannot be responsible for that. Vigor and vision are the supreme need at this hour.

Yours sincerely,

(sd) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George, it will be noticed, in this communication accuses the Prime Minister, as his friends in the press had already done, of going back on his word on two occasions. The letters on the crisis, and the views of mere independent participators in the controversy, do not bear out this interpretation of Mr. Asquith's attitude, which, it must be remembered, was influenced by the *Times* article, and by the fear

that he had not heard the last word in Mr. Lloyd George's demands.

There are severe strictures in Mr. Lloyd George's letter on the general conduct of the war; but the one specific indictment of failure refers to Roumania. On the fourth of September, 1916, he wrote a memorandum on Roumania. Mr. Lloyd George was rightly proud of this document, and it has had a very considerable private circulation among his friends. Here it is:—

WAR OFFICE, 4. 9. 1916.

I have just seen the telegrams announcing the declaration of war by Bulgaria against Roumania. This is an additional ground for the anxiety which I expressed to you on Saturday as to the possibilities in the immediate future in the Balkans. I then expressed some apprehension that Hindenburg, who has strong Eastern proclivities and has always been opposed to the concentration of Germanic forces in the West, would direct his attention to the crushing of Roumania, and that we ought to be thinking out every practicable plan for giving effective support to Roumania in the event of her being heavily attacked. We cannot afford another Serbian tragedy. We were warned early in 1915 that the Germans meant, in confederation with the Bulgars, to wipe Serbia out. In spite of that fact, when the attack came we had not purchased a single mule to aid the Serbians through Salonika. The result was, when our troops landed there, owing to lack of equipment and appropriate transport, they could not go inland and Serbia was crushed.

I hope that we shall not allow the same catastrophe to befall Roumania through lack of timely forethought.

There are three disquieting facts in the situation:—

1. Hindenburg's well-known Eastern inclinations.

2. The declaration of war by Bulgaria against Roumania. I cannot believe Ferdinand would have taken this risk where it was quite unnecessary, unless he had received substantial guaranties of German assistance in the attack on Roumania.

3. The slackening of the German attack on Verdun. Hindenburg will certainly give up this foolish attack at the earliest possible opportunity. The abandonment of this operation will release hundreds of heavy guns and hundreds of thousands of good troops. If in addition to this he were prepared gradually to give ground on the Somme, making us pay for it as he retires, he could transfer several more divisions from the West to the East. He could give up four or five times as much ground as we have won during the past two months without surrendering any vital positions.

4. I can hardly think that the equipment of the Roumanian Army would enable it long to resist an attack from an Austro-Germanic-Bulgarian force, armed with hundreds of heavy guns and supplied with enormous quantities of heavy shell. The Roumanians are very scantily supplied with heavy guns, and I doubt whether their supplies of ammunition are sufficient to enable them to get through a continuous fight lasting over several weeks.

I therefore once more urge that the General Staff should carefully consider what action we could, in conjunction with France and Italy, take immediately to relieve the pressure on Roumania if a formidable attack developed against her. There may be nothing in my fears, but no harm could be done by being prepared for all contingencies.

(sd) D. L.G.

We now know what really happened with regard to Roumania. Much of the munitions intended for her had been intercepted by Russia, although they had not been put to effective use by that country. Roumania was the victim of Russian inefficiency, incompetence, corruption, and neglect. As the Allies could help Roumania only through Russia, they were obviously at a disadvantage, unless they had foreseen the danger many months before they induced Roumania to enter the war; and at that time munitions were inadequate to go round. The military weakness of Russia helped to make Roumania an easy prey to the German legions.

Mr. Asquith sent a brief and restrained reply to Mr. Lloyd George's ultimatum, dated the same day — December 5. It ran: —

(Private)

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

I need not tell you that I have read your letter of to-day with much regret.

I do not comment upon it for the moment, except to say that I cannot wholly accept your account of what passed between us in regard to my connection with the War Committee.

In particular, you have omitted to quote the first and most material part of my letter of yesterday.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

In the meantime, I feel sure that you will see the obvious necessity in the public interest of not publishing at this moment any part of our correspondence.

Mr. Lloyd George still hankered after publicity and in reply said: —

WAR OFFICE, S.W., 5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER, —

I cannot announce my resignation without assigning the reason. Your request that I should not publish the correspondence that led up to and necessitated it places me therefore in an embarrassing and unfair position. I must give reasons for the grave step I have taken. If you forbid publication of the correspondence, do you object to my stating in another form my version of the causes that led to my resigning?

Yours sincerely,

(sd) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

As to the first part of your letter, the publication of the letters would cover the whole ground.

A new situation then faced Mr. Asquith: he was threatened with the pub-

lication of letters which would have raised a fierce controversy and destroyed national unity at a time when things were not going well. The inner history of a split between the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George, the revelation of the weakness of machinery for directing the war, would have caused consternation at home, alarm among the Allies, and have given welcome encouragement to the enemy. Placed in such a dilemma, Mr. Asquith took the only course which the gravity of the situation demanded: he resigned. He announced his resignation in his final letter to Mr. Lloyd George which was as follows: —

10, DOWNING STREET, S.W.
5th December, 1916.

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

It may make a difference to you (in reply to your last letter) if I tell you at once that I have tendered my resignation to the King.

In any case, I should deprecate in the public interest the publication in its present form, at this moment, of your letters to me of this morning.

Of course, I have neither the power nor the wish to prevent your stating in some other form the causes which have led you to take the step which you have taken.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd) H. H. ASQUITH.

Although he had resigned, Mr. Asquith was confident that he would be recalled to power. The Unionists believed that he would be, his own followers in the Cabinet were certain that no one else could reconstruct the coalition; Liberal and Unionist Ministers predicted that Mr. Lloyd George could not form an administration. He did. How he accomplished this amazingly clever feat in political strategy is another story.

HAMMOCK NIGHTS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

SURELY no one can deny that there is a great gulf between pancakes and truffles. An eternal, fixed, abysmal cañon. It is like the chasm between beds and hammocks. It is not to be denied and not to be traversed; for if pancakes with syrup are a necessary of life, then truffles with anything must be, by the very nature of things, a supreme and undisputed luxury, a regal food for royalty and the chosen of the earth. There cannot be a shadow of a doubt that these two are divided; and it is not alone a mere arbitrary division of poverty and riches as it would appear on the surface. It is an alienation brought about by profound and fundamental differences; for the gulf between them is that gulf which separates the prosaic, the ordinary, the commonplace, from all that is colored and enlivened by romance.

The romance of truffles! The very word itself appears in a halo, an aristocratic halo full of mystery and suggestion. One remembers the hunters who must track their quarry through marshy and treacherous lands, and one cannot forget their confiding catspaw, that desolated pig, created only to be betrayed and robbed of the fungi of his labors. He is one of the pathetic characters of history, born to secret sorrow, victimized by those superior tastes which do not become his lowly station. Born to labor and to suffer, but not to eat. To this day he commands my sympathy; his ghost — lean,

bourgeois, reproachful — looks out at me from every marketplace in the world where the truffle proclaims his faithful service.

But the pancake is a pancake, nothing more. It is without inherent or artificial glamour; and this unfortunately, when you come right down to it, is true of food in general. For food, after all, is one of the lesser considerations; the connoisseur, the gourmet, even the gourmand, spends no more than four hours out of the day at his table. From the cycle, he may select four in which to eat; but whether he will or not, he must set aside seven of the twenty-four in which to sleep.

Sleeping, then, as opposed to eating, is of almost double importance, since it consumes nearly twice as much time — and time, in itself, is the most valuable thing in the world. Considered from this angle, it seems incredible that we have no connoisseurs of sleep. For we have none. Therefore it is with some temerity that I declare sleep to be one of the romances of existence, and not by any chance the simple necessary it is reputed to be.

However, this romance, in company with whatever is worthy, is not to be discovered without the proper labor. Life is not all truffles. Neither do they grow in modest back-yards to be picked of mornings by the maid-of-all-work. A mere bed, notwithstanding its magic camouflage of coverings, of canopy, of disguised pillows, of shining brass or fluted carven posts, is, pancake like, never surrounded by this

aura of romance. No, it is hammock sleep which is the sweetest of all slumber. Not in the hideous, dyed affairs of our summer porches, with their miserable curved sticks to keep the strands apart, and their maddening creaks which grow in length and discord the higher one swings — but in a hammock woven by Carib Indians. An Indian hammock selected at random will not suffice; it must be a Carib and none other. For they, themselves, are part and parcel of the romance, since they are not alone a quaint and poetic people, but the direct descendants of those remote Americans who were the first to see the caravels of Columbus. Indeed, he paid the initial tribute to their skill, for in the diary of his first voyage he writes, —

‘A great many Indians in canoes came to the ship to-day for the purpose of bartering their cotton, and *hamacas* or nets in which they sleep.’

It is supposed that this name owes its being to the hamack tree, from the bark of which they were woven. However that may be, the modern hammock of these tropical Red Men is so light and so delicate in texture that during the day one may wear it as a sash, while at night it forms an incomparable couch.

But one does not drop off to sleep in this before a just and proper preparation. This presents complexities. First, the hammock must be slung with just the right amount of tautness; then, the novice must master the knack of winding himself in his blanket that he may slide gently into his aerial bed and rest at right angles to the tied ends, thus permitting the free side-meshes to curl up naturally over his feet and head. This cannot be taught. It is an art; and any art is one tenth technique, and nine tenths natural talent. However, it is possible to acquire a certain virtuosity, which, after all is said, is

but pure mechanical skill as opposed to sheer genius. One might, perhaps, get a hint by watching the living chrysalid of a potential moon-moth wriggle back into its cocoon — but little is to be learned from human teaching. However, if, night after night, one will watch his Indians, a certain instinctive knowledge will arise to aid and abet him in his task. Then, after his patient apprenticeship, he may reap as he has sowed. If it is to be disaster, it is as immediate as it is ignominious; but if success is to be his portion, then he is destined to rest, wholly relaxed, upon a couch encushioned and resilient beyond belief. He finds himself exalted and supreme above all mundane disturbances, with the treetops and the stars for his canopy, and the earth a shadowy floor far beneath. This gentle aerial support is distributed throughout hundreds of fine meshes, and the sole contact with the earth is through twin living boles, pulsing with swift running sap, whose lichened bark and moonlit foliage excel any tapestry of man’s devising.

Perhaps it is atavistic — this desire to rest and swing in a hamaca. For these are not unlike the treetop couches of our arboreal ancestors, such a one as I have seen an orang-utan weave in a few minutes in the swaying crotch of a tree. At any rate, the hammock is not dependent upon four walls, upon rooms and houses, and it partakes altogether of the wilderness. Its movement is æolian — yielding to every breath of air. It has even its own weird harmony — for I have often heard a low, whistling hum as the air rushed through the cordage mesh. In a sudden tropical gale every taut strand of my hamaca has seemed a separate, melodious, orchestral note, while I was buffeted to and fro, marking time to some rhythmic and reckless tune of the wind playing fortissimo on the woven strings

about me. The climax of this musical outburst was not without a mild element of danger — sufficient to create that enviable state of mind wherein the sense of security and the knowledge that a minor catastrophe may perhaps be brought about are weighed one against the other.

Special, unexpected, and interesting minor dangers are also the province of the hamaca. Once, in the tropics, a great fruit fell on the elastic strands and bounced upon my body. There was an ominous swish of the air in the sweeping arc which this missile described, also a goodly shower of leaves; and since the fusillade took place at midnight, it was, all in all, a somewhat alarming visitation. However, there were no honorable scars to mark its advent; and what is more important, from all my hundreds of hammock nights, I have no other memory of any actual or threatened danger which was not due to human carelessness or stupidity. It is true that once, in another continent, by the light of a campfire, I saw the long, liana-like body of a harmless tree-snake wind down from one of my fronded bed-posts and, like a living woof following its shuttle, weave a passing pattern of emerald through the pale meshes. But this heralded no harm, for the poisonous reptiles of that region never climb; and so, since I was worn out by a hard day, I shut my eyes and slept neither better nor worse because of the transient confidence of a neighborly serpent.

II

As a matter of fact, the wilderness provides but few real perils, and in a hammock one is safely removed from these. One lies in a stratum above all damp and chill of the ground, beyond the reach of crawling tick and looping leech; and with an enveloping *mos-*

quitaro, or mosquito shirt, as the Venezuelans call it, one is fortified even in the worst haunts of these most disturbing of all pests.

Once my ring rope slipped and the hammock settled, but not enough to wake me up and force me to set it to rights. I was aware that something had gone wrong, but, half asleep, I preferred to leave the matter in the lap of the gods. Later, as a result, I was awakened several times by the patting of tiny paws against my body, as small jungle-folk, standing on their hind-legs, essayed to solve the mystery of the swaying, silent, bulging affair directly overhead. I was unlike any tree or branch or liana which had come their way before; I do not doubt that they thought me some new kind of ant-nest, since these structures are alike only as their purpose in life is identical — for they express every possible variation in shape, size, color, design, and position. As for their curiosity, I could make no complaint, for, at best, my visitors could not be so inquisitive as I, inasmuch as I had crossed one ocean and two continents with no greater object than to pry into their personal and civic affairs as well as those of their neighbors. To say nothing of their environment and other matters.

That my rope slipped was the direct result of my own inefficiency. The hammock protects one from the dangers of the outside world, but like any man-made structure, it shows evidences of those imperfections which are part and parcel of human nature, and serve, no doubt, to make it interesting. But one may at least strive for perfection by being careful. Therefore tie the ropes of your hammock yourself, or examine and test the job done for you. The master of hammock makes a knot the name of which I do not know — I cannot so much as describe it. But I would like to twist it again —

two quick turns, a push and a pull; then, the greater the strain put upon it, the greater its resistance.

This trustworthiness commands respect and admiration, but it is in the morning that one feels the glow of real gratitude; for, in striking camp at dawn, one has but to give a single jerk and the rope is straightened out, without so much as a second's delay. It is the tying, however, which must be well done — this I learned from bitter experience.

It was one morning, years ago, but the memory of it is with me still, vivid and painful. One of the party had left her hammock, which was tied securely since she was skillful in such matters, to sit down and rest in another, belonging to a servant. This was slung at one end of a high, tropical porch, which was without the railing that surrounds the more pretentious verandas of civilization, so that the hammock swung free, first over the rough flooring, then a little out over the yard itself. A rope slipped, the faulty knot gave way, and she fell backward — a seven-foot fall with no support of any kind by which she might save herself. A broken wrist was the price she had to pay for another's carelessness — a broken wrist which, in civilization, is perhaps, one of the lesser tragedies; but this was in the very heart of the Guiana wilderness. Many hours from ether and surgical skill, such an accident assumes alarming proportions. Therefore, I repeat my warning: tie your knots or examine them.

It is true that, when all is said and done, a dweller in hammocks may bring upon himself any number of diverse dangers of a character never described in books or imagined in fiction. A fellow naturalist of mine never lost an opportunity to set innumerable traps for the lesser jungle-folk, such as mice and opossums, all of which he relig-

iously measured and skinned, so that each, in its death, should add its mite to human knowledge. As a fisherman runs out set lines, so would he place his traps in a circle under his hammock, using a cord to tie each and every one to the meshes. This done, it was his custom to lie at ease and wait for the click below which would usher in a new specimen, — perhaps a new species, — to be lifted up, removed, and safely cached until morning. This strategic method served a double purpose: it conserved natural energy, and it protected the catch. For if the traps were set in the jungle and trustfully confided to its care until the break of day, the ants would leave a beautifully cleaned skeleton, intact, all unnecessarily entrapped.

Now it happened that once, when he had set his nocturnal traps, he straightway went to sleep in the midst of all the small jungle people who were calling for mates and new life, so that he did not hear the click which was to warn him that another little beast of fur had come unawares upon his death. But he heard, suddenly, a disturbance in the low ferns beneath his hammock. He reached over and caught hold of one of the cords, finding the attendant trap heavy with prey. He was on the point of feeling his way to the trap itself, when instead, by some subconscious prompting, he reached over and snapped on his flashlight. And there before him, hanging in mid-air, striking viciously at his fingers which were just beyond his reach, was a young fer-de-lance — one of the deadliest of tropical serpents. His nerves gave way, and with a crash the trap fell to the ground where he could hear it stirring and thrashing about among the dead leaves. This ominous rustling did not encourage sleep; he lay there for a long time listening, — and every minute is longer in the darkness, — while his ham-

mock quivered and trembled with the reaction.

Guided by this, I might enter into a new field of naturalizing and say to those who might, in excitement, be tempted to do otherwise, 'Look at your traps before lifting them.' But my audience would be too limited; I will refrain from so doing.

It is true that this brief experience might be looked upon as one illustration of the perils of the wilderness, since it is not customary for the *fer-de-lance* to frequent the city and the town. But this would give rise to a footless argument, leading nowhere. For danger is everywhere — it lurks in every shadow and is hidden in the bright sunlight, it is the uninvited guest, the invisible pedestrian who walks beside you in the crowded street ceaselessly, without tiring. But even a *fer-de-lance* should rather add to the number of hammock devotees than diminish them; for the three feet or more of elevation is as good as so many miles between the two of you. And three miles from any serpent is sufficient.

It may be that the very word danger is subjected to a different interpretation in each one of our mental dictionaries. It is elastic, comprehensive. To some it may include whatever is terrible, terrifying; to others it may symbolize a worthy antagonist, one who throws down the gantlet and asks no questions, but who will make a good and fair fight wherein advantage is neither taken nor given. I suppose, to be bitten by vampires would be thought a danger by many who have not graduated from the mattress of civilization to this cubiculum of the wilderness. This is due, in part, to an ignorance, which is to be condoned; and this ignorance, in turn, is due to that lack of desire for a knowledge of new countries and new experiences, which lack is to be deplored and openly mourned.

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When I first entered the vampire zone, I was apprized of the fact by the clotted blood on my horse's neck in the early morning. In actually seeing this evidence, I experienced the diverse emotions of the discoverer, although as a matter of fact I had discovered nothing more than the verification of a scientific commonplace. It so happened that I had read, at one time, many conflicting statements of the workings of this aerial leech; therefore, finding myself in his native habitat, I went to all sorts of trouble to become a victim to his sorceries. The great toe is the favorite and stereotyped point of attack, we are told; so, in my hammock, my great toes were conscientiously exposed night after night, but to no effect. When one of my Indians was more fortunate, my curiosity was satisfied; but my envy persists to this day.

III

I presume that this was a matter of ill luck, rather than a personal matter between the vampire and me. Therefore, as a direct result of this and like experiences, I have learned to make proper allowances for the whims of the fates. I have learned that it is their pleasure to deluge me with rainstorms at unpropitious moments, also to send me, with my hammock, to eminently desirable countries, which, however, are barren of trees and scourged of every respectable shrub. That the showers may not find me unprepared, I pack with my hamaca an extra length of rope, to be stretched taut from foot-post to head-post, that a tarpaulin or canvas may be slung over it. When a treeless country is presented to me in prospect, I have two stout stakes prepared, and I do not move forward without them.

It is a wonderful thing to see an experienced hammocker take his stakes,

first one, then the other, and plunge them into the ground three or four times, measuring at one glance the exact distance and angle, and securing magically that mysterious 'give' so essential to well-being and comfort. Anyone can sink them like fence-posts, so that they stand deep and rigid, a reproach and an accusation; but it requires a particular skill to judge by the pull whether or not they will hold through the night and at the same time yield with gentle and supple swing to the least movement of the sleeper. A Carib knows, instantly, worthy and unworthy ground. I have seen an Indian sink his hamaca posts into sand with one swift, concentrated motion, mathematical in its precision and surety, so that he might enter at once into a peaceful night of tranquil and unbroken slumber, while I, a tenderfoot then, must needs beat my stakes down into the ground with tremendous energy, only to come to earth with a resounding thwack the moment I mounted my couch.

The Red Man made his comment, smiling: 'Yellow earth, much squeeze.' Which, being translated, informed me that the clayey ground I had chosen, hard though it seemed, was more like putty in that it would slip and slip with the prolonged pressure until the post fell inward and catastrophe crowned my endeavor.

So it follows that the hammock, in company with an adequate tarpaulin and two trustworthy stakes, will survive the heaviest downpour as well as the most arid and uncompromising desert. But since it is man-made, with finite limitations, nature is not without means to defeat its purpose. The hammock cannot cope with the cold — real cold, that is, not the sudden chill of tropical night which a blanket resists, but the cold of the north or of high altitudes. This is the realm of the

sleeping-bag, the joy of which is another story. More than once I have had to use a hammock at high levels, since there was nothing else at hand; and the numbness of the Arctic was mine. Every mesh seemed to invite a separate draught. The winds of heaven — all four — played unceasingly upon me, and I became in due time a swaying mummy of ice. It was my delusion that I was a dead Indian cached aloft upon my arboreal bier — which is not a normal state of mind for the sleeping explorer.

Anything rather than this helpless surrender to the elements. Better the lowlands and that fantastic shroud, the mosquitaro. For even to wind one's self into this is an experience of note. It is ingenious, and called the mosquito shirt because of its general shape, which is as much like a shirt as anything else. A large round centre covers the hammock, and two sleeves extend up the supporting strands and inclose the ends, being tied to the ring-ropes. If at sundown swarms of mosquitoes become unbearable, one retires into his netting funnel, and there disrobes. Clothes are rolled into a bundle and tied to the hammock, that one may close one's eyes reasonably confident that the supply will not be diminished by some small marauder. It is then that a miracle is enacted. For one is at least enabled, under these propitious circumstances, to achieve the impossible, to control and manipulate the void and the invisible, to obey that forgotten advice of one's youth, 'Oh, g'wan — crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after you!' At an early age, this unnatural advice intrigued my mind, so that I devised innumerable means of verifying it; I was filled with a despair and longing whenever I met it anew. But it was an ambition appeased only in maturity. And this is the miracle of the tropics: climb up into

the hamaca, and, at this altitude, draw in the hole of the mosquitiro funnel, making it fast with a single knot. It is done. One is at rest, and lying back, listens to the humming of all the mosquitos in the world, to be lulled to sleep by the sad, minor singing of their myriad wings. But though I have slung my hammock in many lands, on all the continents, I have few memories of netting nights. Usually, both in tropics and in tempered climes, one may boldly lie with face uncovered to the night.

IV

And this brings us to the greatest joy of hammock life, admission to the secrets of the wilderness, initiation to new intimacies and subtleties of this kingdom, at once welcomed and delicately ignored as any honored guest should be. For this one must make unwonted demands upon one's nocturnal senses. From habit, perhaps, it is natural to lie with the eyes wide open, but with all the faculties concentrated on the two senses which bring impressions from the world of darkness— hearing and smell. In a jungle hut a loud cry from out of the black tree-tops now and then reaches the ear; in a tent the faint noises of the night outside are borne on the wind, and at times the silhouette of a passing animal moves slowly across the heavy cloth; but in a hamaca one is not thus set apart to be baffled by hidden mysteries— one is given the very point of view of the creatures who live and die in the open.

Through the meshes which press gently against one's face comes every sound which our human ears can distinguish and set apart from the silence— a silence which in itself is only a mirage of apparent soundlessness, a testimonial to the imperfection of our senses. The moaning and whining of some

distant beast of prey is brought on the breeze to mingle with the silken swishing of the palm fronds overhead and the insistent chirping of many insects— a chirping so fine and shrill that it verges upon the very limits of our hearing. And these, combined, unified, are no more than the ground surge beneath countless waves of sound. For the voice of the jungle is the voice of love, of hatred, of despair— and in the night-time, when the dominance of sense-activity shifts from eye to ear, from retina to nostril, it cries aloud its confidences to all the world. But the human mind is not equal to a true understanding of these; for in a tropical jungle the birds and the frogs, the beasts and the insects are sending out their messages so swiftly one upon the other, that the senses fail of their mission and only chaos and a great confusion are carried to the brain. The whirring of invisible wings and the movement of the wind in the low branches become one and the same: it is an epic, told in some strange tongue, an epic filled to overflowing with tragedy, with poetry and mystery. The cloth of this drama is woven from many-colored threads, for Nature is lavish with her pigment, reckless with life and death. She is generous because there is no need for her to be miserly. And in the darkness, I have heard the working of her will, translating as best I could.

In the darkness, I have at times heard the tramping of many feet; in a land traversed only by Indian trails I have listened to an overloaded freight train toiling up a steep grade; I have heard the noise of distant battle and the cries of the victor and the vanquished. Hard by, among the trees, I have heard a woman seized, have heard her crying, pleading for mercy, have heard her choking and sobbing till the end came in a terrible, gasping sigh;

and then, in the sudden silence, there was a movement and thrashing about in the topmost branches, and the flutter and whirr of great wings moving swiftly away from me into the heart of the jungle — the only clue to the author of this vocal tragedy. Once, a Pan of the woods tuned up his pipes — striking a false note now and then, as if it were his whim to appear no more than the veriest amateur; then suddenly, with the full liquid sweetness of his reeds, bursting into a strain so wonderful, so silvery clear, that I lay with mouth open to still the beating of blood in my ears, hardly breathing, so that I might catch every vibration of his song. When the last note died away, there was utter stillness about me for an instant — nothing stirred, nothing moved; the wind seemed to have forsaken the leaves. From a great distance, as if he were going deeper into the woods, I heard him once more tuning up his pipes; but he did not play again.

Beside me, I heard the low voice of one of my natives murmuring, '*Muerte ha pasado.*' My mind took up this phrase, repeating it, giving it the rhythm of Pan's song — a rhythm delicate, sustained, full of color and meaning in itself. I was ashamed that one of my kind could translate such sweet and poignant music into a superstition, could believe that it was the song of death, — the death that passes, — and not the voice of life. But it may have been that he was wiser in such matters than I; superstitions are many times no more than truth in masquerade. For I could call it by no name — whether bird or beast, creature of fur or feather or scale. And not for one, but for a thousand creatures within my hearing, any obscure nocturnal sound may have heralded the end of life. Song and death may go hand in hand, and such a song may be a beauti-

ful one, unsung, unuttered until this moment when Nature demands the final payment for what she has given so lavishly. In the open, the dominant note is the call to a mate, and with it, that there may be color and form and contrast, there is that note of pure vocal exuberance which is beauty for beauty and for nothing else; but in this harmony there is sometimes the cry of a creature who has come upon death unawares, a creature who has perhaps been dumb all the days of his life, only to cry aloud this once for pity, for mercy, or for faith, in this hour of his extremity. Of all, the most terrible is the death-scream of a horse, — a cry of frightful timbre, — treasured, according to some secret law, until this dire instant when for him death indeed passes.

It was years ago that I heard the pipes of Pan; but one does not forget these mysteries of the jungle night: the sounds and scents and the dim, glimpsed ghosts which flit through the darkness and the deepest shadow mark a place for themselves in one's memory, which is not erased. I have lain in my hammock looking at a tapestry of green draped over a half-fallen tree, and then for a few minutes have turned to watch the bats flicker across a bit of sky visible through the dark branches. When I looked back again at the tapestry, although the dusk had only a moment before settled into the deeper blue of twilight, a score of great lustrous stars were shining there, making new patterns in the green drapery; for in this short time, the spectral blooms of the night had awakened and flooded my resting-place with their fragrance.

And these were but the first of the flowers; for when the brief tropic twilight is quenched, a new world is born. The leaves and blossoms of the day are at rest, and the birds and insects sleep.

New blooms open, strange scents pour forth. Even our dull senses respond to these; for just as the eye is dimmed, so are the other senses quickened in the sudden night of the jungle. Nearby, so close that one can reach out and touch them, the pale cereous moons expand, exhaling their sweetness, subtle breaths of fragrance calling for the very life of their race to the whirring hawk-moths. The tiny miller who, through the hours of glare has crouched beneath a leaf, flutters upward, and the trail of her perfume summons her mate perhaps half a mile down wind. The civet cat, stimulated by love or war, fills the glade with an odor so pungent that it seems as if the other senses must mark it.

Although there may seem not a breath of air in motion, yet the tide of scent is never still. One's moistened finger may reveal no cool side, since there is not the vestige of a breeze; but faint odors arrive, become stronger, and die away, or are wholly dissipated by an onrush of others, so musky or so sweet that one can almost taste them. These have their secret purposes, since Nature is not wasteful. If she creates beautiful things, it is to serve some ultimate end; it is her whim to walk in obscure paths, but her goal is fixed and immutable. However, her designs are hidden and not easy to decipher; at best, one achieves, not knowledge, but a few isolated facts.

V

Sport in a hammock might, by the casual thinker, be considered as limited to dreams of the hunt and chase. Yet I have found at my disposal a score of amusements. When the dusk has just settled down, and the little bats fill every glade in the forest, a box of beetles or grasshoppers — or even bits of chopped meat — offers the possi-

bility of a new and neglected sport, in effect the inversion of baiting a school of fish. Toss a grasshopper into the air and he has only time to spread his wings for a parachute to earth, when a bat swoops past so quickly that the eyes refuse to see any single effort — but the grasshopper has vanished. As for the piece of meat, it is drawn like a magnet to the fierce little face. Once I tried the experiment of a bit of blunted bent wire on a long piece of thread, and at the very first cast I entangled a flutter-mouse and pulled him in. I was aghast when I saw what I had captured. A body hardly as large as that of a mouse was topped with the head of a fiend incarnate. Between his red puffed lips his teeth showed needle-sharp and ivory-white; his eyes were as evil as a caricature from *Simplicissimus*, and set deep in his head, while his ears and nose were monstrous with fold upon fold of skinny flaps. It was not a living face, but a mask of frightful mobility.

I set him free, deeming anything so ugly well worthy of life, if such could find sustenance among his fellows and win a mate for himself somewhere in this world. But he, for all his hideousness and unseemly mien, is not the vampire; the blood-sucking bat has won a mantle of deceit from the hands of Nature — a garb that gives him a modest and not displeasing appearance, and makes it a difficult matter to distinguish him from his guileless confrères of our summer evenings.

But in the tropics, — the native land of the hammock, — not only the mysteries of the night, but the affairs of the day may be legitimately investigated from this aerial point of view. In the hot countries every unacclimatized white man must, sooner or later, succumb to that sacred custom, the siesta. In the cool of the day he may work vigorously, but this hour of rest

is indispensable. And in camp, when the sun nears the zenith and the hush which settles over the jungle proclaims that most of the wild creatures are resting, one may swing one's hammock in the very heart of this primitive forest and straightway be admitted into a new province, where rare and unsuspected experiences are open to the wayfarer. This is not the province of sleep or dreams, where all things are possible and preëminently reasonable; for one does not go through sundry hardships and all manner of self-denial, only to be blindfolded on the very threshold of his ambition. No naturalist of the temperament which begrudges every unused hour will, for a moment, think of sleep under such conditions. It is true that the rest and quiet are necessary to cool the Northern blood for active work in the afternoon, but the eye and the brain can suffer no harm from the keenest attention.

In the northlands the difference in the temperature of the early dawn and high noon is so slight that the effect on birds and other creatures, as well as plants of all kinds, is not profound. But in the tropics a change takes place which is as pronounced as that brought about by day and night. Above all, the volume of sound becomes no more than a pianissimo melody; for the chorus of birds and insects dies away little by little with the increase of heat. There is something geometrical about this, something precise and fine in this working of a natural law — a law from which no living being is immune, for at length one unconsciously lies motionless, overcome by the warmth and this illusion of silence.

The swaying of the hammock sets in motion a cool breeze, and lying at full length, one is admitted at high noon to a new domain which has no other portal but this. At this hour, the jungle shows few evidences of life, not a chirp

of bird or song of insect, and no rustling of leaves in the great heat which has descended so surely and so inevitably. But from hidden places and cool shadows come broken sounds and whisperings, which cover the gamut from insects to mammals and unite to make a drowsy and contented murmuring — a musical undertone of amity and goodwill. For pursuit and killing are at the lowest ebb, the stifling heat being the flag of truce in the world-wide struggle for life and food and mate — a struggle which halts for naught else, day or night.

Lying quietly, the confidence of every unconventional and adventurous wanderer will include your couch, since courage is a natural virtue when the spirit of friendliness is abroad in the land. I felt that I had acquired merit that eventful day when a pair of humming-birds — thimblefuls of fluff with flaming breastplates and caps of gold — looked upon me with such favor that they made the strands of my hamaca their boudoir. I was not conscious of their designs upon me until I saw them whirring toward me, two bright, swiftly moving atoms, glowing like tiny meteors, humming like a very battalion of bees. They betook themselves to two chosen cords and, close together, settled themselves with no further demands upon existence. A hundred of them could have rested upon the pair of strands; even the dragon-flies which dashed past had a wider spread of wing; but for these two there were a myriad glistening featherlets to be oiled and arranged, two pairs of slender wings to be whipped clean of every speck of dust, two delicate, sharp bills to be wiped again and again and cleared of microscopic drops of nectar. Then — like the great eagles roosting high overhead in the clefts of the mountainside — these mites of birds must needs tuck their heads beneath their wings for

sleep; thus we three rested in the violent heat.

On other days, weaver birds have brought dried grasses and woven them into the fabric of my hammock, making me indeed feel that my couch was a part of the wilderness. At times, some of the larger birds have crept close to my glade, to sleep in the shadows of the low jungle-growth. But these were, one and all, timid folk, politely incurious, with evident respect for the rights of the individual. But once, some others of a ruder and more barbaric temperament advanced upon me unawares, and found me unprepared for their coming. I was dozing quietly, glad to escape for an instant the insistent screaming of a cicada which seemed to have gone mad in the heat, when a low rustling caught my ear — a sound of moving leaves without wind; the voice of a breeze in the midst of breathless heat. There was in it something sinister and foreboding. I leaned over the edge of my hammock, and saw coming toward me, in a broad, irregular front, a great army of ants, battalion after battalion of them flowing like a sea of living motes over twigs and leaves and stems. I knew the danger and I half sat up, prepared to roll out and walk to one side. Then I gauged my supporting strands; tested them until they vibrated and hummed, and lay back, watching, to see what would come about. I knew that no creature in the world could stay in the path of this horde and live. To kill an insect or a great bird would require only a few instants, and the death of a jaguar or a tapir would mean only a few more. Against this attack, claws, teeth, poison-fangs would be idle weapons.

In the van fled a cloud of terrified insects — those gifted with flight to wing their way far off, while the humbler ones went running headlong, their legs, four, six, or a hundred, making the

swiftest pace vouchsafed them. There were foolish folk who climbed up low ferns, achieving the swaying, topmost fronds only to be trailed by the savage ants and brought down to instant death.

Even the winged ones were not immune, for if they hesitated a second, an ant would seize upon them, and, although carried into the air, would not loosen his grip, but cling to them, obstruct their flight, and perhaps bring them to earth in the heart of the jungle, where, cut off from their kind, the single combat would be waged to the death. From where I watched, I saw massacres innumerable; terrible battles in which some creature — a giant beside an ant — fought for his life, crushing to death scores of the enemy before giving up.

They were a merciless army and their number was countless, with host upon host following close on each other's heels. A horde of warriors found a bird in my game-bag, and left of it hardly a feather. I wondered whether they would discover me, and they did, though I think it was more by accident than by intention. Nevertheless a half-dozen ants appeared on the foot-stands, nervously twiddling their antennæ in my direction. Their appraisal was brief; with no more than a second's delay they started toward me. I waited until they were well on their way, then vigorously twanged the cords under them harpwise, sending all the scouts into mid-air and headlong down among their fellows. So far as I know, this was a revolutionary manoeuvre in military tactics, comparable only to the explosion of a set mine. But even so, when the last of this brigade had gone on their menacing, pitiless way, and the danger had passed to a new province, I could not help thinking of the certain, inexorable fate of a man who, unable to move from his hammock or to make any defense,

should be thus exposed to their attack. There could be no help for him if but one of this great host should scent him out and carry the word back to the rank and file.

It was after this army had been lost in the black shadows of the forest floor, that I remembered those others who had come with them — those attendant birds of prey who profit by the evil work of this legion. For, hovering over them, sometimes a little in advance, there had been a flying squadron of ant-birds and others which had come to feed, not on the ants, but on the insects which had been frightened into flight. At one time, three of these dropped down to perch on my hammock, nervous, watchful, and alert, waiting but a moment before darting after some ill-fated moth or grasshopper which, in its great panic, had escaped one danger only to fall an easy victim to another. For a little while, the twittering and chirping of these camp-followers, these feathered profiteers, was brought back to me on the wind; and when it had died away, I took up my work again in a glade in which no voice of insect reached my ears. The hunting ants had done their work thoroughly.

And so it comes about that by day or by night the hammock carries with it its own reward to those who have learned but one thing — that there is a chasm between pancakes and truffles. It is an open door to a new land which does not fail of its promise, a land in which the prosaic, the ordinary, the commonplace have no place, since they have been shouldered out, dethroned, by a new and competent perspective. The god of hammocks is unfailingly kind, just, and generous to those who have found pancakes wanting and have discovered by inspiration, or what-not, that truffles do not grow in back-yards to be served at early breakfast by the maid-of-all-work. Which proves, I believe, that a mere bed may be a block in the path of philosophy, a commonplace, and that truffles and hammocks — hammocks unquestionably — are twin doors to the land of romance.

The swayer in hammocks may find amusement and may enrich science by his record of observations; his memory will be more vivid, his caste the worthier, for the intimacy with wild things achieved when swinging between earth and sky, unfettered by mattress or roof.

BOLSHEVIK RULE IN THE COUNTRY

BY MADAME EMMA PONAFAIDINE¹

BORTNIKI, *January 28 (February 10), 1918.*

MY DEAR, DEAR CARRIE, —

Your good letter of October 28 came yesterday. It is so long since I had a word from you or from anyone outside of Russia.

I am so distressed that you have not heard of the very speedy receipt of the money you sent in July. I at once sent an acknowledgment to Petrograd and have written you several p.c. and letters doing the same. To-day I sent a p.c. simply saying I had received it, so perhaps the censor will pass it.

I do not know what we should have done without this help, for expenses are great, all sorts of sudden unexpected taxes, etc., and no revenue. Still, we have much to be thankful for. You remember the estate where we all went by steamer, leaving you with Norman? And the Sewines' near us, the old Tolstoi place? In fact, every estate around us is wiped out. Horses, cattle, farm implements, fodder, provisions, furniture, china, glass, food-supplies, all divided up between the surrounding villages, which recognize no higher central power and refuse to return anything in spite of orders from county, state, and even P. Committees. Every day we expect to be turned out, but so far the villages are divided, the majority voting to let us live on but to take the farm. If they will only let us have the house and vegetable garden and a horse and cow, to have something to eat!

In O — flour can only be had occa-

sionally for 120 roubles a pood (normal price 90 kronas to 1 rouble).

Last week I had a terrible ordeal, which I think took several years off my life. I was summoned very brusquely to a council of our five villages, with all our documents regarding the sale of our woods. Fortunately Oka was here, and the two of us went. They charged me with effecting the sale after the land had been recognized as the people's. They talked of 'forgery,' 'deceit,' bribes, etc., threatening me with dire punishment, a score of hoarse voices yelling at once, shaking their fists. A number of my ex-patients surrounded me in a close ring, and though they dared not say much, they opposed violence. I gave them the possibility of proving that we sold sleepers, telegraph-poles, wood for our railroad, at a time when not only was it legal but when the government had issued an order stating that no individual land-owners could refuse to grant wood, etc., for government use. They kept us nearly two and a half hours in that awful mob, but finally we left under more friendly feelings. Only a very small portion of the material is cut and lying on the shore, but they say they will confiscate it. If so, the contractors lose what they have spent in work — about 60,000 roubles — and we the money we hoped to get, that would have insured our future during these hard times. The 10,000 we received as guaranty money, and the Committee voted last month we could have, they now demand. I don't know how it will end. We have

¹ See Madame Ponafidine's earlier letters in the *Atlantic* for July, 1918.

not dared touch that and have it intact in the bank, but probably will lose it. Also what O—— took to Moscow.

I went to the city two days ago, and came back so depressed by all I saw and heard there of the hunger. We have let a soldier's family. (six little half-naked children) live here in one of our now too many empty houses. We can give them lodging and firewood, but in my own house I have to make up by night little packages of flour and smuggle to them. We are obliged to keep more people than we can afford to, as the Committee won't let us discharge them, as they have no bread at home; and we have to pay and feed them, and they watch me as cats do a mouse [to see] that I don't give a piece of bread to anyone, and they steal everything they can lay hands to. You cannot imagine the strain. I have a wash evenings, and change my linen and go to bed dressed, except very bad stormy nights, when I don't fear their coming. The favorite hour for ejecting is at night.

Oka worked over his books at home, and I wondered how he could concentrate his mind under present circumstances. He received a telegram that was nine days coming from P—— (!), calling him immediately for his exams. They will take six weeks, then he graduates with his degree as lawyer and he is not twenty. How proud we should have been under other circumstances! Of course, he won't be able to do anything in his profession, but will try to get some job. I think of writing to the U.S. Consulate, to know if they could give him work, as he could do work in several languages. In P—— he is stopping with a classmate who for several years has spent Christmas and a good part of the summer holidays with us. His father owned nine large estates.

We are now having a very serious kerosene famine, and have to plan everything to do all the work by day-

light. My last kerosene bottle I keep for the one reading-lamp for Peter, and to have a light if he is ill. When it is gone, one of my patients promised me a gourd if I can send by night.

We have had four Roumanian-Austrian prisoners ever since the first year of the war, and more conscientious, devoted workmen we could not have. Now they are taken from us and replaced by good-for-nothing people who were always paupers from laziness and drink. This is a great blow to us.

Alec and I both work by turns about the place, one with Peter and one outside. Our only hope of keeping here is by running the work with our own hands. The work here is so rough and primitive that we have always superintended only; but now we must 'till the land with our own hands' or have none.

We have had no word from George for long. He is where there is hot fighting in this awful civil war. Vera and the baby are in Kiev, where also fighting goes on. I found a Jew who goes there in February, and promises to go and see her and bring us news.

I write you very blue letters but I can't help it! I am so glad Mrs. Roper was to visit you. I want you to know her better — you two who are so near to me. I hope your boys all continue well and safe. Peter sends much love.

Lovingly,

EMMA.

BORTNIKI, February 14, 1918.

MY DEAR CARRIE, —

If you have read of the fall of Kiev, you can imagine how we have feared for Vera and baby. For over a month no news from her nor from George, who is somewhere there. Peter was nearly sick with the suspense when a telegram came this week, signed, 'George' — 'All alive and well.' From the papers we know that the part of the city where Vera was is nearly destroyed. I

went to the city yesterday to see a Jew who was going to try to get to Kiev to see his mother, and promised to hunt up Vera and give her money, but I found he had been obliged to turn back.

In O—— I found a reign of terror. All shops, gates, and windows of first floor closed and barricaded. At one minute the streets would be deserted and then, as from the ground, would rise bands of twenty to twenty-five soldiers armed with rifles with bayonets fixed; many with cartridges slung in several rows; some with two rifles, and many flourishing revolvers.

I went to the family who went with you to Moscow — the Tolstoys, you remember. They told me that the day before an attack had been made on the church opposite old lady Ballakhonoff's. All the churches in town rang the alarm and the city rose, men and women, with anything they could lay hands on, and went to protect the church. In the battle that ensued and in which the churchmen won the day (though the priest is in prison), Mr. T—— places the killed as from thirty to fifty and many more wounded. One man was seen to do great havoc with a board with which he smashed skulls! The night was an awful one, they say, many shops and houses rifled. One rich merchant, who would not tell where his money was, was killed and his wife went crazy. Many, we know, lost all, even rings torn from ladies' fingers.

While I was at the T——s' word came that the next house was being searched, and they were in a great panic as they had several thousands of roubles in their keeping for others. They had thought of a safe hiding-place, but one that needed a ladder, and the old folks could not get to it without the help of servants whom they could not trust; so I offered to do it. By putting a chair on a table and climbing on top of a high bookcase, I

could reach the place; and they brought me all the small valuables. While they were gone for other things they remembered, and I was perched on that undignified place, we heard a loud ring, but we managed to finish everything before the door was opened — to a friend as it turned out.

The servants watched till the street was clear, for me to get out and go to a place I was very anxious to reach, to try and take away Vera's furs that I had given somebody to hide. I passed safely, seeing people stopped all along with the order of 'Hands up!' The search was for revolvers, but mine I had left at the Ballakhonoffs' and no one stopped me anywhere. Suddenly I heard funny little humming noises, that I never realized were balls. Then, just ahead of me, a terrific explosion, followed by shouts of 'Come on! Forward!' and the screams of wounded. In front of me was a battle, and looking back the street was full of fresh companies running up with bayonets held at the charge, and many firing wildly in the air, I think.

All the doors and gates being locked, a young boy and I pressed ourselves into a doorway and waited for some minutes till it quieted down. A bomb had been thrown or dropped, wounding many, but I did not see anyone who seemed dead. A peasant, who was just ahead of me, evidently got a good share of the fragments of the bomb in his head and neck, and his ear was hanging down on his shoulder. I could not do anything to stop the bleeding, my handkerchief being too short. He was put in a sleigh, but the cabby in a panic ran off and the poor fellow lay screaming horribly alone. I begged a soldier who stood there to take him to the hospital, and he did so. I saw five taken to the hospital of those who were near me, and don't know how many more there were. When we came home, two sleighs

of peasants ahead of us had wounded in them, one a girl of eight or so.

I had to skirt more than half of the town to get back to the Ballakhonoffs' to my horse. Street after street I would try, and find firing. What worries me most is being deaf in one ear, and I can never tell the direction from which sounds come; so, often I would turn to the right to avoid firing that I thought was at the left, only to run into trouble.

After many adventures, I got safely back and told my man, whom I found in great anxiety, to harness and we would leave, though my horse had not had his full rest; but I found the town too hot. We were both glad when we found ourselves safe on the lake, out of reach of the balls. I found it easier to go *toward* danger than turn and run. I hated the chilly, creeping feeling in the back when I thought they were behind me.

We have been trying to find a couple of rooms to take refuge in if turned out from here, but I really think we are better off here.

We live on from day to day; one day brighter, one so charged with electricity that it seems as if the storm must burst.

I asked for permission to kill a pig, as we had no meat; and the Committee answered that we could do so, but must pay 140 roubles a pood for the meat to the Committee. We answered that we could not afford to eat meat at such a price, and preferred going without it.

Alec is here on three months' sick leave, a private now. Has had no pay since December. He works all day with the people on the farm, for he cannot get anything to do. Oka is in P— having his final exams, and then his education is finished. Twelve is the highest mark, and so far he has three twelves and three elevens, and only four exams remain. If he cannot get anything to do and the war stops, he

will come home and we will try to get a peasant's share. That is as much as we can plough ourselves (no hired help will be allowed from the spring), and we may be able to get enough to eat that way. The trouble is seeds. There won't be any potatoes left to set out, nor oats nor rye. We are eating them all up. We are just at the end of our potatoes and sour cabbage. We eat bread, half oats and half rye, and serve it out by weight, giving each one rations for two days, and our rations are too meagre for working-people. Everyone we see is changed. Insufficient food is telling, even where there is not actual starvation. Bread is exactly fifty times the normal price, and it is only by great good luck, going by night, that people can buy any. Soldiers can get flour somehow, but on no account could we get any, and unless a miracle happens, I do not see how we are to avoid death by starvation in our government.

I am sending this *via* England, to our dear friends, the Alexanders, to read, asking them to send to you. So few letters get through and I have so little time for writing and so little nerve for it, that I must economize, and they are so anxious for news of us. I get almost no letters. One from you written in October came, a card from Katie, and one from Mrs. Roper, that is all. No word from the Alexanders, and I know they write.

Peter keeps up wonderfully but sleeps badly, and I see is more apathetic. Still, his mind is quite clear and he has a sounder view of all that is happening than anyone I talk with. He and Alec join in much love to you and yours.

Lovingly,

EMMA.

BORTNIKI, May 8, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, —

We seem cut off from all communication with the outside world. I have had

no letters since last fall, and I doubt if mine get through, though I keep on writing. There is so little time for writing, that I am going to send this to England and then to America, to Mrs. Roper. If you can, please let Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Patterson read it — if ever you receive it, Mollie dear.

We are still with a roof over our heads, though it is no longer *ours*, and bread to eat, — three quarters of a pound a day, — milk, and we have some salt meat yet. So we are better off than any of our family and friends, many of whom have been turned out with only what they could carry, and some killed. Last winter was one long nightmare, when for months I never dared undress nights. I would take my evening bath, change, and then dress to go to bed.

The village next us, after breaking in and robbing us of grain and oil for 2000 roubles, voted by a large majority to turn us out and loot the place. The next village sent word to the Committee, and a party of armed men came to protect us, and seven of them slept here one night. They searched the whole estate (I think the ninth time), weighed out provisions for a week for us, and sealed up barns, etc. Then they called a meeting of our commune, which was so violent the Central Committee closed it and ordered two representatives from each of the villages in the whole parish (34 villages, 14 communes) to go there. The council sat all day and late at night and was very stormy, but our friends outnumbered the opposition and they voted to let us live here if we would work with our own hands, and give us three quarters of a pound of bread a day.

A few days later I was summoned to headquarters. Alec and I went. They were exceedingly polite and even sympathetic. It was decided that we can have three horses, four cows, and as

much land as we can till without hired help. We asked for a man to help us until George comes, for we ask for his share of land, as he will come if he is alive. We have had no news of him since February 11, and have no idea where he is. This help they refused.

Two soldiers have been quartered on us for months, one with a family of six and the other of five. We are obliged to pay and feed them! One is permitted to be our herdsman. His wife milks the cows, feeds the pigs, etc. The second family helped cutting wood, etc., in the winter, but were not to help plough.

Finally one commune of three villages sent for us to their council. There we were told we had better come entirely into their commune, and not carry out any of the Committee's orders without consulting them, adding, 'The Committee cannot protect you from us but we can protect you against the Committee.' So now we are between two stools, but at present are friendly with both.

My cook and my dairymaid are taken from me, so I have to cook and myself do the churning and separator work. The boys went to work ploughing, carrying out the manure to get the hot-beds started, and their work is going on fast. The peasants were so impressed by seeing that we were ready and able to do the manual work, that they called us again to a council, where they were very friendly and told us one of the soldiers might help us until George comes. One of them seized Alec's hand, and holding it out that they might see the blisters, said, 'Look, comrades, they work like us and I have seen how they work. Their ploughing is as good as ours, but can we do their scholar-work?'

We have five cows and two horses that are 'requisitioned' but so far not taken, and they keep putting it off. I think the crisis for us is passed so far as

peasant violence goes, and there is less danger now they see we are reduced to their level and eat as they do. So far we eat half-oat and half-rye flour but many have only oats. The famine is getting worse, and though no actual starvation about us, *no one* has enough nourishment as to quantity or quality — even the richest. A pood [36 pounds] of black flour, that used to cost 90 kronas to a rouble, was sold in O—— this week for 230 roubles, and just one pood! There is nothing to be had. People go hundreds of miles to bring back on their backs a pood, and in many cases are robbed on the way. Of course, all groceries we have forgotten ever existed. We roast rye for coffee, and drink it without sugar, and that I have for only three days more.

To-day is Easter and we were all given one pound of wheat flour per head by the Central Committee. It is very dark in color and mouldy as to smell, but we felt we had a big feast to-day. With milk, eggs, and a few raisins I had hoarded, we made an approach to Easter cakes and colored eggs.

Our worst anxiety is about George and Vera. Vera and the baby are in the Germans' hands, we think; and as for George, we know nothing. This uncertainty is worse than anything. Alec is out of the service and at home. Oka was called to P—— to graduate and get his legal degree (which now is not recognized). He went in December, was robbed on the way of his books, clothes, and part of his money. He lived with a classmate and they half starved. They used to lie in bed till noon, studying, as they felt the hunger less lying on their stomachs. In April he graduated with honors and came home as gaunt as from a siege. Both he and Alec lived mostly on horseflesh.

Now our life is a very regular one. Up at 4.30, and work without horses to 8, when they come in for rye-coffee and

bread and butter. From 8 to 12 they work with horses. From 12 to 2, dinner and sleep. From 2 to 5, work with horses; [then] tea, and from 5.30 to 7 in the garden. At 7.30 supper, and they go to bed. I get to bed about 10, as Peter needs a good deal of care evenings. It is wonderful how Peter bears what he does, but he keeps up our courage. His pension is taken from us and all our silver — that beautiful Persian set! My jewelry and all our valuables that were placed for safety in Moscow are lost. But I feel worse about Vera's silver that was left with me and we sent on our own responsibility to Moscow. It was so hard to decide what to do. We were like rats in a cage, running from one side to another. There were moments when it seemed our last day here, if not in this world, had arrived. A friendly peasant said to me the other day, 'I doubt whether you realize how near death you were. There was a time when we thought we could not save you, though we swore we would revenge your murder.'

Since writing the above, a new decree has gone forth. Every day the panorama changes, so that what I write to-day may be quite changed to-morrow. Our Tver Central Committee has decided that all landowners who wish to plough are to be sent to Siberia and not be given land here unless by *special vote* of the commune nearest them. Ivan Kasparovich, who for years was our intendant and owns considerable land, is being sent off with a family of seven children and an old invalid mother. As to us, the question was raised, but so far the majority are for letting us live on. Their chief argument is that 'there will be no one to care for the sick.' Never have I had so large and so successful a practice as this winter. Medicines are very dear and rare, and our Zemstvo doctors and hospitals have no medicines. Now they are 'nationalized,' the

peasants won't spend money for them. I have managed to keep on hand some of the most needed drugs and, with the faith in me they have, I have made cures that amaze and frighten me, and that are not to be explained on any scientific medical ground. I think God has helped me, and it has more than once turned the tide in our favor. I have gone out nights when the boys were not at home, alone with whoever came for me, though sometimes I was not sure that there was not foul play.

I was in our coöperative shop the other day, standing in the 'tail,' waiting my turn, for hours, and the talk was very animated and mostly about us. The best element is understanding, too late, the immense harm done to Russia by demolishing the big estates and dairy-farms, the chief supply of grain, cattle, butter, and pigs. They have ruined us, deprived themselves of between 4000 and 5000 roubles that we spent each year in hiring help, all from our commune, to say nothing of the grain, hay, potatoes, etc., we sold. Some of the people said, 'We understand now how wrong we were. You have been ill-treated, but we won't let you be turned out. If we must starve, we will all starve together.' And starve I fear many of us must. Rye flour is 230 roubles a pood, if you are lucky enough to get it.

This spring very little will be sown, as all the seeds are being eaten up, and next winter must be far worse than now. It seems as if God had forsaken Russia and there was no hope for us but to face a hungering death as bravely as we can. So far Peter has not suffered for anything. I exchanged butter and rye flour for a little sugar and rice for him, and we have eggs. We fed the pigs and chickens all winter on horseflesh, but now the warm weather has begun we cannot keep it, so they have to forage for themselves, and we

are shooting all the dogs except George's and my Daisy. I will share with them.

Mrs. Roper, please read and send this to Mrs. Clement. I long to hear from you all and have written you all many times, but doubt if you have received my letters.

All our family join in love to all.

Lovingly.

*(Copy of card sent to MADAME
PONAFIGDINE's sisters)*

BORTNIKI, RUSSIA, June 1, 1918.

MY DEAR SISTERS, —

Still no letters from the outside. Here a great change has taken place in the attitude of the peasants since the approach of the Germans, and they are constantly fawning upon us, and assuring us that they never meant to touch us; 'It was owing to outside influence, etc.' I do not know which of their fronts shows the worst side of their character. We can get no information in regard to George's fate. A company is formed in Moscow for getting letters through to the occupied states, and we are trying to get into communication with Vera, who is probably in Kiev. A letter costs forty roubles! Alec and Oka are hard at work, and we three are as hard-worked as any in Russia, I think. Prices are more and more exorbitant, and bread more and more scarce. Everything one needs is not to be had, or too expensive. Not a pen can we get in Ostashkov, nor any buttons. Manufactured goods, groceries, etc., have long since disappeared. My sister Jeanie (Princess S——) and family are almost starving. They live by selling in the streets newspapers and various things. No employment is given to aristocrats. Their estate is in ruins. We are better off than any of our family. Peter is as usual. We get him out on the balcony.

Love from

EMMA.

CITY LIFE UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKS

BY BENJAMIN W. VAN RIPER

ON November 8, 1917, the storm-clouds of revolution hung low over the ancient city of Moscow. The Soviets held the fate of Moscow in their hands.

About a week earlier, Riley and I had rented a room in a fine big apartment house on Tverskaya Boulevard, while several of our friends, including Halsey and Anderson, had settled in other parts of the city. We were all in Russia in the interests of the Y.M.C.A. At the time in question, however, the impending revolution confined us to a policy of 'watchful waiting,' until the storm should work its desperate purpose, or be dispelled by the saner but slower forces of constructive social reform.

The following notes are taken verbatim from a diary originally kept for the exclusive benefit of my wife who, at that time, was employed in canteen service in France. . . .

November 9.

It must have been ten in the evening yesterday, when our landlady came to the door to tell us the latest news. Her brother-in-law is Adjutant of Moscow. Yesterday the Bolsheviks took the old Kremlin, where his headquarters were, and made him prisoner. Then they published a bulletin announcing that, in case any of their number were killed by citizens or loyal soldiers, they would kill the Adjutant, along with some other officers they had managed to catch.

We bought a newspaper and Madame read it for us. In Petrograd there is civil war, with the advantage in favor of the Bolsheviks. They have captured most of the public buildings and many

of the officials of the Provisional Government. And those who have most bravely stood out against them are — the girl soldiers! Ever since we have been in Russia our respect for the Russian women has been steadily on the rise. We have seen them harvesting, working as section-hands on railroads, as firemen on trains, as conductors on street-cars, and as engine-wipers in round-houses. In Petrograd they worked as traffic policemen, and there, as well as here in Moscow, one sees many of them in regular uniform as soldiers. It is plain to all of us why women should have the vote in Russia; the reasons for male suffrage are much more obscure. . . .

November 10.

Moscow is an unhappy place just now. All day, so far, we have listened helplessly to the roar of battle throughout the city, and have wondered when a stray piece of hardware might settle this way. The Bolsheviks are in possession of the Kremlin in the centre of the town; the loyal troops hold a big arsenal outside the city, and all this morning the two have been bombarding each other over our heads. The rattle of machine-gun and rifle fire is incessant, and from our windows on the fourth floor we are watching the frightened populace scurrying to and fro on the boulevard. Every now and then an automobile full of soldiers, or mounting a machine-gun, whizzes past, and everybody scoots to cover. Two officers were killed near our house an hour or so ago. Red Cross ambulances are hurrying

about over town as over a battlefield.

Our good landlady was just in, to see if Riley and I, along with two of our brother Russians, would go on guard to-night from three to six A.M. Of course, we agreed to. She asked if we had revolvers, but we have not; they are in the luggage that has not yet arrived from Petrograd. So the good lady has gone to hunt for some here in the house. I wonder if I would shoot a man anyway? If I tried to, it is a safe bet I would miss him! Probably there will be no occasion for excitement. But if there is, and I miss him, this interesting narrative will come at this point to an abrupt and untimely end. . . .

November 11.

These are mad times, in more ways than one. The leaders of the Bolsheviks are mostly fanatics and visionaries, egged on by the Germans' laconic promises of brotherly help. Their followers are the very lowliest, and often the lowest, of the proletariat, who are absolutely ignorant and only know that they want something — a vague, unformulated *anything* — and want it very badly. The infinite pity of it depresses me more the more I think of it. I don't suppose one out of twenty of them has any idea what a nation is, what Germany is or wants, or what the war is all about. Much less do they know that they are themselves, now, bringing about a chaos and disorder that will lead to their starvation in enormous numbers this winter. All they know is that they want the promised peace, food, and land, and they think this is the way to get it! It is plain to me that certain gentlemen deserve death by slow torture. But what do the sheep deserve — the miserable tools whose best intentions are being manipulated to bring about their own destruction? My philosophy is helpless before such questions. It is not

even plain to me that, in absolute right, they deserve the misery that their own luckless heroism will bring to them. I do not so much object to a world in which I am called upon to be my brother's keeper; but I do revolt at the thought that one man can be another's damnation. . . .

What nights and days these are for old, sleepy Tartar Moscow — the place where, we are told, the spirit of ancient Russia hovers as nowhere else! It has seen evil days enough before, from the *Schrecklichkeit* of Ivan the Terrible, whose guilty bones lie in the Kremlin now, to the invasion of Napoleon; but not internecine war. That, everyone said, was impossible. Pagan Petrograd and Jewish Kiev might disgrace themselves; but not Moscow of the hundred gilded domes, the mother of all the Russias, the mausoleum of the holiest saints and the ancient dynasties. And now! . . .

November 12.

You would laugh to see how some of these people are preparing for eventualities, by trying to look more like the proletariat. The Bolsheviks are out to get the scalps of all 'capitalists' — the 'bour-jhee,' as they call them; and in the eyes of a Bolshevik, anyone belongs to the bourgeoisie who carries a handkerchief or wears a white collar! That is why some of our friends are begging old clothes from servants; rags are less liable to be shot at on the street! . . .

Just after noon to-day, I was shoved into the social limelight in a most remarkable manner. A shell struck the heavy corner of the big bay window in which I was standing and, with a terrific crash, sent glass, brick, plaster, stone, wood, and dust all over the room. I jumped away from the window, thinking the house was falling in, and the frantic little maid screamed like an Apache Indian. In a moment Riley appeared, with the landlady at his heels,

and before long most of the natives of the house were crowding into the demolished parlor. As soon as I could get the dust and gravel out of my mouth I fell into what I imagine was a rather hysterical laugh, and pretty soon they were all laughing too. Whether with me or at me I hate to speculate.

It was a miracle, I should say, of about the third magnitude! I was protected by the steel frame of the building, which threw fragments each side of me; if I had stood a step or two either to the right or to the left, these sentences would never have been written. As it is, there are a few pieces of glass I have not yet got out of my face; we have brushed a peck or so of brick dust out of my hair and from my clothes; and my ears ring so I cannot hear anything. Otherwise I am distinctly happy over my good luck. Now, do you believe in miracles?

November 13.

When I find myself wishing so angrily that the rough-house would cease, I am often struck with the thought that my motives, from one point of view, hardly compare favorably even with those of the Bolsheviks. Blind and misled as they are, they are risking their lives for their ideal of what is wanted in Russia. They are fighting for a cause, even though it appear, in its wider context, to be an ignominious one. And certainly it is for Russia that the loyal troops and officials are fighting so heroically. In the face of all this tragedy, I am ashamed of my fervent but utterly selfish desire for peace and order and safety and — you. I can only console my conscience with the thought that the swift and relentless suppression of the Bolsheviks would have other great and good consequences for the world than the selfish ones I wish most for.

Excuse me! This nervous writing is due to the fact that big shells have just

set fire to the big apartment house next to ours and our rooms are full of smoke. This may be "finish," as the landlady said.

"Do you know, this all strikes me as a wonderfully interesting comment on Socialism and its general compatibility with human nature! The Bolsheviks are only the most extreme and rabid of the Socialists. They are to be distinguished from the Mensheviks, the moderate wing of the Socialist party. Then there are the Social Democrats and one or two minor-league brands of Socialists whose proper names I do not know. All these people stand for some kind of common ownership of things — the brotherly-love arrangement of society, in which there is not to be even the selfishness involved in the institution of property. And this is the way they settle their parliamentary differences! The Mensheviks say they are willing to take part in the government along with the other existing parties; the Bolsheviks say they must have all the offices, and at once!"

November 14.

We were on guard again this morning from six to nine, and nothing unusual happened. But the firing, the bombarding, was terrific, and still keeps up. Many people, from the top floors and from the burning buildings, are huddled in this flat, and the apartments below us are equally crowded. A woman is lying on my bed, crying. She was so badly frightened a few minutes ago when a shell struck the house that she was attacked with nausea. Her husband is rubbing her hands to warm them and is trying, rather faint-heartedly, to console her; but Riley thinks her husband is at least as badly scared as she is! This whole building shakes, every now and then, like a leaf in the wind, and the noise is maddening. It is little wonder that the women and children are so terrified. A number have

had persistent fainting fits, and the halls smell of aromatic ammonia as if this were a hospital. I did not mean to imply that the men are not terrified, too. I mean only that they do not cry or faint, as a rule: they tremble and swear.

It is two in the afternoon. The siege goes on without any sign of a change in the situation. We no longer look for troops from the outside now. If the railroad lines are cut, as we heard the other day, that ends it; distances in Russia are too great to make marching feasible in an emergency like this. . . .

There is one respect in which the joke, I suppose, is on us. We came over here to do 'welfare' work for these well-meaning but excited gentlemen! I do not mean simply that it would be hard for us to bring ourselves to treat in a brotherly way men who would pour shot and shell into a helpless and thickly populated city, day after day, just for political advantage. That, of course, is not a negligible consideration. But the main point is, that no one can do them small favors when they have set their minds on so much more. A man does not gratefully accept a gift of a dollar from a man who, he considers, owes him ten. These fellows have the ambition to take *all* the wealth; a writing-tablet or a cup of tea could not possibly make any impression on them.

November 15.

I intended to come back for a few minutes last night, but the remainder of the evening was an unusually busy time for us. Big apartment houses adjoining us on two sides burned out — one set afire by the house that burned two days ago and is still smoking, and the other ignited by a fresh shell-explosion. We were in pretty close quarters. If our house burned, there were only two ways of escape: we could go out the front door and risk a dash across the bullet-swept boulevard, or

climb the alley wall, dodge across, and try to find standing-room in some of the little one-story dwellings there. Neither way looked very inviting. So one of the inmates of our house went to the front door, called a Bolshevik leader to the end of the trench near our doorstep, offered him some money, and asked him if, in case our house burned, they would not give us just three minutes to get out. He replied that they could not conduct their revolution to suit the bourgeoisie anyhow, and added, 'Have we not always told you that the world must be reconstructed by fire?' A beautiful epitome of Bolshevik doctrine!

We just got an account this morning of the way the first fire started two days ago. Bolsheviks had entered the building and were using the upper floors to shoot from. A big shell struck the roof while they were there and set the top stories afire. The soldiers stayed and shot as long as they dared, getting out one after another, as the fire spread. But all the while they kept one man on guard in the hallway, to prevent any of the inhabitants from going up to put out the fire. When he judged that the fire had got beyond control, he accordingly left the building; and the residents had the pleasure of seeing him drop dead, with a bullet through his skull, almost the instant he stepped out on the sidewalk.

But to return to our difficulties of last night. The two big buildings were burning in a perfect holocaust by nine o'clock, some of the flames licking our very windows. We almost automatically divided into two squads — one to fight fire and the other to collect valuables. The task of the former was very awkward. They could not go out of doors, even to throw water on the roof, without being shot at. No one was paying any attention to the burning buildings from the outside, of course.

The Bolsheviks refused to let the firemen come near them. All the neighbors could do was contemplate the fires from as secluded a retreat as possible! It was not even safe to show one's self at the windows, especially the front ones. So our fire-fighting consisted largely in keeping floors, walls, wood-work, curtains, etc., soaked with water.

Our parlor was the worst room to work in, because of the big opening made in it by the shell I told you about the other day. The large bay-window that the shell struck was adjacent to a house that is now burning. That big hole filled the front part of the house with smoke, and Riley worked in the smoke for two hours, until he was nearly suffocated. Finally he and his 'gang' were relieved by some of the other *reconcentrados*. He sank into a big chair in our room, and for twenty minutes — you would never guess it! — he read from a trusty old volume of Mark Twain! When his lungs were fairly free from smoke, he went back to work again. Throughout all the unending future I shall be the last man to question Riley's mental versatility.

In the meantime I was working on the pictures. I took a dozen or more oil paintings out of their frames, and then untacked each canvas from the simple wooden frame on which it had been painted. (My finger-ends were so sore this morning, I could not button my coat.) By midnight all the best pictures in the house — thousands of dollars worth of them — were done up in one big roll, which the man-servant, who had just come up very shyly from his lair in the basement, was ordered to carry with us through thick and thin, if we had to make a dash for life.

Riley and I had already packed, on a previous day, for a hasty exit; so we were ready for the emergency, too.

By one o'clock some of us became convinced that the fire had reached its

climax, and our fire-wall on one side and double windows on the other showed no signs of surrender; we therefore decided to sleep in turns. Riley and the servant stayed on the lookout for the first three or four hours while Madame and I slept. And how I slept! I just fell over on the cot with shoes, overcoat, and all still on, and, right in the red glare of the fire across the opening, I fell asleep in less time than it takes to tell it and slept like a log until they woke us about four-thirty! You see none of us have had our clothes off for five nights now, and all that time we have been under more or less strain. That, with the strenuous activity of the afternoon and evening, left me rather inclined to sleep.

Then, from four-thirty on, the Madame and I watched the fire while Riley and the old man slept. About six the wife of the owner of the building (the family lives in one of the apartments) came in with her daughter and three servants, and began, in a perfect frenzy, to throw cold water on the glass of the windows to keep them from breaking! I yelled to the Madame to come and stop her, and they fairly shrieked at each other for fifteen minutes on the subject. It was, of course, the worst possible thing they could have done (I mean throwing cold water on the hot glass), but the old lady made her retinue keep at it in spite of all our pleading. Although I was simply weak with rage, I could not help laughing at the wild fury of those two women. It is the greatest wonder in the world the cold water did not break the glass into atoms. Indeed, if the windows had not been double, with a dead-air space between them, they must certainly have been broken by such insane treatment. The thing I am now most interested in adding is that Riley and the old man slept soundly through all that noise and hysterics. All of which goes to

show that perhaps they were tired, too!

This morning we are protected completely on two sides by blackened walls, in which everything that is combustible is burned; no fire can now come to us from either of those directions. There is one more apartment house adjacent to us, through which fire might come. There are still shells bursting occasionally where they might set us on fire directly. There is still the possibility that the Bolsheviks may deliberately touch a match to our basement. Otherwise we are fairly safe from fire! There is still some danger from stray bullets — firing is pretty general over town again to-day; but last night's escape is a relief and a source of renewed confidence, just the same.

This morning Madame told me of a little incident in Moscow in early autumn that beautifully illustrates the proletarian idea of equality. The janitors, porters, bellboys, *dvorniks*, *isvoschiks*, body servants, and the like, about the University of Moscow, presented an ultimatum to the University Senate embodying certain demands that must be met if they were to continue work. They asked the same wages as the professors, the same number of hours' work per week that the latter put in lecturing (as if that were the only work a professor had to do!), the most astonishing personal privileges, and, finally, equal voice with the members of the faculty in running the institution, even to the electing of the chancellor! Practically all the hospitals in the city are connected with the university as *kliniks*, and the waiters, nurses, cooks, janitors, etc., of these hospitals were among the *tovarishes* (comrades) making the above demands. All were granted except the last one, namely, that the petitioners should have equal voice with the professors and surgeons in the running of the institution. But this reservation was regarded by the tov-

arishes as a galling insult to their new-won equality, and they all walked out. As a result the University is still closed!

But that is not the worst of it. The hospitals were equally affected. Great numbers of the sick were suddenly left unattended. Volunteer Red Cross nurses and many prominent ladies of the city offered their services until the patients could be properly taken care of. Men of the better classes did the janitor work. Now practically all these institutions are closed, too, and the former employees are comrades out of work, waiting idly but anxiously for the socialistic millennium.

Many of the factories are shut down because the workmen refused to have the young engineers of the schools as foremen and insisted upon electing foremen and managers from their own number — men, of course, who did not *understand* the processes at all. Often, when a machine broke down and their elected foremen could not tell them how to fix it, they deduced the simple but surprising conclusion that the former boss, whose scientific training must have alienated him from the proletariat, had probably 'fixed' the machine so that it would cause them trouble; and then they very promptly went out and killed him if they could find him. Now they are doubtless astonished that these methods have not successfully reorganized their industrial life! I hate to think what the army will become under this kind of management. Imagine, also, how delighted the Kaiser must be!

Maybe you think we are not sick and tired of this miserable rough-house! The firing outside is still ceaseless and nerve-racking, and I suppose it will go on until not only the Alexander School, but every other last official headquarters, surrenders to the Bolsheviks (or until, what we dare no longer hope, the Bolsheviks are driven out). Day after day the same deathly roar and rattle,

and nothing to be gained by it all for anybody — for anybody except the Germans! We thought sure it would be settled, one way or the other, to-day; but from the sound we cannot distinguish any change at all. The great mass of ammunition that is being burned up is a part of what was sent from America and England to help Russia beat the Germans. And what a lovely use they are making of it now!

November 16.

After a night that was a waking nightmare, we are happy over a number of things this morning — disgracefully and perhaps only temporarily happy, but for the moment we can't help it.

However, I am getting ahead of my story. We are in one of the highest buildings in Moscow, and it is generally regarded as the finest apartment house in the city. The boulevard we are on is the Commonwealth Avenue of the town. This must arouse your curiosity. Why would one of the richest and most prominent ladies in Moscow take in roomers? The explanation is simple. Americans were popular with the Kerensky government, and our being here was a protection to her. The rabble knew they had to respect an American flag or passport. The Bolsheviks — for the present at least — hate Americans, French, and English, because they think we are trying to keep Russia in the war. Of course, the soldiers out here in the street do not know there are any Americans in this building; but if they did know, our passports would be no protection at all, either for ourselves or for the Madame.

Well, this section of town is considered a hot-bed of wealth, of the bourgeoisie. That is why the Bolsheviks insisted upon letting these fine apartment houses around here burn. That is why they take pleasure in banging this one up too; if they do not deliberately de-

stroy it, it is only because they are too busy just now with other things.

Late last night shots began to hit this building from so many directions, and to break so many holes in the windows, that we were sure it was not by mistake. We tried to keep out of the most exposed rooms, but there was no corner of the building that was safe. One of our refugees, a woman, went into the dining-room and turned on the lights, and in a moment a perfect shower of machine-gun bullets crashed through the windows. The bullets came from below and therefore entered at a rather high angle; as a result the lady was not hit. She dropped to the floor, to be below the window-sills, and crawled from the room in a fainting condition. In a short time most of the inmates were either in the basement or huddled in the narrow spaces of the back stairs.

Riley and I stayed in the flat, not because we were braver than the rest, but because we could not see any advantage in leaving. If anything happened on the back stairs, it would only result in a general stampede, which in itself would be dangerous. And so long as our Bolshevik friends continued to shoot through the windows, the lower floors were worse than the upper. They did shoot through the plate-glass doors in the lower hall, just to remind people of that fact, I guess. Anyhow, we stayed in our deserted suite. We slept (or tried to sleep) in the dining-room, too, because after all that was the most protected room in the place. But you can bet we turned no light on, and kept below the level of the window openings. The outer walls of the house are so thick that only artillery will penetrate them; and we knew that if they turned that on us in full force it was all up with us no matter what part of the building we might be in.

It was a night of suspense, as you might imagine, but along toward morn-

ing the firing died down, and we slept an hour or so uninterruptedly.

This morning, when we awoke, the firing had ceased and our guesses turned out to be true: the Cadets and other loyal troops were negotiating for terms of surrender. The Bolsheviks, for good or for evil, have won.

The house we are in is almost a wreck, and the boulevard in front is a most singular and distressing panorama of desolation. The roads are covered with glass and *débris*; trees, lamp-posts, telephone-poles are shot off raggedly; dead horses and a few dead men lie in the parkway; the broken gas-mains are still blazing; the black, austere, smoking hulks of the burned buildings stand like great barricades about the littered yards of the boulevard. This is the Bolshevik millennium.

We have made a tour of inspection of the apartment house. Practically every window in the place has been perforated with bullets, and I wish you could look in on the upper floors where the big shells struck! There are enormous holes through brick walls at least two feet thick, and everything inside those upper rooms is demolished. Practically all the plaster is shaken off, and the furniture is in kindling wood on the almost impassable floors.

We learned this morning that twelve people were burned in one of the buildings next to ours, and thirty-five in the other. All the hospitals are full of wounded, and an appalling number of patriotic men have gone completely insane. Now begins the expected reign of terror. (I wonder if Lenin will qualify as a Robespierre!)

Then came the happy surprise. While Riley and I were trying to help the landlady bring a semblance of order out of the chaos in the apartment, and the smell of cooking food once more floated through our stacked rooms, Anderson and Halsey came in! I was never more

delighted to see anyone in my short life. They told us that they had tried every day to venture out toward our section of town but found it, of course, utterly impassable. They had pictured all kinds of terrible fates for us, especially when it looked from a distance as if all the buildings in our part of town were afire. It was a happy reunion.

The junker schoolhouse has surrendered, and an armistice has been declared, to discuss terms for the surrender of the arsenal. It is a terrible thing for Moscow, and for Russia and the world at large, that authority has fallen into such ignorant hands. From a human and common-sense standpoint we ought to be in tears. But I hope you will forgive me, when I tell you that I am not. Riley is singing 'I want to be in Dixie,' and I am enormously relieved that the siege is over.

The cook left this morning as soon as our hasty breakfast was finished. She was all a-tremble when she came in to ask for her back pay and to announce her departure, but whether from fear or hysterical joy, I do not know. All she wanted was to get *out*, and we comprehended her perfectly.

The boys brought one bit of personal news that dulls our sense of relief. As I told you, we already had a Y.M.C.A. establishment in Moscow. An American, of course, was the manager of it, but he had a very efficient Russian secretary who could speak English well, and was, altogether, a mighty good man for the place. He was shot the first day of the Bolshevik 'demonstration.'

It is nine in the evening and, with thankfulness that is inexpressible, we find ourselves in the unpretentious little house where Andy and Halsey live. This afternoon, when we were trying to decide whether or not to leave the apartment on Tverskaya Boulevard, a crowd of about thirty Bolshevik soldiers, with rifles over their left

shoulders and cocked revolvers in their right hands, came into our building and ordered us out (or, what is the same thing, searched our pockets and the apartment for firearms, and then announced their intention of taking possession of the place temporarily). As we did not care to join the forces of insurrection, we took all we could possibly carry with us and migrated here. With the help of a sheet and a blanket out of which to make impromptu bags, I brought over practically everything that had been in my trunk, in addition to the two suit-cases. Halsey is cooking up some chocolate over a can of 'solidified alcohol,' and Andy has dug out a big, fine-looking red cheese he bought in Irkutsk; it is unnecessary to say with what pleasure we contemplate these magnificent prospects. When that is finished we'll sleep until someone bombs us out to-morrow!

November 24.

The long Russian evening is already pretty well advanced as I am beginning my last note to you from Moscow. To-morrow I am going to Petrograd, and then back to the front, if there is anything left of the front by now! The other boys are in bed, where I ought to be, but I cannot resist the desire to tell you of the stirring, tragic things we have seen to-day. We attended the great public funeral of the thousands of Bolshevik soldiers who were killed in the fighting last week. We came home in a daze, as if the whole world about us were throbbing with the terror and infinite pathos of the revolution. Here was all of it — all boiled down into the weeping and exulting of a single afternoon. But again I am ahead of the story.

Solemn holiday had been declared in the city. Every place of business was closed; no one these days cares to display any lack of sympathy with the victors. Vast anxious crowds of people,

most of them distressingly poor, collected in the frozen streets and in the great square in front of the Kremlin. Everywhere about the square big red banners were hung, emblazoned with epigrammatic Bolshevik mottoes. A fine, dust-like, arctic snow was falling, and the air was very cold.

About noon the long funeral procession began to file into the historic inclosure which has been called 'The Red Place' ever since Ivan the Terrible left it crimson with his cruelties. On the east stood the majestic old Kremlin with its recently shattered towers; on the north the weird, oriental, twisted domes of the Church of St. Basil; on the west the immense bazaar of the so-called 'Chinese City,' the oldest trading mart in Moscow; and on the south the great gate through which the procession moved into the square. The setting could not have been more picturesque.

First came a band, of which the less said the better. This was followed by perhaps a thousand men carrying a hundred or more coffins. These coffins were painted the bright red of the revolution and could be seen, on closer inspection, to be made of very rough lumber and but hastily thrown together. Walking by the side of the coffins, or trailing along behind that part of the procession, were the relatives and friends of the dead men. They were a ragamuffin lot; I do not see how they stood the biting cold. Most of the men still wore the remnants of their army uniforms; the women appeared to be covered with many layers of work-a-day clothes and all wore shawls over their heads, in the immemorial manner of Russia's poor. Most of them were singing as they plodded along. Only once in a while did they sing any religious songs, and then, I think, only because those were songs they happened to know. There were no priests or religious insignia of any kind.

The Bolsheviks have long ago repudiated the church. But there is often religion where church and insignia are absent. In this case the very air was tense with the wild primitive religion of elemental social longing, gripping and uniting great masses of men.

The whole procession was miles in length, made up of just such divisions as I have indicated: in each case a band, then a hundred or so red coffins carried three abreast through the throngs, then the motley, surging, trailing line of friends and comrades. Hundreds of red banners drifted along above the crowds like the crests of great waves, and the legends on the banners were noteworthy. 'Down with the Rich,' 'To Hell with the Murderers,' 'Peace, Food, and Land,' 'The International Proletariat,' 'Workers, Arise!' 'Let Us Have Peace,' etc.

We are not Bolsheviks, but we could not help sympathizing with them; they have been beaten and betrayed in the war against Germany; they have suffered without measure; they are cold and hungry; *of course* they want peace, food, and land! The great pity of it all is that, in their desperation, they have adopted a course that is bound to bring misery and disaster upon themselves and create innumerable additional problems and troubles for our sorrowing old world.

It was this element of hopeless tragedy that made their singing seem so dramatically terrible to anyone who saw both sides of the situation at all. They were celebrating a victory — the victory of a sick man who has 'escaped' the doctor. Their songs were the childishly simple songs of Utopian revolution. They were hailing an *ignis fatuus* of peace. The high, earnest, hysterical voices of the women; the dazed way in which the children mumbled along two or three notes behind; the hilarious, confident swell of sol-

diers' voices, — soldiers who, though they have rendered their own country helpless before the wanton will of Germany, bravely and sincerely regard themselves as heroes, — all of it together gripped one's imagination tremendously and aroused emotions that caught in one's throat. I know I shall hear that pathetic, jangling music in my sleep for years to come. It reminded me of nothing so much as of the tender, insane singing of Ophelia; the cases are parallel in more ways than one.

By three in the afternoon the thousands of red coffins had been ranged in piles under the shadow of the Kremlin walls. A band, the best band they had, and pretty poor at that (as a rule the leaders and best players in the bands were not Bolsheviks and so were not present), made harrowing assaults upon Chopin's Funeral March, and for an hour coffins — it seemed as if there were no end to them — were lowered into the long deep trench that had been dug at the foot of the wall. Then the great crowds slowly left the square, but only to wind, singing, through the streets for hours more. Some of them are still at it; I can hear them in the distance as I write. Anon they sing the Marseillaise, but it is with no thought of France.

Say what you will, no other public occasion has ever seemed so solemn to me. Here was the very heart and soul of the revolution, the mammoth whirlwind of ignorance and suffering that is devastating Russia and threatening and shaking the rest of the world. I am hoping and praying that this terrible storm will lose itself in the sea somewhere this side of New York or San Francisco! Anyhow, at least one non-Bolshevik I know of will be sound asleep in a very few minutes, in peaceful confidence that our Uncle Sam, even in war, is immune against the madness of Social Revolution.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN

A LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND

BY LUCY H. M. SOULSBY

I

THE *Atlantic* has told us that 'To an American, the adventure of going to England now is for the first time to discover Englishmen.' I came to America two years ago, to rest after thirty years' work, and feel as if I had been discovering Americans.

I wanted to use the time in gaining general experience to help me in future work, so I was not labeled an Inquirer into Education or any other Cause; I just came to see what folk were like here, and took what came, just as I found it. I started with good friends, but I was not handed on by letters. They keep a traveler to one kind of friend, whereas, though my hosts were a warranty for me in the first instance, I made friends from one house to another, so that new friends could take me or leave me as they would, without feeling obliged to honor a friend's draft. Also, I avoided Pullman cars where 'lettered' people travel, preferring day cars, where I could make friends with the rest of the world.

I went East, West, Middle West, South, and, above all, to Arizona, forming a gathering snowball of friends, spending nearly two years in a succession of short visits to previously unknown folk, with the result that, if you pin me down to one adjective to describe America, it would be *lovable*.

It goes to my heart when I see in-

quiring deputations from England entertained with princely hospitality in hotels: they eat good dinners to the sound of good bands; they hear good speeches, are told remarkable facts, and see magnificent sights; but from first to last they remain ignorant of the America I love so dearly and admire so heartily.

I can, indeed, echo what a member of such a deputation said to me: 'I have only three times enjoyed private hospitality in this country, but America will always stand out in my mind as a land of perfect hosts and hostesses.'

'Are we what you expected us to be?' is a question by which people over here have often puzzled me. It seemed 'unregardful,' to say that I had formed no expectation at all, though I am convinced that is the ideal temper of mind for a traveler, since it lets the country speak for itself. I was supported in this by hearing that a wise old man had recalled from the train a hurrying grandson to receive a parting counsel, which proved to be, 'My boy, wherever you go, remember that folks is just folks.'

The tendency of the average Englishman is to come to America expecting to find, not Red Indians, as the Americans always hope to catch us doing, but rather a community of English marooned some time ago; and his chief curiosity about them is to see if they have kept true to type. If he notices

delightedly that in this and that they are like himself, his joy in the fact sounds as if he were bidding them give God thanks because they are still recognizably English: where he sees differences, he either objects or forgives, according to his temperament; but in both cases his critical faculty is concentrated on judging a whole new continent by the local codes of a small island three thousand miles away.

Columbus the First was a little misled by preconceived ideas (about the Indies); and an English Columbus of to-day has almost inevitably preconceived ideas (about cousinship), which put his eyes out of focus for things as they are. Every Englishman used to travel with his bath; he now leaves that behind, but he still takes his bed of Procrustes and measures everything by an English standard. Before you come, say Jean Paul Richter's prayer against 'premature ideas.'

When you come, do not imagine you are visiting a New England, but give thanks for your more happy fortune in discovering a New Atlantis. Instead of cousins with a strong family likeness, you will find charming strangers. Enjoy their individuality as a new flavor in life — and enjoy also the unexpected touch of likeness and sympathy which you will come upon here and there (most largely in the South); as if, in some old foreign castle, you should come upon a familiar face among the family portraits, and should suddenly remember a forgotten tie of blood which had made some one of the family so curiously familiar as you were shown round.

What does America mean to me?

It is hard to say, since I doubt if Americans themselves can fully understand the America of 1918. One of them said to me the other day, 'Have you found an American novel which you can send to England as expressing

the American spirit?' But 'this strange New World that yet was never young,' the New America, was born only in 1917, and its chronicler has not been born yet.

It has plenty of clever Europeanized books, — read Henry James and Mrs. Wharton, — but they really date back to Longfellow's Norse and Spanish strains. It has plenty of descriptive geography such as Bret Harte wrote, and Edward Stewart White, O. Henry, Sarah Orne Jewett, Alice Brown, Thomas Nelson Page, Ellen Glasgow, Grace King, and the Woman Rice-Planter. It has philosophy like Emerson's, poetry like Bryant's, piety like Whittier's, which belong to human nature, and are American because they happen to be born here.

But if you ask me what is essentially American and *could* not have been born anywhere else, I can only think of *The Education of Henry Adams*, the Introduction to Victor Chapman's *Letters*, and Walt Whitman, the Rodin of poetry.

Where does my beloved Hawthorne come? I am inclined to think that he and Heine play round the gateways of their respective countries, like children unwilling to come in from their play in the forest.

It took Dante's Eagle of Empire, in the *Paradiso*, long years to tune his many voices through one throat. The American Eagle is as great, and may take as long — and may eventually give the same message to the World: *Diligit justitiam qui judicatio terram.*

Unity. — The new unity of America, instantaneously forged on the anvil of war, is one of the chief difficulties in describing her. Two years ago I found East, South, West, Middle West as distinct as if I were traveling from country to country in Europe. To-day, not only are the American-born welded together by a white heat of enthusiastic national

pride, but Italians, Poles, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, are all eager to prove themselves good Americans. A giant Polish mill-hand came to one of the War-Loan offices and put down one hundred dollars. 'Wait for your coupon,' said the cashier, 'or you will lose your interest.' 'I want no paper,' said he in halting English; 'I give it to the country.' At the Northfield Student Conference, last January, a representative of each of the South American and Eastern nations assembled on the platform and testified to their belief in America's honesty of purpose and to their gratitude to her for missionary help. It was a wonderful object-lesson for the alien races who make their home with her, and showed the true basis of her unity.

Army Discipline. — The obedience of an undisciplined nation to the army draft was not the same as in conscript races such as France or Germany — nor even like the volunteers of England, where the 'great prize of Death in battle' has always been an accepted idea: here it was a complete reversal of the national tendency to a peaceful life.

The training that followed the Draft Call fashioned a new army, the like of which was never seen in the world before, if we except Cromwell's New Instrument. Kipling was just in time to put on record Ortheris and Mulvaney; but his soldiers are of a different mould from the grave, earnest, thoughtful faces of the men I watched in the Hostess House at Camp Devens.

For the first time in history, an army proved to be the means of raising its whole nation morally: aliens were Americanized; English became the one language; morals and health were seen to for all; and so were amusement and education. The camps had libraries and lectures, classes and movies, with coaches for athletics and songs; while neighboring towns also were provided

with clean amusements; although, only a year before, on the Mexican border, five thousand men were sent every night into a town with no amusement but saloons. The Prince in the 'Sleeping Beauty' saw no greater change in the life around him than did America in 1917.

It seemed suitable that all this should be done by a nation so rich in ideals of peace; but over and above this, her boys proved a match for the best of the old fighting races as hard fighters. Besides, the American soldier was always on his job, with no idea of truces or times off.

Tommy fought like a hero all day, and then, with his supper and pipe, put it all out of his head, as he used to with his games at school. The American was busy all the evening fighting the day's battles over again in his mind, to see where he could have made a better move, as he did aforetime in his school football. The peace nation was second to none in the great game of war!

Mothers. — Just before this war, the 'Cellar Mother' was spoken of with understanding, if not with laughing sympathy — the woman who decoyed husband and sons into the cellar, and then sat on the door, resolved that no men-kind of hers should engage in such a fool business as war!

Many of the mothers who so spoke had made the schoolmaster's life a burden by their nervous telephoning when Ned or Harry went to school; yet when the country demanded it and their boys were ten years dearer, they gave them to the war without a sign of anything but pride.

They had never been trained, like English mothers, to live through ordinary life with a boy in danger on some frontier firing-line; but they learned heroism and nerve when the need came.

The American mother learned daily

self-denial, too; the most extravagant of nations learned thrift in food-conservation; and the most set in her ways of any woman on earth, the New England house-mother, altered those ways in that most unalterable part of her house, the kitchen, where everything had been 'thus and so' for generations.

And this thrift and adaptability were not drawn out of her by the needs of her own men, but by a quick imaginative sympathy, which bridged three thousand miles of ocean and felt, with all Sir Philip Sidney's chivalry, for the stranger of alien race, 'whose necessity was greater than hers.'

The Little Red Schoolhouse. — As I crossed the country, and saw the school-house standing out in every tiniest hamlet as the village church does in England, I learned that America stood by education; and a year later, when I saw what manner of men answered the call of the draft, I learned that education stood by America.

I came with the sound, old-fashioned English idea that character and duty and the Fifth Commandment outweighed book-learning. I also brought the related but unsound idea, that character and book-learning were alternative, not complementary.

But, as I watched those soldiers and (taught by this) watched more observantly stray men of the rougher sort, in train and car and elevator, I came to the conclusion that the little Schoolmarm had fashioned her boys into gentlemen.

The other day Mr. Kipling ascribed their reticence in word to the ascendancy of women in their schools. We are apt to feel as if red-blooded masculine vigor must be weakened thereby; but perhaps it is only that primæval masculine brutality is being refined away. At all events, America's soldier sons have proved themselves a quick-tem-

pered, hard-hitting race, who would be bad to beat. All honor to the little Schoolmarm who has gentled them as well.

The Church. — Here the school takes the place of the village church, and the difference stands for much.

It does not mean indifference to religion. This is the Age of the Spirit all the world over, and America has seen a wonderful rise in her religious tide during the last fifteen years. But her lack of an established church points to an adaptation to the future, which may prove of moment to America's leadership in the coming age.

Just as 'the Papal Church met the needs of the Roman Empire, and National Churches, Gallican or Anglican, suited that rise of nationalities which followed that Empire,' so the absence of a State Church here (not its abolition, with the accompanying tearing down of old pieties and loyalties) may prove to be the opportunity for America to inaugurate a new era of religious unity, which will suit the needs of an age of wider brotherhood — not with any falsifying of truth, or pooling of national ideals, but rather with deeper fulfillment of both.

The Saints. — I nearly quarreled with a friend who wanted me to say, soon after my arrival, what I most liked, and most disliked, in America.

'Idealism' came quickly enough in answer to the first question; but I had nothing to say for the second, and I believe she suspected me of concealing much. But my difficulty lay in my relationship to Kipling's Tramp Royal, whose last will and testament was, —

Write, before I die, 'He liked it all.'

With my present longer observation, I am able to say that the excellence of the telephone service is what I most

find fault with — I doubt if any nerves or any inner life can survive being liable to unexpected inroads of conversation at any hour of the day or night. Even the Old Man of the Sea gave Sinbad intervals of sleep.

But to return to my friend: she met me again the other day and asked if I now knew more. She patted me approvingly when I said I had learned that America was, like St. Patrick's Ireland, a land of saints.

Someone else looked up at that, a little suspiciously, as if suspecting Romanizing tendencies in an Episcopalian. 'I mean someone in whose presence my soul feels on its knees'; and the definition proved a bond of union instead of a war-note.

Why should I feel this here, when England has just as many? I think it is because, at home, we all have definite relations with those we meet, and live perforce within those limits. Here I was a stray human soul, perched by the fireside for a few days before flitting off into space again, and our most real, in many cases our only, meeting-ground was the deeper values of life. As Hawthorne taught Hilda in *The Marble Faun*, it is the stranger, whom you will never see again, to whom you can talk most simply of these things.

Idealism. — Are you by this time discounting what I say, from a suspicion that I see America only as a Utopia of mediæval chivalry and beauty? I certainly choose to dwell on her enduring features, instead of on the workman's rubbish and the scattered chips of the yard where the Statue of Liberty was fashioned, all of which will sooner or later be swept away. Besides, a purely personal record like this loses its only value unless it is true to the temperament of the recorder, and mine was largely fashioned by a wise old woman, who used to say, 'They talk a great

deal of "Realism" nowadays, but I have never been able to see that a black beetle was any more real than a butterfly.'

Every American can tell you the faults of his country, and you had better let me try to make you see her with my English eyes, which have been taught by Wordsworth (who *is* England) that we see as well as live

... by admiration, hope and love.

Of course, there are squalid shacks in suburbs, loud-voiced tourists, hustlers eager for the Almighty Dollar; and of course, a princess on the hunt for peas under her mattress can always find them.

But the shacks are being fast 'made over,' and it seems waste of time to dwell on them when so much beauty is showered around them by Nature and is being created by Art. It was an Oxford man who said to me the other day, that American modern architecture beat ours out of the field, and that we could not touch such beauty as Mr. Cram put into his work.

As for the legend of the Almighty Dollar, I had not been here many months before I saw through that 'Great Illusion.' A man, whom I would gladly see the next President, was assuming, as a matter of course, that America worshiped the dollar. I felt that an outsider had no right to interfere, but I plucked up my courage and said, 'I wish you would talk as you really feel; you know as well as I do, that America worships ideals and that to her, the dollar stands for success in playing the game. She is able and ready to lose a fortune and to build up another, without ever loving pounds, shillings, and pence as a miser does. It is a mere matter of accidental surroundings that the game meant mostly diplomacy or war in the Old World and business in the New.'

He stopped a moment and then said, 'You are perfectly right, and I do think that; but the other is the usual thing to say.'

(That was before the war. I wish that one of the gains of the war could be that, after it, it may be the usual thing, in talking of other people, to 'assume a virtue, if they have it.'

I end my list with idealism, since that is the keynote of whatever else I want to talk to you about.

Now or never, the Western World has an opportunity of rising to it, and America's isolation has given her a unique chance of helping in this. Only last night I was hearing of a group of French diplomats who chimed in with an American's wish that America were a full ally. But one of them returned next day to say that, on talking it over together, they had come to the conclusion that the position of co-belligerent left America better able to help Europe, as freeing her from the inherited jealousies and prejudices of the Old World.

If the West is ever to make a better world, it must be now, when everyone has just been forced to face the realities of Life.

It may be that the East, which gave all the great religious messages to the world, will have to come back after some future Armageddon to put those Messages into practice, but —

If Blood be the price of Admiralty,
Lord God, we have paid it all.

During the war we have been stirred to admire each other as never before, and to credit classes and nations with virtues that we used to allow only to individuals; but 'War brings out friendly feelings; international jealousies may revive at the peace table, unless in both private and public talk we keep reso-

lutely to the nobler atmosphere of the war.' We need not only large-hearted, large-minded leaders, but also a rank and file which will allow those leaders to be their best.

There is much talk of a League of Nations. The League I believe in is that of the people who mention pleasant things and let unpleasant things die with them; who expect their neighbor to be as large-hearted as themselves, and who sweep the snow from their own doorsteps.

If you have time, in these days of great causes, to join this little private league, it may be well to suggest to you two small matters which conduce to misjudgment of the English over here.

Every smallest earth of such misjudgment is worth stopping, since the harvest of the war depends on fellowship between us and America, and understanding is more essential to that fellowship than liking, for the root qualities of both nations are reason and fairness.

If America and England come together, there will be a steady force for peace which will make the League of Nations a success, or enable the world to get on without it. But in these days of close international intercourse, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin's warning should be heeded in every private letter as well as in newspapers. He says (I quote from memory),

'No family could hold together if every hasty criticism, every sharp word, were published. No more can nations, in these days of the power of the press, if every jealous insinuation, every belittling jest, of some village speech meant for home consumption, is telegraphed to the four ends of the Earth.'

One of my two suggestions to Englishmen is, to act in the spirit of Bishop Creighton's warning, 'Avoid giving away your friend, to conciliate your enemy.'

Avoid giving away your country, to write a good letter. If, in the interests of truth, you wish to give this or that bad impression, as being a national feature, do so: England can stand it. But if you are tempted to describe some instance of 'cussedness' or vulgarity, which strikes you just because it is a freak and not typical, remember that, over here, it will be largely quoted as first-hand evidence as to 'how strangely people behave in England.'

You would hardly believe how many here imagine that Doggie in *The Rough Road* is a usual specimen of our leisure classes, and that country squires and squires usually have the morals of Mr. Britling and Mrs. Harrowdean.¹

We cannot possibly realize how absolutely unknown our daily atmosphere is, outside our own island, except to the cosmopolitan few. The mass of the 'plain people' here know English Literature far better than corresponding people in England; while many teachers have saved up to come to England, and have met Chaucer and Westminster Abbey, but not the English; just as people may come here and see Niagara and the Grand Cañon, but not America. Yet these well-read people will ask me questions about our point of view — our 'reaction,' they would call it — on small matters of daily life, which would seem to me to go without saying.

Nobody is at fault: you cannot stand on your doorstep and beg every passing American to come in (though Americans sometimes feel as if you could), any more than Americans could or would do it for you; but I do wish there could be some small private League of

Nations, in which sets of, say, three English families would undertake to invite an American teacher for three days each, so that the coming generation of Americans would get truer views of the schools. A wise committee on each side could select those able to teach, and to learn new ideas.

The study of history does less good than one would expect, so I doubt if the millennium will be brought about by revising textbooks that bear on '76! I have listened to history lessons in public schools, and have carried away an impression (as probably the children did also) that all the English sins of the past were active motor-forces in the present, and that no one realized that the Irish Cromwell died some time ago, and that folks are just folks.

My second suggestion is, avoid any words that take class distinctions for granted. It took me some time before it dawned on me that, except in the South, such words seriously jar on an American ear. As a matter of fact, social gulfs do exist in America, in a way that seemed strange to me, to whom it came as natural to make friends with the laborer as with the squire. I had not realized that with us recognized distinctions leave us free to be natural, whereas here people feel obliged to protect themselves.

The feudal world, when ideally carried out, as in the days of guilds and ladies of the manor, was one of warm family relationships. To my American friend, it meant the heel of the rich crushing the soul of the poor; to me, it meant the ideal of loyalty to those above and responsibility for those below — a relationship which, though rightly passing away as all men are coming of age, yet bred the reverence which makes for beauty, and the pity which is akin to love.

The democratic world, which saw patronage in kindness and suspected

¹ Trollope and Miss Yonge have done good work over here in describing the England of fifty years ago, and I owe much gratitude to Mr. Archibald Marshall for enabling me to recommend books of to-day, which really know the people they talk about.

welfare work of bribery, felt very cold to me when I first came. It was a good year before it dawned on me that it held an equally generous ideal — hot fervor for the ideal of such equality in the conditions of life as should enable your brother to stand on his own feet and be beholden to no one for the patronage of help or the impertinence of pity. Its kindness was as strong, but of a different brand: it held a passionate fervor for the down-trodden; it had a real cult for the under dog, as such (which involves a curious suspicion of an upper dog, as such), regardless of attendant circumstances.

Land-relationship is the basis of Society in England, and the cash-nexus in America. It is partly because of this that pity flourishes more in England than in America, where the critical faculty never sleeps, or, at all events, sleeps with one eye open; indeed, American humor generally has three eyes open all at once.

In England the gods have preserved us from the fatal gift of quick-wittedness, so that the sub-conscious kindness of primæval kinship gets a chance. It grows out of the land-tie of Feudalism, which fosters an instinct of tenderness for the weak that is seldom found in America (unless it springs from instinctive opposition to some capitalist who may be in fault).

If you venture a remark verging on pure pity, an American will look keenly at you for a moment, to detect whether you are a good-hearted imbecile, or merely a knave. He then sails on with some neat phrase which shows that 'No fools need apply.'

America is rich beyond the dreams of avarice in love, friendliness, hospitality, warm-heartedness; but pity lingered to tend some wayside fool when the Pilgrims set out for the Mayflower, and never got aboard.

The Pilgrims have no use for fools,

and show no aptitude for dealing with them — unless, in Moslem fashion, they accept them as prophets. The lack is a wise economy of Nature, since they have so few of them that they have no need to cultivate Izaak Walton's gift for 'handling the worm as though you loved it.'

They are proud of the lack, for they value keen intellect more than we do, — I don't wonder, for they are so rich in it, — and it angers them to think of any mortal presuming to give pity or help to any other mortal. Away with privilege!

If a rich man does anything kind in his works, it is supposed that he has a 'motive' behind it; if he is kind to an individual, it is resented as charity. Fifth Avenue is told to keep at home, and not meddle with the East Side's efforts to raise its poorer members, as they have no use for patronage. It seems hard to blame Fifth Avenue for ignorance of the claims of social justice, and yet to forbid it to go where it can learn. Surely it is a part of social justice to appreciate and develop the good points in Dives.

Every American is a born 'good mixer,' but he needs a dash of Irish or Southern blood (which gives that sixth sense of pity) to make him a first-rate mixer. If he is under the charm of a person or nation, he says more charming things than either French or Irish; and the fact that he says them only when it gives him pleasure to do it, adds a fine flavor of truth which makes him quite irresistible.

Our mind runs on prohibition just now, and I should be inclined to say that, in regard to pleasant words, an Englishman is a total abstainer; the American 'puts his lips to them when so disposed'; and only the Irishman can be relied on to have a drop of comfort handy, whenever the other fellow is lonely or downhearted.

The American view of humor, as well as of pity, is an outcome of democracy, though the humor which they feel to be so distinctively their own has an ancestry of the English countryside. The Tory villager was wont to say (of both people and ideas), 'Here's a stranger: let's heave half a brick at him!' The democratic American translates this into, 'Here's a superior: let's have a good story on him.' It is the wealth of American wit which produces their extraordinary prodigality of good stories, but it is the democratic instinct of antagonism to a superior which gives those stories the unlimited application, which the feudal mind would refrain from, even if it had the wit to make the story.

Feudalism and Democracy are both roads to the Kingdom: one is an old Roman road fast getting out of repair, the other is a motor-track. We live in a motor-world and there 'must find our happiness or not at all.' Kipling gave us a good lead when he found the poetry of the sea in the ship's machinery. To you, poetry may lie in sails and quarter-deck etiquette, but remember that your form of speech gives a nasty jar to modern sympathies over here when it takes class distinctions for granted; and you seriously obscure the fact that the underlying ideals of liberty and the value of each individual man, on which England is built, are identical with American ideals.

The democratic phraseology and framework of France have had more to do than Lafayette with making America feel a closer tie to France than to England. The fact of our having a king is a real obstacle to her fellowship with us: it hides from her that we are really more democratic than she is, and our inherited trick of talking feodally in social life contributes to increase her misconception of us. She does not realize that our King may be one of the

best helps to making the world 'safe for democracy.'

General Smuts, our most formidable enemy in the Boer War and now our firm friend, said that the possession of an hereditary king who ground no axes of his own would be one of the world's chief assets in bringing about, after the war, that equal Confederacy of England and the Dominions which will make such a strong force for Peace. He pointed out that it would save all jealousy as to the Presidency, and avoid the almost insuperable difficulty of an election in such a world-wide electorate.

Old men are dreaming dreams of the Old World once more, stabilized; young men are seeing visions of a New World of which — to quote one of our great statesmen — Jesus Christ shall not be ashamed. The young take their stand on the counsel to the rich young man, and expect a reversal of the established order — revolution, not evolution.

Must it be so? The old are apt not to be sufficiently alive to changing winds, but I heard of a mill-owner the other day, whose experience may give us pause. In these mills the pay is up to the highest level in the trade, as he feels that that is the most profitable way of spending money; the men's self-respect is not sapped by welfare work, though each mill has a doctor and nurse, because health is as much the owner's interest as the worker's; but their votes as citizens can make the municipality erect baths and libraries, as suits the public good and their own.

The business is kept small enough for the owner to hear promptly of any discontent, so that he can do justice at once, instead of leaving it to some indifferent middleman. All know that, in America, every man has a partnership in his bag of tools; if his wife wants it; so here, of Tom, Harry, and Dink, if in this mill Tom shows aptitude for

affairs, it pays both master and man to let Tom come up the ladder as his brains enable him, while it transgresses no sense of justice, if Harry and Dick, with ordinary wits, remain ordinary workmen on a fair-wage basis.

The owner said, 'We let the minimum-wage question work itself out in varying mills and localities, instead of standardizing it. Most of my work is by the piece, and it would not pay me if a man earned too little for his well-being; we supervise the pay-roll carefully, and if a man won't earn enough, we fire him; if health prevents him, we nurse him; if ignorance, we teach him.'

Owners like this man are increasing in every fresh generation of college graduates. President Lowell gave the keynote of Harvard's work for the country when he said last month, to the students who had come up with war ambitions, 'I want you men to be officers in the civil life of the community.'

I find much comfort in the fact of that first motorless Sunday. It was the one before the Labor Day Monday holiday; and since, in these days of Fords, as many men as masters possess motors, it was evident that both classes were able to look at a matter of personal comfort from a public-spirited point of view.

At first it grieved me, out of pure love for America, that the war ended when she had had so much shorter a time than we to learn what war could teach.

I was half inclined to wish that she had entered the lists earlier, in order to

bear more, although I had always held that the President's waiting was of the same order as Cavour's. But I was being misled by to-day's worship of activity into undervaluing that time of looking on which taught America so much. It gave her time to dream of the League of Nations; it gave her time so to educate her home-workers that the womanhood of America will have a new start.

Above all, it gave time so to unite the nation in a great moral resolve that, to quote Bishop Butler of the *Analogy*, 'The Public Determination was the result of the united Wisdom of the Community, faithfully executed by the united Strength of it.' (Was there ever a nobler description of democracy?)

The older nations, with bloodstained hands, needed to be cleansed by a baptism of blood; but the younger nation, who, like David's son, was to build the Temple of Peace, 'in a short time fulfilled a long time.' She gave her sacrifice — of her prejudices, her comforts, her sons — as whole-heartedly as Abraham gave Isaac; and now, like Abraham, she receives her sacrifice back, in order to do with it some better thing.

She did not need to learn lessons of hardihood and valor — they were in her blood; nor did she need to atone for past bloodshed. All nations now have a great peace-work on their shoulders, and Solomon is being prepared by peace for a very special share in it.

A new age is calling for new virtues, new methods, new vision. King David is dead! Long live King Solomon!

ARMAGEDDON

BY JOHN FINLEY

(Early in the morning of the 20th of September, while I was at the General Headquarters of the army in Palestine, the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Edmund Allenby, coming from the map-room, remarked (as accurately as I can recall his language), 'I have just had word that my cavalry are at Armageddon. The battle of Armageddon is on.' I do not hold him responsible for the following exegesis of the chapter in the Book of Revelation in which reference is made to Armageddon; but looking back upon that day, I can but think that this was the beginning of the end of the battle with the Beast.)

I've seen the Angel pour the sixth gold bowl
Off toward the great Euphrates, and I've seen
The unclean spirits issue from the Beast,
The Dragon, and the mouth of him who posed
As Prophet — they who've led the whole wide world
'Together to the war of the Great Day';
For I have been in Armageddon's vale,
The Judgment Place, which John of Patmos saw
In his Apocalypse. — There have I walked;
There seen the Dragon's bayoneted tongue;
There gotten this Beast blood-splotch on my boot;
There heard the Teuton-Baal Prophet cry
His blasphemy to stir a Holy War;
There seen the Allied Men on horses ride,
Guided by 'eyes that were as flame of fire.'
Swift as these flaming eagles did they ride;
Swifter than Barak from Mt. Tabor's slopes
Rushing upon this plain; swifter than they
Of Gideon's band who swept upon Jezreel
From Mount Gilboa fronting this dread field,
Where kings and emperors through centuries
Have perished since the dewless, rainless days
When these same circling mountains mourned for Saul
And Jonathan, whom death could not divide.

Stronger than lions of the wilderness
Were they, these sons of lions of the isles,
Smiting with all the righteous wrath of God,
Striking with all the summoned might of right.

And after this sixth Angel had passed on,
On over Jordan to the desert's edge,
And still beyond to Bagdad's blistered roofs,
Till all the blazing lava had been poured,
And Prophet, Dragon, Beast were taken all,
I saw another 'standing in the sun'
At setting over Armageddon's vale,
Calling 'the birds that in mid-heaven fly'
To come together to the supper spread,
The great, grim supper of the Mighty God,
Out on the plain from Kishon to Beisan,
Where there was neither cloth, nor flower, nor lamp,
Nor plate, nor knife — only the pecking beak
And tearing claw and hov'ring sable wing.

That night I walked all night upon the plain,
Whose loam was soft and grateful to my feet
Sore from the harshness of Samaria's hills —
Soft as the loam of that far prairie farm
I'd ploughed long, long ago; and black as that,
But black with tinge of crimson from the hills.
All night I walked alone, save for the dead
Begging for burial — these and the gulping birds.
No sound was there except of my own steps,
Or now and then the scratching at my knees
Of brambles of Abimelech's ill-rule,
Or braying of the beast of Issachar
Between the sheepfolds, couching at his ease;
For dumbing death had stalked ahead of me.

Then toward the dawn there shone a wondrous sign,
Such as Sir Bedivere when Arthur died
Beheld. From out Gilboa's rugged side
(Where Gideon had cried, 'Jehovah's sword,')

ARMAGEDDON

And put to flight the hosts of Midian,
And Saul had seen the gleaming scimitar,
The Witch of Endor's presage of his fate)
Was thrust what seemed a crescent Damask sword;
The color of dried blood upon a blade.
Slowly, as slowly as a rising star,
'T was lifted upward by an unseen hand
Until the coming of the morning light
Did hide it in a jeweled sheath as rich
And brilliant as an Arab ever wore.
I knew it was the dying, hornèd moon;
But had a sword been hanging in the sky,
'T were not more like a sword than this red moon
That shone in symbol of its drawing forth,
And then its sheathing in the new Earth-Peace.
There were the hideous wreckages of war;
There things lay stark that yesterday were men;
Naught else to tell that Armageddon's day
Had come — had come and gone!

And now there stood,
In clear command of all the placid plain,
The Mount on which He'd taught the world to pray,
And where He'd breathed into immortal life
The words of his divine Beatitudes,
Blessing those valiant ones who'd fought for peace
And now were called by Him the 'Sons of God.'

Pausing to look at this e'er-haloed height,
I heard the sound of sacramental bells,
Or so they seemed, but were the desert chimes
Borne by the camels of a caravan
Bringing the answer of the Tabor prayer
To those who prayed, 'Give us our daily bread.'
Across my pathway to the Nazareth
That was the village of the Prince of Peace
They passed.

The 'thousand years' had been begun.

NAZARETH, *September*, 1918.

CHANGE OF VENUE

BY H. T. AVERY

PROBABLY no case ever tried in Chautauqua County has competed successfully for public attention with that of *People vs. Hankins*.

Since the first hearing it has been tried over every time the subject of litigation has been mentioned within ten miles of Forestport.

These post-trials and rehearings have developed so much controversy and prejudice, and so many charges of perjury, that it is beside the question to expect that a fair trial can be held in the county.

Therefore, it is proper that a change of venue be granted for the final hearing, where the facts may be presented to an unbiased jury.

Lute Hankins first appeared at the cross-roads community of Hamlet, in the Arkwright Hills of Western New York, eight miles from Forestport, on a sunshiny afternoon in April.

He was accompanied by Mrs. Hankins and two small children, and all of them were extremely life-worn. An emaciated horse wearily dragged the three-spring wagon in which the Hankinses rode, and on the rear were piled their meagre household goods.

One glance showed that life had not gone well with Lute Hankins and his folks — also that it was going very badly with the horse, which gave evidence of an attack of blind staggers as the Hankins retinue drew up in front of Seth Ward's general store, the only place of business at the cross-roads.

The arrival of a strange vehicle was

sufficient to attract the immediate attention of Mr. Ward and two cronies, who were seated on the store-steps profoundly chewing tobacco and spitting at flies that lighted near them.

The evident suffering of the horse excited immediate action, and the three local citizens stepped spryly out to ascertain what might be the matter.

'Horse is sick,' announced Lute. 'Guess I'll have to stop. Guess he's got colic. 'S there a barn round here where I can fetch him?'

One by one the three inspected the horse critically, and the Hankins family furtively and thoroughly.

'I reckon you'll have to stop,' allowed Seth Ward, 'and I guess you'll have to get another horse, because this critter ain't got much more vitality than 'll get him to my barn.'

The horse was unhitched and led haltingly to the stable, where the three local citizens held a consultation and gave the simple veterinary remedies common to country custom.

The while, by deft inquiries, Mr. Ward and his associates developed the fact that Lute Hankins and his family were moving to anywhere in search of a job on a farm. Also that the horse, wagon, furniture, and a scant sum of money represented their total worldly possessions; that Mrs. Hankins and the children, to say nothing of Lute, had eaten very sparingly for a long time and particularly during the immediately preceding thirty-six hours; that Hankins and family would consider it an act of providence if they could secure

a place to stay and an opportunity to work for enough to keep soul and body together until the horse got well enough to go on.

In the course of an hour or two the kindly people of the neighborhood had taken the Hankinses in, fed them, and provided lodgings for them.

During the night the horse died, and the Hankins family, in consequence of being unable to proceed, was left on the hands of Hamlet.

Much discussion and many conferences took place among the good people of Hamlet, with the result that next day Crawford Stone, owner of several farms acquired through the pressure of mortgage-foreclosures, leased, at the suggestion of some neighbors, the old Perkins farm, a mile and a half from the town, to Lute Hankins, on terms that insured Mr. Stone as much against possible loss as they did Mr. Hankins against any considerable gain.

The farm had a livable house upon it, a herd of cows, a team of horses and farm-tools, and provided shelter and at least a scant livelihood, which was indeed a royal refuge for the Hankinses in their hour of great need.

Lute Hankins, his wife, and two children worked industriously for over two months, and received continual kindnesses from the people surrounding their newly acquired home; but the end of that time showed that their financial progress had actually been backward, since Lute owed a considerable balance to his landlord for small cash advances.

As he became familiar with his neighbors and the idiosyncrasies of certain people in the community, Lute learned that Crawford Stone generally emerged from the relation of landlord and tenant with pretty much all of the proceeds of the relation and a substantial claim against the tenant.

Likewise Lute learned anew that even the simple raiment of farm-folks

will in time wear out, and he came to the point where he saw little — and that little much darned and patched — standing between the bodies of the various members of the Hankins family and the rude gaze and persistent breezes of the world.

And so one Saturday morning he appeared at Seth Ward's general store, and selected wearing apparel for Mrs. Hankins, the children, and himself, amounting at retail prices to twenty-three dollars. Then he asked Mr. Ward to extend him credit for the amount purchased.

Mr. Ward was extremely doubtful of the advisability of parting with his tangible merchandise for what appeared to him to be a promise of intangible value; so he asked Lute, 'How are you going to pay for these things?'

'Oh, pretty soon,' replied Lute.

'I ain't asking you when, but how,' parried Mr. Ward. 'This is quite a bit of money for a man like you, that's got more responsibilities than income.'

'That's so, Mr. Ward,' said Lute: 'I've got big responsibilities and that's what makes me responsible. Guess I might as well tell you in confidence that I ain't anywhere near so hard up as folks round here think. I've got considerable property, Mr. Ward.'

'What property you got?' asked Mr. Ward, who was visibly interested.

'Well, I've got some horses, cows, and sheep, Mr. Ward,' went on Lute, in a low voice, to carry the idea that he was imparting confidential information to his listener; 'I ain't telling anyone, because a skinflint where I used to live is threatening to sue me for a debt I don't owe. But I got four horses, seven cows, and eleven sheep, and they're worth all of a thousand dollars, and I guess that's good enough for twenty-three dollars, ain't it, in addition to my word, which, if I do say it, is as good as my bond, Mr. Ward.'

'Well, I'd say so if you've got 'em,' said Mr. Ward doubtfully.

'Got 'em? Why, I'll take you down to the farm and show 'em to you,' declared Lute decisively.

In the meantime Seth Ward was connecting up in his mind the fact that in the last three weeks considerable live stock had been placed on the Perkins farm where Lute lived, and pondering on his conclusion at the time that the animals were of course the property of the landlord, Crawford Stone.

'Was them horses, cows, and sheep, what's been put on the farm lately, yours?' he asked Lute, looking him squarely in the eye.

'Yes, sir, and I'll make a writing to that effect, Mr. Ward, so there can't be no mistake about it,' declared Lute without hesitation.

Mr. Ward moved back to his desk and wrote at length on a sheet of foolscap paper, handed the pen to Lute, and said, 'If you'll sign that statement in writing, I'll trust you for them things.'

'What's it say?' asked Lute deferentially.

Mr. Ward read the paper, which was a declaration of Lute Hankins, party of the first part, to Seth Ward, party of the second part, to the effect that the first party owned four horses, seven cows, and eleven sheep free and clear, and that said first party made said statement for the purpose of procuring goods, wares, and merchandise on credit from said second party.

Lute Hankins unhesitatingly signed the paper, took his packages, and proceeded home, after agreeing to pay five dollars on account every two weeks.

A fortnight later Mr. Ward recalled the fact that Lute Hankins had not paid the first five dollars, and mentioned it to Hankins, who was driving by that day.

Hankins was profuse with apologies

and promises, and another two weeks passed with no payment on account.

During this period doubts that had been existent but had lain dormant in Seth Ward's mind incubated, and he sent one of his cronies to the Perkins farm to buy a horse from Hankins. The emissary reported that Hankins declared that he owned no horses — that all the horses on the place belonged to Crawford Stone, the landlord. Four other friends of Seth, in quest of horses, cows, and sheep, unfolded the same declaration of facts from Lute Hankins in relation to every bit of live-stock on the old Perkins farm.

By this time Seth Ward was madder than a hornet, and decided to take the bull by the horns himself and collect his due. He saw Crawford Stone, and learned specifically that every animal on the Perkins farm belonged to him, Stone. Then he went after Hankins without gloves. When Seth Ward had expressed himself in full, Lute Hankins was protesting with tears against his misfortunes, and offering abject apologies, mingled with entreaties for time to make good.

But Seth Ward was obdurate. He declared he'd been taken advantage of by a low-down skulking skunk, and no skunk could trim him and get away with it. 'Why, Lute, you lied to me like a yellow dog, did n't you?' he asked indignantly.

'Yes, Mr. Ward, but —' began Lute meekly.

'But nothing!' exploded Seth. 'I ain't going to be butted around like this. Why, you liar, you ain't got a horse or a cow or a sheep in the world, have you?'

'No, Mr. Ward, but —' began Lute again.

'Don't you "but" me — did n't I tell you not to "but" me?' shrieked Seth. 'I'll fix you! I'll have you arrested for larceny, for obtaining goods

under false pretenses in writing!' he declared firmly as he started back to Hamlet.

He hurried before Justice of the Peace Bill Overhiser and swore out a warrant for Lute Hankins on the charge of petit larceny, since the twenty-three dollars involved kept the crime within that degree, and gave the Justice's Court jurisdiction.

The next morning Constable Eph Decker, armed with a warrant, placed Lute Hankins under arrest, and the case of *People vs. Hankins* was at issue in Justice's Court at Hamlet.

In court, which was held in the district schoolhouse at Hamlet, ex-Justice of the Peace Abel Putnam, versed by long experience in litigation in Justice's Court, appeared for the People on behalf of the complainant.

Justice Overhiser judicially informed the defendant that he had a right to consult and be represented by counsel.

Lute Hankins declared he had no lawyer, but he wanted to get one. He talked with the constable and learned that Squire Palmer of Forestport was the nearest lawyer, and that, while he was a young fellow, he was a right smart fighter.

With the aid and advice of the constable, who was not over-friendly with Seth Ward, Lute Hankins asked for a jury trial, and procured an adjournment until three that afternoon, to allow him to drive to Forestport in the custody of the constable to consult Squire Palmer.

Lute and the constable arrived at Palmer's law office a few minutes before the squire was leaving for lunch, and after a few preliminary words, he and Lute retired to a private room while the constable maintained guard outside.

From this point Squire Palmer, the attorney for the defendant, having had complete access to all the facts, may

properly supervise their presentation on the final hearing.

'Lute Hankins threw six one-dollar bills on my table as we entered the private office,' states Squire Palmer, 'and said he wished me to look after his interests. He declared frankly that he was guilty of the crime charged, explained the whole transaction in detail, and said he knew he would be found guilty if tried on the facts, and that owing to the great prejudice and hostility that Seth Ward had stirred up against him in the locality, he would be sent to jail for an excessive term unless some strong plea for mercy was made by me.

'He declared I could save him several months in jail if I'd defend him and ask for a change of trial to a place where the people were less prejudiced, and that every day I could get his term lessened would help to save his family from starvation and the poorhouse.

'I asked him in detail about his written statement, and learned from his own lips that he had deliberately lied about the horses, sheep, and cattle, and told him that I could not possibly be of any help to him as he had no defense whatever.

'But he insisted strenuously that, if he could get a change of trial to a place where an unprejudiced jury could hear all the facts, he would get off easier because they'd see he was n't doing nothing but trying to save the life of his woman and the two kids.

'He was so honest that he won my sympathy as he insisted that without me he would get the maximum sentence, but there was a good chance, if I'd make a plea for mercy, that he'd get off with a lighter one. So I agreed to drive over to Hamlet with him and the constable, and make a plea for his wife and children.

'I had the constable and Lute have dinner with me at the Forestport House,

and then we drove to Hamlet. I took along my *Code of Criminal Procedure* and a couple of volumes of criminal law, in order to create an atmosphere of legal jurisprudence.

‘Justice Putnam and I took the first twelve men called for the jury, because I knew the case was all cut and dried, and then I made a preliminary speech, protesting against the trial of the case before Justice Overhiser or any jury in the town of Hamlet, on the ground that prejudice and passion against my client was so intense as to make it impossible for him to get the fair trial the constitution guaranteed him, and I demanded a change of venue to some other locality.

‘As I expected, the old justice denied my motion, but I could see that I had made an impression and shaken the feeling of opposition against Lute with some of the jury and bystanders.

‘Prosecutor Putnam had his facts and witnesses well prepared and proved the case against Hankins completely. But as witness after witness testified, it seemed the old man kept getting prouder and prouder and more tickled at the way he was outshining me as a trial lawyer.

‘When his last witness left the stand, he addressed the court and declared that what I had said about His Honor and the jury and the town of Hamlet and the chance of getting a fair trial for Lute Hankins was insulting and unwarranted, and just to prove it he was going to leave no doubts in the minds of anyone that Lute Hankins was guilty by calling Hankins himself as a witness.

‘For a moment I was going to object against making Hankins a witness against himself, but I figured quickly that on cross-examination I might develop something that would create sympathy, and as they made him their witness, certainly he could not make

things worse than they were; so I let Putnam go.

‘He proved by Lute all the facts about the purchase of the goods, and he had him swear that he had signed the written statement about owning the horses, cows, and sheep for the purpose of getting credit.

‘Then he turned triumphantly to Lute and asked, “Now, sir, at the time you made this statement in writing you did not have four horses or any horses did you?”

“Yes, sir, I did,” answered Lute firmly.

“What’s that?” shrieked Putnam. “Well, sir, at that time you did not have seven or any cows, did you?”

“Yes, sir, I did,” said Lute.

“Well, sir, you did n’t have eleven or any sheep, did you?” gasped Squire Putnam.

“Yes, sir, I did,” declared Lute.

‘Neither old Putnam nor anyone in the court room was a bit more flabbergasted than I was. Everyone was bowled over except Lute, who was as serene and calm as the country landscape outside; and when he nodded at me, I burst out laughing hilariously, to the added discomfiture of the court, prosecutor, and complaining witness.

‘After he had recovered his breath and composure a bit, Prosecutor Putnam turned to Lute and asked coldly and scornfully,—

“So you say you had these critters, eh?”

“Yes, sir, that’s what I said,” repeated Lute.

“Well, sir, where in thunder are they?” Putnam demanded.

“Down at my mother’s farm in Wyoming County, Mr. Putnam,” said Lute in a matter-of-fact way.

‘Of course, I was on my feet instantly, demanding the discharge of my client on the ground that the undisputed evidence of the People showed

that the defendant had the horses, cows, and sheep set forth in the written instrument, and therefore the crime charged had not been committed.

'Prosecutor Putnam wished to question further, but I objected — showing by the code that he could not impeach his own witness, and that he was bound by the undisputed testimony of Hankins whom he voluntarily called to give evidence in the People's behalf.

'After a red-hot wrangle over the law code and statutes in such case made and provided, I prevailed, and the court discharged my client, who was the most unperturbed person in the considerable crowd that had assembled at Hamlet by this time.

'While Lute was getting the constable's rig, — which he had borrowed to drive me back to Forestport, — I went into Seth Ward's store to get a quarter's worth of cigars, and I per-

ceived that the verdict seemingly had not completely settled the facts in the minds of the villagers, although I was conscious, from the expressions of some of them, that I had won some approval as a lawyer.

'I gave Lute a cigar and we started the drive to Forestport. For about a mile nothing was said, as I was turning the whole case over in my mind.

'Finally, I said, "Lute, why in thunder did n't you tell me you had these horses and cows and sheep down at your mother's farm in Wyoming County?"

'An expression of innocent surprise spread over Lute's face as he looked at me and said, "Because that would have been a lie, Mr. Palmer; because I did n't have any of them critters, and besides my mother's been dead twenty years, and we never was in Wyoming County in our lives."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

IV. THE BEST WAY

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. THE FIRST CLASS

THE parlor at Marjean's was full of smoke, despite the open window. This café, or rather inn, was a sort of General Headquarters for the conscientious electors of the village of Duesmes, who were in the habit of gathering there, to gossip with their constituents. In times of peace, no one was ever in the parlor except on Sunday after vespers, or market-day, the first Saturday of the

month. But since the war the place had known a daily prosperity. It was here that the mayor read aloud the official bulletins which he received from the sub-prefecture through the intervention of the postmistress, Mademoiselle Vantrouille. It was here that villagers bewailed the requisitions in chorus, because it is the fashion to blame the government; although, privately, they were glad of them, since they made money by them. Here, drinking bitter beer and

abusing the ox-eyed maid who had to endure their scolding, they forgot their homes — so empty since their strong-armed sons had gone to the front; they forgot their wives whom grief had made more greedy and more crabbed.

This evening, as on the evenings before elections, the crowd had gathered around the people of importance.

Champommier, physician and district deputy. This unworthy graduate of the Medical School had been obliged to leave the city because of unpleasant rumors concerning his affairs, and was now trying for a deputyship in rural politics. When he let fall from his thin lips certain high-sounding socialistic formulæ, his long hungry teeth gleamed through his dirty beard.

Next, Malinvaud, complacently lifting his enormous wine-smearing, full-moon face, above the bowl of his gross body: he was *chevalier du mérite agricole*. He and Mr. Mayor, the municipal judge, to whom the rural guard and the chief of police, if not too tipsy, paid their respects.

Then, Vilardier, dry as the herrings curled in their hogshead at the door of his grocery, waiting for customers.

'Well, Mr. Mayor, what do you plan to do to set it straight?'

'It would be a disgrace for our parish.'

'I — you understand — if it happens, I shall send my boys to the curé. So much the worse for the Republic!'

'We expected you to be more firm. You've been as soft as tripe — excuse my frankness.'

The mayor took a whiff at his pipe, and spat. 'I also am annoyed at what has happened, but I am still more annoyed that my Breton cow is about to calve.'

Vilardier felt that it was up to him to continue the conversation in his capacity of assistant magistrate: —

'Of course, it's tiresome that they

should send us, to take the place of the late Ratier, a teacher whom we don't know; but what can you do — *c'est la guerre!*' And he reflected that, as sugar had gone up five per cent, it was quite natural that he should double the price to the consumer.

Champommier, having neither a cow about to calve, nor a business blessed with an unexpected profit, but only his patients to occupy his time, — in other words, nothing of interest, — approached the subject with an entirely free mind, and embraced the opportunity to hold forth: —

'The central authority has saddled us with a teacher without consulting our preference. It is illegal, but let us wait before asserting ourselves.'

'He's to begin to-morrow morning.'

'Well, then, don't be impatient.'

'In the first place, it would seem that he's an old man, and old men — I've no confidence in them.' This from old Marjean, nicknamed Death's Deceiver, because he was over ninety.

'They certainly might have given us somebody disabled in the war,' replied Champommier; 'that would have been flattering and ornamental. But what's done is done.' He stroked his beard with his hairy hand, adjusted his eyeglass and gurgled forth his phrases: 'We'll judge him by his work. It's by his work that the workman is judged.'

Malinvaud scented the danger of letting Champommier talk too long, as he might be a serious rival at the municipal elections, so he now put in his oar: —

'The council will be present at his first class, and, as our district councilor has so justly observed, the workman shall be judged by his work. Besides, I'll pull his leg, as my boy says; he's full of Paris slang now that he goes to college at Châtillon-sur-Seine.'

'Our mayor'll pull his leg,' the crowd repeated, admiring the words it did not understand.

The mayor, flattered by the sensation he had produced could not have resisted the pleasure of explaining his joke; but just then the piercing voice of his wife rang out in the yard: —

‘Victor! — Come quick! — The cow has calved! — Hurry! You tipsy fool!’

*
* *

The little railway train puffed as it climbed the steep incline leading to the station at the end of the line. It arrived at last, but stopped so suddenly that the cars banged into each other, and a peasant who was shaken up by the collision exclaimed, ‘They call that progress!’

An old man got down and hurried toward the exit, lugging a heavy hand-box.

‘Is it the school you want? — Straight on, as far as the church, and at the left of the square, opposite the liberty pole,’ replied the official who took his ticket. ‘That must be the new master,’ he murmured.

The old man — for, judging by his white hair, his bent shoulders, and his weary step, he was indeed an old man — took advantage of the first milestone to sit down. He wiped his forehead, and brushed the dust from his shoes with a handful of grass. Before him, the market town rose on the hillside, its flat-roofed houses clustered round the bell tower. In the deserted yards, the hot stone walls caught the sun’s rays and ripened the trellised fruit trees. Beyond, the wheat-fields, which were beginning to turn yellow, stood out from the dark Spanish trefoil. In the bright morning the town was attractive, and the bell which was ringing seemed to invite him graciously to make haste.

But the old man shook his head, disillusioned. Although the inanimate things might seem friendly, he knew that the people were not. He reviewed in memory his career as a country

schoolteacher, exposed to the insults and rebuffs of the peasants. To them, the man who does not work with his hands is a humbug, a regular good-for-nothing. He could make no headway against their instinctive hate except by becoming the secretary in the mayor’s office, — the electoral agent, that is to say, — and he was one of those unusual people who had not the soul of a lackey. Ah, he knew them! these villages outwardly so quiet, but really the battleground of all the sordid struggles of an ignorant humanity, delivered over to its worst instincts. This was a new station in his Way of the Cross, this schoolhouse, so coquettish and white; he knew it and approached it resignedly, for such is life.

On the doorstep, the women lifted their heads from the beans which they were shelling, nudged each other, and laughed behind his back.

‘There he is! Our mayor’s going to pull his leg!’

He went up the steps. A bird sang in the trellis which framed a bay of the façade. ‘Cui — cui!’ It was the piteous cry of a wounded bird.

He entered the schoolroom. The children stared at him curiously from their desks. The authorities were seated in full array, under the chairmanship of Malinvaud, who had put on his tricolored scarf in honor of the occasion.

After brief greetings, the mayor climbed to the platform and addressed the audience: —

‘Citizens, here is your schoolmaster, M. Tatignon, who enters upon his duties to-day.’

He could go no further, for the ‘citizens’ from five to eight years of age burst out laughing. Tatignon! — The citizens wriggled.

Ah, what shall he do? The old man gazed without heart into the shining eyes fixed upon him by the wicked little beasts on watch,

The mayor, having, by the aid of strong language, obtained an approach to silence, turned toward the victim and said with an assumption of good will, —

‘The Council has decided that because of circumstances you will open this first class with an address on heroism, at which the council will be present in a body, hoping that you will fully appreciate the honor of this arrangement.’

The public, in the secret, laughed in its sleeve. ‘That’s it! Our mayor’s going to pull his leg!’

The old man blenched. It was a trap. They were trying to ridicule him, to prove how little he knew. He gathered his ideas together. Heroism — of course, there were ever so many examples: *d’Assas*, *La Tour d’Auvergne*, the sailors of the *Vengeur*. It was an easy subject, but he did not improvise easily. These hostile faces deterred him; fear paralyzed him.

Then the postman entered.

‘Pardon! Excuse me, Mr. Mayor and the company, but I bring M. Tatignon some letters which have already been here some time, as Mademoiselle Vantrouille explains. Your servant, sirs.’

The old man seized the packet with a greedy gesture. The one he wanted was not there; but on one envelope a military stamp drew his attention.

‘It is from his squadron, and that’s not his handwriting!’

He ripped it open with a horrible prescience of misfortune, and skimmed through it rapidly. His lips moved. He tried to speak, but the words would not form in his contracted throat.

‘He can’t pull it off,’ whispered Champommier.

‘We’re waiting on you, master,’ said Malinvaud sweetly.

He drew himself up and seemed to have grown immeasurably taller. His dilated eyes shone with a strange light.

The sheet of paper trembled in his fingers.

‘You have asked me to speak on heroism. — It is here. — In the squadron they called him Flagada. His real name was Louis Tatignon. — He was my son. — He has died out there.’

In the trellis, the bird gave his piercing, ‘Cui, cui!’ — then was silent.

II. PAPA CHARLES LOOKS OUT FOR HIMSELF

The machine-guns were crackling at the shooting-range in a hollow near Lay-Saint-Christophe. While the scorers stopped up the holes in the target, the gunners rested.

‘I’ll play you for cocktails with the Browning, Papa Charles — five balls. I’m in luck to-day; did you take a squint at my targets? Regular sieves they are, since the sight of my Hotchkiss was corrected. Her shooting is adorable. Come on. If you lose, you can take it out on Frangipane.’

And Chignole invited them to go down from the hillock.

But Papa Charles stopped him. ‘We have n’t time. I have permission from the captain to use his car to take us to the cemetery.’

The ghost of Flagada rose before them. Oh, not a terrifying ghost, gaunt and menacing beneath a shroud! No; memory recalled the image of their friend under his usual aspect, sympathetic and gay, with the theatrical pose that made him so amusing. Neither Chignole, upon whom events made only fleeting impressions, nor even Frangipane, still a novice in flying, was much moved by this recollection of sad hours. But Papa Charles, who had finished his twenty-fifth month in the squadron, beheld the dolorous band of his vanished comrades pass before him. Their names crowded to his lips, and he recalled the very form under which

death had overtaken each one: caught under the engine; hit by anti-aircraft guns; smashed in landing; brought down by a Hun; burned; missing — He read in their faces an almost ironical astonishment.

‘Yes; I am still here.’

Their hands reached out to him and their lips murmured, ‘It is your turn next.’

Unconsciously, he gave a low groan.

‘I say! What’s the matter with you?’ said Chignole, nudging him.

He passed his hand over his eyes to dispel the nightmare: ‘Nothing — nothing!’

As they were getting into the automobile, Frangipane offered them cigarettes from his engraved case. Papa Charles scratched a match, held it out to his two friends, and used it himself before extinguishing it; whereupon Frangipane exclaimed, ‘Three with the same match! That means bad luck.’

Papa Charles shivered involuntarily, but recovered his coolness at once and retorted, ‘Ridiculous — such sayings!’

‘I detest superstitions,’ Chignole added airily; and the car started.

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* *

‘Do you think you’ll know how to fly in the daytime, now that we’ve been playing the owl so long? — Ah, old man — we’ve got a fine spin in prospect! I’m delighted with the objective! What sport to drop these on them!’

Chignole, with Frangipane helping him, was setting the bombs carefully in their racks. Papa Charles, seated on the edge of the cockpit, was watching the oscillations of the needle of the speed-indicator, while Mimile looked to the oiling.

‘What’s the matter with the mill to-day? — only 1000, 1050 revolutions.’

‘I don’t understand it at all, Papa Charles; it’s less than a week since the

valves were ground. We need a new one — that’s the trouble.’

Chignole tested each cylinder, listened carefully, then with a half-satisfied grimace, added, ‘It might go better, but there’s nothing to worry about. In the air it will increase by at least one hundred revolutions.’

Frangipane, who was staying below, as he no longer had a pilot, watched them start, uneasily. After several pick-ups, the biplane tried to rise, but fell back; at last, helped by the steepness of the flying-field, the wheels left the earth and the machine got its equilibrium at a low altitude, after balancing first on one wing, then on the other.

‘She’s heating up all right.’

And Papa Charles took his way nonchalantly toward the directing station of the 75’s, to watch their evolutions through the glass.

‘It won’t climb!’ Papa Charles struck the altimeter with his fist.

‘Don’t get excited. You’ll ruin your disposition, and do no good.’

‘Look at the others.’

Above them, their comrades were climbing easily. He tried all the manœuvres which usually help climbing; but because the machine side-slipped, he nosed down, thus losing height. There were the trenches already. The captain’s rocket made a gray streak in the clear atmosphere. Papa Charles tried hard to rejoin the squad, but Chignole protested vigorously.

‘Do you want to annihilate us? — 1000 metres! No, my friend! That’s not aviation, it’s suicide!’

Papa Charles turned unwillingly, reduced the speed, descended, landed, and said curtly, —

‘Put up the taxi. Turn the mill upside down and see what it has in its belly.’ Then, addressing Frangipane who had run up for news, ‘It’s disgusting! The first time I ever came back without reaching my goal.’

As the mechanics rolled the biplane toward the hangar and he steered it by the rudder, he heard one of them say very distinctly, —

‘Papa Charles won’t go up again.’

And another voice added, —

‘He must take care of himself for the sake of his lady-love.’

Papa Charles turned pale, and set his teeth, then he said brusquely, ‘Stop! Turn her into the wind. Get out, Chignole; without your weight I can go up.’

And before Chignole and Frangipane could prevent him, he had put the gas on full, and pulled the joystick to him. The machine made a deep *zoom*, to get a clear line of flight once more.

Chignole drew Frangipane aside.

‘Did you hear what one of those guys said?’

‘Yes; some mechanic — jealous.’

‘Do you know which it was?’

‘No.’

‘So much the better for him. If anything happens to Papa Charles — I shall kill him! He’s a murderer!’

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* *

Lightened of his load, Papa Charles flew toward the lines, increasing his altitude as he flew. The rotation speed of his engine did not improve, but the decrease was not marked. That was a good sign, and he hummed a fox-trot which recalled happy hours. He was glad of his decision. His companions would be much astonished at his fantastic departure, and the slanderous tongue would be silenced. As Chignole would say, it would give the squadron a jolt — and at the thought of the figure the latter was certainly cutting at the present moment, he laughed aloud, just as the enemy fired his first shell. His squad was coming back, its task ended, and he darted toward the planes, wove his way among them, exchanged salutes with several, and then, guided

by the pond of Lindre, shining on his right under the last rays of the sun, he easily made out his goal.

He had to double, as two Huns were pursuing him. But when they shot, he dived as if he were struck and were falling; and he pretended so well that they let him go down quietly. Presently he found himself just over the aerodrome. The hangars were visible despite their camouflage; in front, some monoplanes with black crosses were going out. He turned half way round, released the bombs, straightened up, veered, and fled toward the frontier.

For a moment, the Boches were perplexed by this unexpected manœuvre; then, enraged at being tricked, they hurled themselves in his wake. But luckily for Papa Charles, at that moment the Farmans, flanked by the Nieuports, found the range for the batteries. Sometimes the Nieuports set fire to the sausages, and the Boches preferred not to give battle, but to let the Voisin continue unmolested on its way.

‘That’s done!’

But just then four shells encircled him and he felt a lively heat at his back. A shot had cut through a tube of the radiator, and the boiling water was spouting through the crack. This shower-bath did not disturb him much, but if the radiator ran dry, the engine could not be cooled; it would stick, and there would be a breakdown. So he let go the joystick, and stopped the flow by twisting the pipe with a pair of pliers. But when he took hold of the steering-gear again, to bring his biplane back into the right road and avoid collisions, he was horrorstruck at the new situation confronting him. The controls of the joystick would not move. He leaned over. The cables of the elevator were broken and hung down brushing the screw. He closed the inlet to prevent the propeller from coming in contact with them and smashing, and he

tried to reestablish his equilibrium with the help of the rudder-bar. But the machine tipped violently on its nose and began to spin round on the end of the cockpit.

It was the tail-spin.

He felt as if he were attached to a giant gimlet, hung in space, which increased its speed with every twist. Head down, clinging with all his might so as not to be pitched out of his seat, he shut his eyes to avoid the dizziness which he felt when he saw the ground apparently pitching round him in a spiral. He had one brief gleam of hope, when the machine slid and came back to level. He opened his eyes: eight hundred metres. — Saved? — No. He dived again, and again the tail-spin began.

This was the end. Whatever happened, he was done for. There was no longer height enough even for an improbable flattening out.

The end. The two words hammered frightfully in his ears, which were whistling under the rapid change of atmospheric pressure. — The end. — Nothing to do about it. He was the victim of forces subdued but not yet enslaved.

But he would not die smashed under the weight of his biplane. He undid his belt, opened his arms, and with a great cry flung himself to meet that cruel earth which seemed to rush up toward him in order to devour him more quickly.

III. A LETTER

Escadrille V. B.

In every squadron there is a metal coffer kept with the greatest care in the office of the quartermaster, who has the key. In it are placed, by every pilot and observer, the letters to be sent in case of accident. To-day I bring to it this letter, destined for you, my very dear. It will be in good company.

Mothers, wives, betrothed, mistresses, sisters, godmothers, these are its companions. Love, passion, broken hearts, hidden longings, unsatisfied caresses, faded flowers, last wishes, everything that endears, everything that stirs to remembrance; the sentimental hodge-podge of twenty young men is locked up in this steel box.

It is no vague presentiment which leads me to write you, but a cool scrutiny of my situation, which convinces me that my doom will soon be upon me.

Yes; the idler, the jester, the diletante, the truly Parisian comrade that was I, in times of peace, ought logically to disappear in this torment, and I ask your scatterbrain to follow my argument for a few moments.

I left for the front without enthusiasm, in those flower-decked trains, chalked over with notices announcing Berlin as the first stop. I did not believe it. I recognized too well the German's strong grip upon our vitals; the slow disintegration of our Republic, promoted by the depravity of our politicians; the degrading softness into which we had been led by the doctrine of peace at any price.

At the overthrow of Belgium, I said, 'It was bound to happen.' And when Paris was threatened, I said, 'It is fate.'

The Marne surprised me. Without attributing it to the intervention of Sainte Geneviève, I did for a moment recognize something akin to miracle in it, a rebirth, an awakening. But my pessimism got the upper hand again. 'It is a stroke of luck,' I thought; and I went down into the trenches quite without hope.

Then the surprises began. I found that I had really been aware of nothing. The 'knowing gentleman,' saturated with morbid egotism and excessive individualism, was an ignoramus who had judged the world from the sofa in his lounging-room.

The wretched infantry revealed life to me under its brutal but simple aspect, stripped of the subtleties and complexities with which we snobs try to trim it up. At last I understood the worth of realities, the beauty of action, daily duty, sacrifice for others, for the unknown; I, who had always bounded everything by my own small personality. Now, dependent upon myself alone, I blessed discipline and accepted the uncompromising militarism of a Psichari.

This change did not take place without a struggle, without hard knocks. The past called to me; I felt the lure of the cloudy reveries of former days; I breathed the perfume of old letters; I suffered when I saw my dear ones unchanged, while I was so radically transformed.

Then aviation cast its spell upon me. My feelings when I made my first flight as a pilot were like those I had felt at my first communion: the same faith, the same mystical confidence; I gave myself to my wings as I had given myself to God.

Joys, robust, almost savage, healthy emotions, brotherly fellowship, heroic nonsense, these were what I found as I followed my profession of bird-man.

When Karlsruhe, which I had gone out to bomb, appeared in the pane of glass on the floor of my cockpit, my happiness reached its height. That day I avenged the insult of 1870 and of 1914 in my own name and the names of my ancestors. I blotted out Sedan and Charleroi. I was no longer conquered, nor the son of the conquered.

Even physically, the war has changed me. Shall I prove it? Do you remember that breakfast we had together in a restaurant near the Madeleine, during my last leave? A gentleman who was sucking the claws of his broiled lobster said to his companion, indicating me, 'Look, what a splendid military type!'

A military type! the ex-dude of Maxim's, whom the Americans regarded with awe because of his peculiar manner of guzzling champagne! A military type! — the frequenter of green-rooms, grill-rooms, suspicious houses, race-tracks, and also of second-rate shows, beer-gardens, and holidays at Neuilly — high life after the manner of Jean Lorrain! A military type! — the lover of the little light-o'-love who had been the mistress of old Machin!

So, you see, my redemption was complete. Why, then, since I have improved so much, now that I have learned how to live better, now that I have redeemed my faults, paid my debts, got a steady head on the wing — why wish for death?

Because, in spite of everything, I have not wholly shuffled off the old man, and I have no confidence in the future. I am weak, and I am afraid to go back to those hours of the past: monotonous, idle, lulled by such phrases as, 'It will come out all right,' 'It's of no consequence,' which Chignole translates so well by his, 'What's the odds, so long as we're jolly!'

Just now, I am so far away from our petty interests, our narrow sordidness, our childish vanities, our poor little sentimental quarrels, our daily renewal of our vows, that I feel an instinctive disgust, an irresistible repulsion, at the thought of once more hampering myself with all that folly.

Yes, I am afraid of the future. I hear the dull rumbling of the poorer classes against a social organization which is going to pieces, and which the war has discredited; I foresee acute struggles between capital and labor, the hatred of the peasant, who has done the fighting, for the workman who has made the shells.

Peace is not an end, it is an attitude. Dark years must intervene before order can be established.

How should I employ them? Badly, probably. In any event, less well than at present. Besides, I would rather go out beautifully, in the best act of the play, a modest supernumerary in the splendid adventure, in the red and gold apotheosis of blood and of the sun.

Granted that all that is a pose; it has only the value of a gesture, but does n't the crowd follow a gesture better than an idea?

The graduate of Saint-Cyr who charged in white gloves and with plumes in his cap was a fool, doubtless, but such fools are needed to set reasonable folk on fire. Navarre, giving his exhibitions over the trenches, heaped up for himself the hatred of the aviation functionaries who go up prudently once in six months to secure their indemnity from flying; but he remains, nevertheless, the father of aerial tactics of pursuit.

Don't think for a minute that I consider myself a hero and that my conduct requires courage. No. The only time when my courage failed me a little, was on my last visit to Paris. Ah, the rear! Never go back behind the lines; it is too hard to return afterwards. The inventors of 'leave' were paltry psychologists, or lusty fellows who could take it easily.

For, after all, even when denuded of great experiences, this life is still to be desired. This life! it is — your bright eyes, your long curled lashes, your wheedling hands; our endless automobile escapades, our feverish evenings at La Napoule, our quiet mornings at Saint Gervais.

I must not turn over those happy pages, they would move me altogether too much; and for a gentleman who affects the stoic, that would be really too comical.

What sonorous phrases are these! How serious, how weighty, for the frivolous little person that you are, and that you will always be. For, my dear, you will never change; your charm lies in your tranquil inconsequence.

You will forgive me when you remember that this evening, if I am grumbling, it is because I am afraid that you are deceiving me, that if I see everything black, it is because you see everything rose-color.

Above all, don't regret me. To guard against regret, think how my body, which you have loved, will be mutilated in the final crash, and the horror of the picture will drive the repulsive corpse forever from your thoughts.

Adieu. I adore you.

PAPA CHARLES.

(To be concluded)

THE TRANSPORT

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

FROM Alaska and the Western islands, from the Pacific slopes, from the great Northwest and Southwest, from the Mississippi Valley, the Gulf States, and the Eastern States, they have congregated; drawn together, forming and reforming into ever-increasing armies, miners and bank clerks, college professors and farmers' sons, these vast legions have been gathered, silently and almost unobserved, into a handful of seaport towns; and from these ports of embarkation America's Army of Liberty, without interruption, passes across three thousand miles of sea to foreign lands. Beyond conception is the number that has been transported; nor has the tide yet reached its height. In the wonder of their gathering and in the glory of their deeds beyond the seas, perhaps have been unnoticed some aspects of their transit. Impatient hours are their hours of travel across the sea. But to those whose duty it is to insure their safe and speedy passage, they are long hours of anxious expectancy. The description of a single passage across the Atlantic will tell the tale. Be there a thousand or ten thousand within the narrow hull, the general aspects are the same.

The city's streets reflected the withering heat of early August, and that heat, on a certain August morning, was the city's chief concern. As I passed down through the cañon walls of buildings, I felt a certain resentment that

these millions of people were taking up their daily labors apparently unmoved by the vast emigration that passed almost unnoticed before them. I was proud to be a participant in this mighty movement, and yet I was envious of these busy people, envious of the uninterrupted even tenor of their lives.

There was a slight coolness on the river, but beyond the portal of the ferry came again the heat of pavements and the dry hot smells of city streets. Long rows of buildings stretched north along the river, and above the roofs here and there towered high sparless masts and huge funnels painted in strange bands of color, emitting thin wisps of smoke or steam which rose almost perpendicularly into the air. Along the rough pavement passed an interminable procession of rumbling trucks piled high with great boxes stenciled with addresses over-seas. Soldiers and sailors moved along the sidewalk. There was a restless but ordered sense of activity.

Beyond the guarded gates to one of the nearest piers the steel shed-like building, which enclosed the dock-ends and extended its two-story projections out along each pier, opened wide black doorways. Through them electric trucks passed in and out from the yards crowded with freight to the dark interior.

Inside the building was the same orderly confusion. Up to the high ceiling against every wall was piled an infinite variety of boxed, baled, and crated material: wagons, gun-carriages, aeroplanes and caissons, provisions of every

description, medical and commissary supplies, lumber, canvas, rope and wire, barrels, casks, and metal cylinders of fluid. Between the barricades of freight, and almost indistinct in the gloom to sun-dazed eyes, a long line of soldiers stretched far down the building, and beyond a distant corner out on the enclosed pier to the gangways to the ship. They were hot, dirty, and tired with long hours of railway travel, and they moved forward in slow advances of ten or a dozen feet, resting their packs, meanwhile, on the concrete floor and leaning on the polished blue barrels of their rifles. Bronzed with their months of training, their dark faces offered little contrast to the rakish service caps of khaki or the drab of service uniforms. They were tired, but their discipline was unbroken, and there was a noticeable gayety in the ranks and the spirit of a holiday already at hand.

Here was a regiment of pioneers, weatherbeaten faces making dark contrast to straight blue eyes and sun-faded hair. Matching them in appearance was a regiment of city-bred, whose recently broadened shoulders swung easily beneath the heavy packs. Glistening with rivulets of sweat, the black faces of the negro companies responded to every diversion with instant smiles and laughter. Among the men passed and repassed officers in smart inconspicuous uniforms. They were young, for the most part, but here and there were older faces.

The doors of the pier shone with sunlight that filtered down between the pier-shed and the high side of the waiting transport. At each door the narrow gangway ascended sharply to the ship's side. At two gangways the troops were embarking; at the others stevedores were loading supplies and freight.

There was no view of the vessel, only glimpses of plates of rivet-studded

steel through square sunlit openings — steel at this door painted a sky-blue, and at the next door and the door beyond in slanting stripes of black and white camouflage. There was a smell of salt water in the air and a reminiscent tang of other seafaring days in a huge coil of tarred hawser.

Beyond the steep ascent of the gangway there was light and a sudden sense of heat. Like a mighty building the sides of the transport lifted high against the roof of the dock-shed and extended from the head of the basin to the river at the far end. Aft the forward cargo-deck, the superstructure rose deck on deck to the culminating sweep of the bridge, full sixty feet above the greasy water of the slip; and above the cargo-deck the foremast and the mainmast rose high against the blue sky, dwarfing the stocky kingheads which directed the long cargo booms. Across the face of the ship the blue, white, black, and gray camouflage shattered the otherwise orderly outline, giving to the vessel the fantastic appearance of some gayly painted plaything of a giant.

In the shadows of the decks, white-clad officers directed the chaos of the embarkation; and up the gangways and down the black hatches in the deck two interminable files of soldiers issued like brown ropes from the doorways of the pier and smoothly slid across the narrow strip of water, to be coiled away somewhere in the caverns below the decks.

A dozen women in cool blue Red Cross uniforms mingled with the crowd. Y.M.C.A. workers busily offered their final services. Trunks and boxes, officers' baggage, came over the side and were snatched off by perspiring men and hurried below. Everywhere were ceaseless activity, heat, the confused sounds of many voices, and the smells of the ship, the water, and sweating bodies.

The embarkation was completed, and the long tan lines that for seeming hours had mounted steadily the slender gangways had terminated in the steel decks below. We lunched in the once richly decorated saloon where men and women had gayly gathered in long voyages to the distant Orient. But to-day the central table was lined with naval officers, and on either side, at other tables, sat the several hundred army officers who were accompanying us. In the soldiers' quarters galley-fires had been long lighted and dinner was being rapidly served to the men. With cup and tin plate in hand, they passed in line before the serving-tables, then scattered about the decks and voraciously devoured their first meal on shipboard.

All afternoon the loading of baggage and supplies continued. Everywhere about the decks the soldiers wandered, examining their new surroundings or clustering about boxes and hatch-covers to write last letters before departure. Night came. Far across the river a myriad lights gleamed like faint stars against the soft sky. From the darkening river rose the voices of passing vessels, ferries calling out to each other in the growing dusk, deep resonant whistles of ocean vessels and the raucous cries of tugboats. Below decks on the transport a piano dominated all local sounds with the staccato metallic notes of the latest music-hall melodies. About the piano a hundred soldiers gathered in a hollow circle, in which two negro soldiers, streaming with sweat, clogged violently, with white flashes of smiles and clapping hands. From the roofs of the dock-sheds bright flood-lights illuminated the transport with an unreal daylight, and far above their glare, in the still hot roof of the sky, faint stars shone with a pale white lustre.

It was midnight. Driven by the in-

tense heat from below decks, the sleeping soldiers incrustated every level surface of the ship. On every square foot of deck, on life-boats, on life-rafts and piles of still unstowed baggage, on booms, hatch-covers, and gratings, they flung their bodies in sleep. Upturned to the glaring lights and the stars beyond, white faces lay as on some strange field of battle. Here and there half-naked bodies turned or twisted heavily. Broad chests rose and fell in even breathing; bare feet extended stark and white against the deck. A man with a dark moustache across his lip cried out a sharp incoherent sentence of foreign words. Beside him a tall young man with clean-cut boyish features tossed restlessly. As he shifted his weary body, his arm fell across the sleeping man beside him. I watched the arm unconsciously and almost tenderly tighten about the stolid figure, and then, as the touch brought back some far memory to his dreams, I saw his body relax, the fitful tossing ceased, and he sank into tired sleep.

It is late afternoon of the second day. For almost twenty-four hours we have been ready, awaiting the word which would send us on our way. During these long hours the soldiers swarmed restlessly about the ship. At frequent intervals the army band blared noisily popular patriotic airs, and the men roared out the ringing choruses in appreciation. But now there are certain signs which to an observing eye indicate nearing departure. The pilot, a young man with a jaunty black-and-white checked cap is on the bridge chatting with the captain. Quietly, all but two of the hawsers have been cast off, and all but one gangway have been lowered away from the side. A vibration trembling deep within the great ship indicates that our engines are turning over. That test alone is indicative. The wail of our siren rises loud

above the roofs, and now every man realizes that the long journey is at hand. There is a noticeable quiet.

Four tugs, with much churning of green water, puff noisily into the slip and fasten like leeches against our bow and stern. Soldiers crowd the rails. Everyone is on deck. From the upper deck, directly below the bridge, where I am standing with several of the ship's officers, I watch with dull emotion these last material severings from a land that holds all that is life to me.

Bells jangle deep in the engine-room. The tugs surge against the ship. Suddenly I become conscious that we are moving. With my eye I line up a deck-stanchion with a mark on the dock-shed. The cheering becomes general, a wild triumphant tumult of sound, a roaring of these thousands of American voices.

The dock-sheds are deserted. No answering cheers meet our ears. From a doorway appears a single Irish stevedore, who waves his arms to us. All the cheering instantly focuses on him; he becomes to us America, and the roar of triumphant farewell swells up from the packed decks.

Slowly we slide past the dock and out into the stream. On the forward deck the army band smashes into the chorus of 'Over There.' Instantly the voices respond. It is tremendous, and there is a lump in my throat and tears of emotion stand in my eyes.

A cool breeze sweeps up the river. Piled high in lofty towers and pinnacles, the great city rises from the blue water, a gleaming silhouette against the sky. About its feet innumerable wharves, like extended fingers of a giant hand, clutch the water. A ferry-boat crowded with returning workers slides past us; there is a flutter of handkerchiefs from its decks. The band strikes up the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Slowly we glide down the river, our decks mass-

ed with khaki-clad soldiers. The band plays continuously and the men join in every chorus, volleys of cheers drowning the music as ferries and pleasure vessels pass us. The long pile of gleaming buildings mounting to a single crag of white drops behind and we glide slowly past the green park at the island's point. Against the clear sky the gray cobwebs of the bridges stand out in delicate tracery. Ferries and excursion boats pass close to us, and upturned women's faces send us a last farewell.

From the after gun-deck I watch the towers darken in the soft evening light and sink slowly into the horizon. In the widening bay a great argosy rides at anchor. There are graceful sailing ships of other days, rejuvenated to begin a new life of usefulness. There are steel cargo-carriers, stolid honest burghers of the sea, strangely bedizened in their mad dress of camouflage; and between them dart the smart gray patrol boats.

Gray green, the massive figure of Liberty seems to pass us. Behind her the distant shore lies low on the horizon. The sun dips behind it and is gone. With arm uplifted the symbolic goddess seems to tender us a silent benediction.

We pass the Narrows and steam slowly through the passage in the great steel net that guards the harbor. On either hand, behind the soft green hills, must lie the guns that guard the seagate to the city. At last, the open sea!

The channel buoys drop behind us and suddenly I am conscious that the land has sunk below the horizon. Night begins to close down rapidly on the darkening sea. There is a steady whirling far above, and out of the sky appears a sea-plane that has come to escort us. Ahead, another strange shape looms in the sky, a silvery cigar almost invisible against the gray. A minute

later it passes over us and our decks are white upturned faces. From the left a long rakish craft climbs over the horizon, its graceful sides and low funnels patterned with converging stripes of white and black. Behind the destroyer is the gray bulk of a tall-stacked cruiser. A mile farther a submarine awash falls in on our right. Sky and sea merge slowly into night, and in the deepening dusk the escorting ships become phantom shapes that the eye must strain to see. Our long voyage is begun.

II

Morning came with dazzling sunshine and a calm blue sea. On right and left the cruiser and destroyer flanked our course. The submarine, sea-plane, and dirigible had disappeared. At noon I began my new duties as Junior Watch-Officer, and took my first of many four-hour watches on the port wing of the bridge.

The transport bore an enviable history. She was well armed, and her officers displayed unconsciously in their bearing the training which characterizes the American naval officer and places him in the enviable position which he holds to-day. The captain, a graduate of the Naval Academy, who had since continuously followed his profession in the regular navy in practically every quarter of the globe, possessed in a high degree those qualifications of professional ability and courtly personality which almost invariably stamp our naval officers. Among the other officers were many who had joined the Reserve Force on the outbreak of the war, men whose long experience on merchant vessels qualified them highly to perform their present invaluable service.

Early in the afternoon faint smears of light smoke edged the horizon, and a few minutes later the funnels of the

convoy poked up above it. An hour later we were in their midst. Gathered from unnamed ports, these unnamed vessels met on a definite square mile or so of ocean known only to their commanders. Fantastically marked with camouflage of various colors, with our escorting cruisers and destroyers circling about us, we made our picturesque formation and began our united progress.

It may be pertinent at this point to explain that the true purpose of camouflage is not, as is popularly supposed, to render the ship invisible, but rather, by various arrangements of converging bands of colors, does it seek to conceal the relative direction or 'bearing' of the ship from enemy vessels which may sight it. So successful is this effect, that I have several times found it necessary to study carefully a vessel, to determine its actual direction; and of the vessels in our convoy one repeatedly gave us trouble, due to the fact that she constantly seemed to be falling off an undeterminable number of points from her actual course.

For four days the heat of a cloudless midsummer sky beat down upon the ship. With the breeze behind us, the movement of air was neutralized and we seemed to pass steadily through an intense calm. At night many of the soldiers slept on deck, and the long promenades were almost impassable with sleeping bodies. Below decks, by day, the soldiers were rapidly accustoming themselves to their new quarters. Meals were served with clocklike regularity to appease appetites sharpened by sea air. Daily the band played a concert on the deck, and the other ships of the convoy were a never-failing source of interest. All the day the men basked in the sunshine. It was to the majority of them a long-desired rest after their weeks of arduous training.

On the fifth day a hazy sky and

rapidly moving gray clouds on the horizon gave promise of a change. By sunset the sky was dark with black clouds, and as day departed, an indescribable blackness settled over the ocean. Nowhere was sky or sea clearly discernible, except along the northern horizon, where a pale band of lemon light separated the pall above from the lead-gray of the water and seemed to let in across the sea a heavy ray of light, such as might shine beneath the lowered curtain of a window in a darkened room. Against this clear bar of light the ships of the convoy on our port beam, in black silhouette, perched on the top of the horizon from which the ocean, like a blank wall, seemed vertically to descend. Now and then came the rumble of thunder from the south, where against the complete darkness of the sky the lightning fell from low-lying clouds in straight smooth liquid plunges to the sea.

At eight I took my watch on the port wing of the bridge. From my high prospect the bow of the ship was but indistinctly visible; aft, all was engulfed in darkness. The sea was smooth, but the impending storm was appalling. On clear nights it is none too easy to keep formation in a convoy, for, as a necessary protection against submarine attack, all lights are extinguished or totally obscured from sunset until dawn; but on such a night the danger of collision was immeasurably increased. In half an hour the lightning became incessant, and showed on every quarter of the horizon. Not the traditional jagged flashes, but smooth, falling columns of fire that seemed to pour from the clouds as molten steel is poured from the tapped hearth. Suddenly, the rain began — rain so dense that it obscured wholly whatever the darkness had left visible. Blotted out instantly were our companion ships, the incessant lightning showing only a falling curtain of

silver threads, behind which my companions on the bridge seemed to move as vivid black and white figures projected on the screen by a cinematograph.

One hour later there was a brief respite, and in the abrupt relief, at each lightning flash, I could dimly see the black forms of our sister ships plunging evenly on the long swells. Our formation was still maintained and all was well. I was soaked through to the skin, but the air was warm, and the heavy coolness of saturated clothing compensated for the fatiguing heat of previous days.

At intervals the rain fell with even greater violence; and at midnight, when my watch was at an end, I left the bridge and groped my way below to my cabin with infinite relief.

Sunday dawned bright and cool, a heavy brilliant blue sea rolling in deep valleys and high mountains of sparkling water, the highest peaks slashed into flying spray by the knifeblade of a strong northeast wind. Against the blue sky cottony clouds tore like clippers before the wind; and over the moving surface of the sea the ships of the convoy, like gayly garbed ladies of the chorus, in their fantastic camouflage, pitched and rolled, taking now and then a flood of green water over the bow, which poured aft and spouted in cascades from the decks, then settling deep by the stern, with a clear sight under the forefoot. By night the sea had somewhat moderated — a deep ultramarine sea flicked with foam, and above it a pale sky of delicious blue, across which heavy pink clouds sailed slowly.

The soldiers stood the ordeal well, but the motion of the ship did not pass unnoticed and there were not a few cases of violent seasickness. For the ship's officers and crew the storm was a mere detail in a routine in which

storms and submarine warnings had become almost monotonous. There was a kind of fine fatalism in their attitude. To be sure, the submarine danger was at that time particularly acute, and one officer had left two ships torpedoed beneath him; but the realization that no precaution or safeguard was being neglected, and that, despite occasional sinkings scored by submarines, the Germans were playing a losing hand, kept confidence up to a high degree.

Too much cannot be said to the credit of the reserve officers of the transport service for the efficient service they perform. Many have voluntarily left positions of command on smaller merchantmen or passenger ships, to accept gladly the more arduous war-service in subordinate positions and at a material reduction in compensation. Back and forth, from continent to continent, they are transporting our army, running their zigzag courses in darkened convoys, ever ready to show their heels to the lurking foe, or, if necessary, to meet him face to face with steel from well-manned guns and the rocking blasts of depth-charges cast in the sea. Their hours are long; their recreation negligible; I never have heard a word of complaint from their lips.

Just aft of the mainmast, on the forward freight-deck, the superstructure of the ship rises abruptly a full three decks to the bridge, where I stood my watches. From side to side, across the beam of the ship, the bridge extends, a long broad promenade inclosed in the centre about the wheel and binnacle, and housed over on each end to protect the watch-officers from the weather. Beside the binnacle, which holds the compass, are the telegraphs or engine-room signals, by which the speed of the ship is regulated; and here, in fact, are the eyes and the brain-centre of the vessel. From the starboard bridge the

senior watch-officer gives his orders to the quartermaster at the wheel, and maintains a strict lookout for whatever of importance may appear on the surrounding sea. On the port side the junior watch-officer also scours the sea and at regular intervals inspects the ship, and performs such other duties as the senior watch-officer may put upon him.

Behind the bridge is the chart-house, where the navigating officer keeps his charts, astronomical instruments, and chronometers. And above is the signal-bridge, where the signalmen flicker their red and yellow flags in hurried words and sentences to other ships, or hoist aloft the gay, multicolored alphabet flags of the International Code by which coded messages are transmitted. Here too is the blinker by which in peaceful waters night-messages are flashed in dots and dashes of light; and, above all, the fingers of the wireless hold the vessel in close communication with the shore and with a wide radius of vessel-dotted sea.

The starboard wing of the bridge is held by the senior officer of the watch, and it is here that the captain and the other officers of the ship may be frequently seen. My station was on the port wing where, by day or night, at dawn or sunset, I watched the unending beauty of sky and sea and the long line of our flanking convoy.

'Smoke on the horizon!' With his glass the captain studied the thin wisp that faintly smeared the pale blue. Incredibly soon the stacks showed above the horizon. The navigating officer joined me. 'She's a big one,' he commented. Two other ships on either side of the first became visible. Rapidly their hulls came up, the course west and passing a few miles to the south of us.

Like huge race-horses, they came steadily on, spun smoke trailing behind them. The huge liner towered above

her companions, but all were maintaining an equally high speed.

'She can carry ten thousand men. Think of it!' said the navigator.

For a moment I too was staggered at the thought; and then, as my eyes swept the vast heaving expanse of sea, the great vessel became a toy that floated there, a chip with its puny load. Despite the greatest feats of human ingenuity the sea remains incomparable, vast, unconquerable.

'Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore.'

Already the great ship was a speck sinking below the horizon.

By night I saw Polaris high on the left dimmed by the multitude of surrounding stars. Ahead, rising from the sea, in the brief hours before the dawn, came Venus and Jupiter, like liquid drops of silver flame. Behind the swinging masts Orion extended his mighty length, and above him, far above the masts, the glittering Pleiades shone like some rare jeweled design of da Vinci pinned to the silken fabric of the night.

In the strange solitude of these long night hours, and in a silence broken only by the sound of the sea swirling and foaming past our sides, with its brilliant wake of phosphorescent light, or by the sudden shrill of the boat-swain's pipe and the heavy footfalls of the changing watch, my thoughts would wander to the peace and simple happiness of all that we were leaving behind us; of the unknown future that was awaiting us; of the hopes and fears of those thousands who slept almost within hand-touch within the thin steel walls; and then, with my eyes aching to pierce the night, to discern the black form of our convoy or to catch the white rushing path of a torpedo that might suddenly challenge our way, my thoughts would centre on the work at hand and on the submarine that

might even now be trying to pierce the same surrounding night with its single eye. Then each breaking crest became a thing of suspicion, and I was fascinated and buoyant under the still suspense.

At two-hour intervals I inspected the great vessel from stem to stern. Here in the slow lifting and sinking of the bow there was a noise of parted waters. Everywhere watchers scanned the sea, silent sentries paced, prostrate sleepers encumbered the decks. There was eternal vigilance and complete oblivion. Far down in the engine-room sounded the mighty movement of the engines; their tremor pulsed the ship with life.

In the evenings there were movies in the ward-room. On a sheet fastened against the forward bulkhead, the Y.M.C.A. projector cast the reeling comedy or tragedy — familiar pictures from a land that was home: a flash of American rural scenes or a crowded street. It was home — our United States. How absorbed we became in the incident-crowded skein of some inconsequential and half-baked scenario! Forgotten for the moment was our present environment.

From the dark, tobacco-rifted room I groped to the deck to go on my watch. My eyes were dulled for the moment; then, as they pierced the clear night darkness and I saw the sea and the stars and the convoy, the magnitude of this great mid-Atlantic drama would burst upon me. Here was a mightier moving-picture than even the imagination could conceive, here was the most tremendous setting, here the actual dangers. Who knew what heroes might be among us an hour hence?

The white church flag, with blue cross, fluttered against a gray sky. From the bridge I could hear now and then the words of the chaplain, words of God and Country and Liberty. The

soldiers surrounded him. The band-master lifted his baton. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' The music of brass was lost in the music of deep voices:—

'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

It was late morning. From a dozen lookouts within a few seconds had come the cry of 'Land!' On the far horizon for a little space the movement of the line of sky and sea seemed stilled; a low green-gray thread rested along the waters. Men crowded forward. They clung to the shrouds and climbed to every point of vantage. The green line whitened into cliffs, and through the glass appeared the slender white column of a lighthouse.

The band is on deck. It has played the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' There is a moment of silence; and then, with a crash of brazen instruments, the 'Marseillaise' begins. It is France!

The sails of fishing vessels dot the horizon. White bold cliffs lift higher; promontories jut seaward. A sea-

going tug passes close to us, guns mounted fore-and-aft and racks of depth-charges on her fantail. From the peak a flag of vertical bars of blue, white, and red greets our eyes. Sailors in red-tufted white hats wave to us.

Now we can see green fields mounting slowly behind the white cliffs. As we near land other lighthouses appear, and now I can plainly see a ruined castle with gray unroofed walls.

We are moving slowly in column through the bold entrance to the harbor. Of a sudden appears the city, cast into the circling hillside; gray buildings with blue slate roofs; the white outlying walls of green-embowered châteaux; and above the still dark water of the harbor, the massive walls of ancient fortifications, with turrets and low towers.

The sky is very blue, the harbor is alive with vessels. The anchor-chain roars through the hawser-pipe. We are swinging slowly with the tide.

'We are over, over there!'

LORD RHONDDA AND BRITISH FOOD-CONTROL

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

ON July 2, 1918, Lord Rhondda, the second British Food-Controller, and the substantial creator of the great British Ministry of Food, died after a lingering illness of some months' duration. Lord Rhondda had been in charge of the British Ministry of Food since the retirement of Lord Devonport, early in the summer of 1917. His incumbency therefore extended over almost exactly a year. Some months before his death

he had contracted an acute illness from which he had never absolutely recovered. In spite of his weakened condition, England's need prevailed upon him to stick to his post when his own interests called for his retirement for recuperation. He remained Food-Controller to the day of his death. Lord Rhondda literally died in the trenches.

During the weeks of Lord Rhondda's illness many of the active duties of ad-

ministration of the Ministry were performed by Mr. J. R. Clynes, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food. The services Mr. Clynes had rendered in representing the Ministry before the British public in the debates of the House of Commons, as well as his labors in the internal conduct of the Ministry, made his succession inevitable from the first. His subsequent appointment to the post has been considered as welcome as it was expected.

A propitious feature of Mr. Clynes's succession to Lord Rhondda, as of his earlier association with him, lies in the fact that, while the former Food-Controller had in his own affairs always represented the interests of capital, Mr. Clynes had come to his task from activities in labor organization. In conscripting the services of these men the British Premier has demanded and has received, for the good of Great Britain as a whole, without regard to party or private interest, the unswerving devotion of these two outstanding figures in the two great, and sometimes opposed, fields of social and industrial activity.

It may be appropriate to seize the moment of the transfer of England's food-problems from the hands of one administrator to those of his co-laborer, for a short survey of the record and present accomplishments of the British Ministry of Food. Lord Rhondda's place in history is secure. In the midst of the battle which brought him low, we can only refer to the main features of the campaign he waged, leaving to other pens and times the more detailed interpretations of his principles and acts.

We in America know something about food-administrations. Our own Mr. Hoover has shown us something of the problems and the opportunities which lie before such an organization in war-time. From a nation which ate, drank, and was merry, with no thought of the morrow, we were changed overnight

into a nation which counted the cost of every mouthful, and by a right reckoning counted this cost, not in terms of money alone, but in terms of soldiers and munitions of war and morale. Mr. Hoover taught the American people to save in the midst of plenty. They were not, as was Europe, threatened with a shortened supply at the base of production. The best impulse to saving was an imaginative and ideological one. He taught us that the matter of food goes back to the heart of democracy in its gathering together and in its spreading abroad; that, while the power of legislation lies with the government, administration rests in the hands of the ultimate civic unit, the last citizen in the furthest recess of the nation, the humblest man in the organism of the state. The reciprocal value of this lesson on American standards of citizenship has been abundantly pointed out.

Effectively as these matters have been brought home to the consciousness of Americans during our first year of war, we have permitted ourselves to fall into error in a too narrow interpretation of their significance. We have thought, for instance, that America has been unique in the handling of problems of food; that while our Food-Administration has been an unquestioned success, other administrations have either been failures or have had only a qualified usefulness. This is by no means the case. The war could not have continued as long as it did had not all the Allied nations in Europe had a food-control which effectively administered greatly shortened supplies under seriously aggravated conditions. Like our own Food-Administration the British Food-Ministry has been the popular success of the war. Americans learn with some surprise that the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies have operated their food-administrations upon general principles which are almost

identical. It is in the details, which are themselves the outgrowths of local conditions, that the differences are found.

I think perhaps a case might be made showing that the British Food-Ministry has profited by a study of some of the features of the American plan. One seems to find coming into the work of the British Ministry a growing impulse toward dependence upon popular goodwill, supplementing the laws and the edicts under the Defence of the Realm acts, beyond what was found at first; and this, of course, is the American principle. But it is too early as yet to point out influences as between the one and the other administration. When I say that there has been, as between the Food-Administration at Washington and the British Ministry of Food, almost an identity of principle, I mean that Great Britain and America have saved food by almost precisely the same methods. Making allowance for the differences in agricultural and industrial circumstances of the two countries, the face which the Food-Administration has turned to America has been quite similar to the face which the Ministry of Food has turned to Great Britain.

These things being said, it remains to study some of the comparative features of the two administrations. It is of first importance to notice that, while the United States is, by and large, a nation which supplies itself with food, Great Britain is, by and large, a nation which must secure its food from outside. With respect to subsistence the United States is an exporting and Great Britain an importing nation. The small imports of the United States and the smaller exports of Great Britain do not invalidate these general facts, which are of real significance in determining the functions of a food-administration. While it was the business of the United States Food-Administration so to administer its powers as to get the maxi-

mum of food out of the country for the service of the Allies at the same time that it was protecting the subsistence and economic interests of its own people, it was the business of the British Ministry of Food to get as much food into the country as possible, and to administer its supplies for the economic subsistence and welfare of the people. While one of the first problems of the United States was the rising price, and incidentally the depleted store, due to the purchases by Allied buyers, the first problem of Great Britain was an absolute shortage which had to be filled by every means possible.

Events are more important than theory in any narrative, and one may find in the pages of history explanations that no amount of cold reason would uncover. So it is that the first activities of the British Food-Ministry are found long anterior to the existence of the Ministry as such, and before even the problem of economical administration was thought of, in the presence in the markets of the world of British buyers for the army and the navy. And the first necessity for an American Food-Administration was seen in the necessity to adjust American business to, and in a manner to protect the American consumer from, the activities of the Allied buyers of foodstuffs and munitions. The germ of the British Food-Ministry is found in its buying organisms; the germ of the American Food-Administration is found in its selling organisms.

The Royal Commission on Wheat-Supplies and the Royal Commission on Sugar-Supplies have been in existence since soon after the beginning of the war, as a part of the machinery of war. Eventually they were merged into and became the foundation stones of the Ministry of Food. These commissions have been severely prescribed in their operations as war-agencies. Mr. Clynes, in his report to Parliament, made the

point that though the Ministry, through its commissions on supplies, acts as buyer, it does not act as trader. No profit is made on the gross business of the commissions; commodities are turned over at a cost which covers expenses of administration and no more. Like all food-administrations of the present war, the British Food-Ministry is wedded to the principle of the fixed price in all internal dealings within the circle of the Allies. But this does not refer to purchases made outside this circle. The war created an economic stalemate for self-protection among those associated for one end. It did not abrogate the law of supply and demand in those few and narrow remaining parts of the globe which are not included in this bond of military self-interest. For this reason there was a wide variety in the cost to the commissions of some of the chief commodities. This variety was harmonized in the accounting of the Ministry, in such manner that the profit made in certain imported commodities made up for the loss suffered in local purchases.

So far the activities of these commissions were similar to the activities of the United States Grain Corporation, with this important difference, that while it was the purpose of the Grain Corporation to get grains out of the United States regularly and without dislocating American supplies, it was the business of the royal supply commissions to get grains and sugar into Great Britain. Both worked by similar systems and without profits. Both were capitalized by their governments. Both had an absolute control over all business and manufacturing processes of every kind and order.

So close was the organization of buying for the armies and civil populations of the Allies and the United States, that there was set up the most gigantic commercial organization in the world,

which operated without a cent of profit, without dividends, and on the narrowest margin of overhead. The activities of this organization covered the world. It was at once simply a system of book-keeping and the most powerful agency of control over the necessities of life that the world has ever seen. On account of financial and shipping conditions this organization was practically administered by Great Britain and the United States. England in her purchasing commissions served the Inter-Allied Wheat Executive in purchasing and distribution. The United States Food-Administration, in its Division of Coördination of Purchase, in its Grain Corporation, stood at the chute of the bin and regulated the supply and the outflow. The cost of bread to the miner in Nevada and to the ranchman in Arizona was adjusted to the price paid by the governments of Europe for their cereals. The price paid by the Wheat Commission of London was the same price paid by Uncle Sam in Washington for his army and navy. If Great Britain needed any force other than that of the penalties of law to hold her retailers to the established prices, it would be found in the fact that, not only did the government administer its own enactments, but it was actually the dealer from which the retailer got his supplies.

While buying and selling stood at the centre of Food-Administration activities, these did not constitute the entirety of the problem. Because the task was such a large one, because it involved not only the manufacturers and traders in food but all consumers of food as well, food-administrations had to broaden out from their commercial centres, and pay some regard to wider if vaguer social and political principles. At this point began their greatest dangers. You may, as has been discovered, turn big business over to the service of the state with a minimum of readjustment.

The corporation has its machinery in such shape that it lies ready to the hand of central governments. But governments have not such easy access to little business or to the millions of consumers. These demand in their handling a particular order of political philosophy.

With regard to these matters we find a difference between the fundamental powers with which the British Food-Ministry was first endowed and the powers upon which Mr. Hoover's Food-Administration has had to depend. The powers of the Food-Ministry are absolute and as strong as martial law. As is well known, the powers awarded to the United States Food-Administration by the Lever Act as passed are notable for their absence rather than for their energy. The British Ministry of Food was established under the Defence of the Realm regulations, like the British Constitution an ever-expanding code of law now running to several hundred enactments. Among the chief powers touching food-problems mentioned in the Defence of the Realm regulations are the powers to regulate food-supply, to take possession of food, to regulate the manufacture of and dealing in food, to safeguard the maintenance of food-supply, to require returns. When it was seen that Great Britain's food-requirements were going to demand more administration than that involved in the buying of sugar, grain, and meats, the responsibility of encouraging the increase in production was placed upon the agricultural authorities of the King's government. The first measure looking to conservation and control was passed November 16, 1916, when the Board of Trade was given power to make regulations as to the food-supply of the kingdom. Under these powers a Food-Controller was immediately appointed. The first order in food-control was issued November 20, 1916, before the appointment of Lord Devonport, and had

to do with the conservation of flour and bread. The Ministry of Food was established along with the ministries of Labor and Shipping, and the Air Board, by act of December 22, 1916.

All the acts of the British Food-Ministry have been based upon the penal law, and this has been rigorously enforced. But England soon learned that law was not enough. The power of ministries is the power of the people. Unless the people are behind the laws, the execution of the law falls down. In spite of the difference in powers between the two administrations, there was little divergence in principle. In the absence of powers, and supplementary to them, Mr. Hoover called upon the volunteer good-will of business and the populace. He organized the Food-Administration upon the principle of centralization of responsibility and distribution of administration, and Lord Rhondda followed the same principles. In spite of the strong provisions of the Defence of the Realm regulations, he placed his main dependence upon the people of Great Britain. He centralized the responsibilities of his Ministry and decentralized its functions. The strong place the British Food-Ministry occupies in the hearts of the British people to-day, as well as the marked success that has followed upon its regulations, are tributes to the broad and enlightened spirit in which the Ministry has been conducted.

The test of the Ministry came in the matter of rationing. Lord Rhondda and his advisers hesitated to take the step. And yet it was the one thing needful to quiet discontent and cement the sympathies of the people with the service of this prime necessity of the motherland. The fault of the administrator often lies in the fact that he asks too little rather than too much. Like America's immediate acceptance of conscription, Great Britain's hearty coöperation in rationing

was an assurance to officialdom that it is not wrong in placing dependence upon the people. Rationing eliminated injustices and anxiety, and it equalized burdens. Before the rationing system was introduced, the 'queue' evil had grown to serious proportions. Mr. Clynes estimates that the number of people drawn up in queues in one week was not less than 1,330,000. These were caused, not so much by shortages as by fear of shortage. England introduced her first ration cards about February 1, 1918. She came to a full national system of rationing on July 13, at this time beginning the rationing of sugar, fats, meat, and bread, with extra coupons in the book for things later to be placed on the ration list.

With the introduction of rationing the last doubt with regard to the success of the British Food-Ministry was removed. Britain now has food sufficient to satisfy all probable and even improbable demands; the food is well and fairly distributed; it is not wasted; and, above all, every British housewife is a colleague of the Food-Ministry.

Two points remain to be considered as distinguishing the British Food-Ministry from our own Food-Administration. With us the Food-Administration came to price-fixing involuntarily, and without express legal authority (with one or two well-known exceptions), but was led to it by the logic of circumstances. Price-fixing is a part of the spirit as well as of the letter of the British law. Prices were fixed at every stage, from the producer to the consumer, and were based always upon cost plus a reasonable profit. No feature of British food-administration, not even the purchase of supplies, was more fundamental to the work of the Ministry than the principle of maximum prices. Social justice, the necessities of war, and the encouragement of production, all demanded and enforced this principle.

So far I have said nothing about the subsidizing of bread. This is because, while the practice was clearly at variance with our own, it was based upon a principle which is simple, and once expounded must be accepted at its own value. Each country does things in its own way; and if Great Britain chose to quiet social and industrial unrest by helping to pay out of taxes some of the cost of the bread served at your table and mine, the most we can say is that it was her way of doing things and nothing was lost thereby. The necessity of keeping down the consumption of bread while its price was retained at pre-war figures, about twenty cents for a four-pound loaf, presented a nice problem in administration, but evidently it was satisfactorily solved. Bread has required a subsidy of about \$200,000,000 a year.

An argument other than the social one was found for the subsidy on potatoes. This subsidy, first projected in order to make it possible to enforce the use of potatoes in bread, was expected to run to about \$25,000,000 the first year. Instead of that it amounted to only about \$7,500,000, and in addition secured an increase in production of 680,000 tons over the year before, which, at the present price of potatoes, and in view of their value as food-stuffs, indicates that the British Food-Ministry made a very good business turn indeed.

The British Food-Ministry and the United States Food-Administration faced their second year of aggressive work together. Both had grown from practically nothing in the summer of 1917 to world-compass in 1918. The British Ministry of Food was functioning through some 2000 local food-committees. Its central and provincial personnel numbered upwards of 7000. From the start both, by their success, were a strong augury of victory for the powers banded together against German aggression.

THE LETTER

BY O. W. FIRKINS

LITTLE enough the letter said.

What could they say but, 'He is dead'?

It was sealed and stamped and the name engrossed;

They gave it to the maid to post.

As she dropped the note in the teeming square,

She jested with the idlers there.

As it went to the car, the truckmen joked;

The agent sat on the bag and smoked.

The carrier sped from door to door,

Gurgling over the batsman's score.

As he mounted the steps which the creepers roof,

He whistled a catch from an opéra bouffe.

It lay in the hall on a silver tray,

'Twixt a bill and a card for a déjeuner.

The girl came laughing down the stair;

The feet danced, danced the lips and hair.

And the mother smiled as she turned her head.

And gave her the note: 'For you,' she said.

A MOTHER

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

LATE in the afternoon, when I returned from the hospital, I found that the Rani's servant, whom I had left that morning sitting on the veranda, was still sitting there. I was not pleased, for I wanted that hour to transplant a bed full of cherished rose-cuttings.

'I told you not to wait for me,' I began reprovingly. 'I've other things to do this evening.'

'My mistress commanded me not to return without you. I wait,' she answered.

I sighed, and looked at her. She seemed not to have moved since morning. I knew that she could wait a week without inconvenience to anyone but myself.

'Show me the way,' I said.

Across the wide road, and down a street a yard and a half wide, she led me quickly — a street as private as a courtyard, where on the steps in front of each house Hindu women in white were spinning and sewing. Of course, I had to stop in front of each fascinating group to explain where I was going, and why I could not sit down. My lack of haste in obeying her mistress's summons annoyed the servant so much that she answered for me rather curtly several times, 'To Raja Braham Khan's.' And when we came to a cow which blocked our way by standing entirely across the street, she slapped its flank with an energy which echoed her contempt for all Hindu institutions. We passed down weavers' streets, where each

house was humming with its hand-loom, past long stretches of starched thread, until we came to the city wall, and the wheat-fields beyond it.

'Where now?' I asked.

'Ahead,' she answered, pointing with her chin to a group of palatial old houses rising out of a watered garden.

Impressed, I demanded, 'Who is Raja Braham Khan?'

She stopped in the path and turned around to look at me.

'Don't you know?' she gasped.

'I do not,' I replied. 'If there is one man in this town called raja, there are fifty.'

'He is n't just called a raja,' she retorted. 'He *is* one. The only real one. Before there was a city here, his forefathers owned all this land' — her gesture indicated the country for miles around. 'They conquered it. And whoever was, was their slave.'

I was properly appreciative. She led me through the outer courtyard, where huge water-buffalos were eating mustard fodder from clay mangers, and drew aside the curtain of the inner courtyard. Within, on three sides, were two stories of living-rooms, with wide verandas in front of them. Where the late sunshine slanted across the door of one of the rooms, an old woman in white was spinning wool; another woman, in very common dark blue garments, was seeding cotton through a little machine like a clothes-wringer; and another, with a straw fan, was winnowing pulse.

On a bride's stool, near the old

woman, a girl in fine white things sat, doing nothing. They all rose when I came in, and the stately Rani came forward to receive me.

'You are very kind to come,' she said when I was seated.

She spoke as a queen might have spoken to one to whom she had granted an audience.

'It is a great pleasure to me,' I answered truly.

I had forgotten about my roses the moment I saw her.

She was looking at me keenly.

'You're young,' she commented. 'I supposed you were old.'

'Young? I?' I exclaimed. 'I warrant you were a grandmother when you were my age.'

We might as well begin family history at once, I was thinking.

She put aside her graciousness.

'Don't grandmother me!' she cried bitterly. 'Three sons have I, three grown and bearded sons. And not one grandchild. My sons' wives,' she explained, waving her hand contemptuously toward the two women who had withdrawn to the farthest veranda; 'they bear no sons!'

I expressed my sympathy.

'Twice has my eldest son been left a widower — childless. I have arranged for his remarriage. The other two are away so much, in government service, that they have n't time to take other wives. But they must. I'll have them do it.'

I understood that, if she had decided they should marry, there would be no way of avoiding the irruption of new wives. I wondered as I looked at her how many of the conquering generations of her ancestors had been as regal as this daughter of theirs. She was a majestic woman, wholesome and fine-looking, with a rich rose-color in her cheeks, and the long thin nose which in our city they call the unmis-

takable indication of aristocratic birth. As I was admiring her, she turned to the pretty colorless girl near her.

'This is Aziz Begam,' she said quietly; 'my daughter. For her sake I sent for you.'

Aziz means 'The Beloved.'

'Is she — at home — with you?' I asked hesitatingly.

'A widow,' said the Rani.

I looked again at the listless girl, and at the weary grief in the face of her mother.

'A widow,' she repeated. '*My* daughter. A widow at fifteen.'

I was silent. There seemed nothing to say.

'Would that I were barren,' moaned the Rani, 'and that she were the mother of sons! Oh, that I could have taken her widowhood and she my joy! Five sons I bore her father, who loved me alone all his life.' Pride thrilled her voice for a moment. 'Our joy was great — until my daughter was born, when the boys were sturdy little lads. I wanted a daughter, but I wept at her birth, fearing her fate. I knew no other woman had been so happy as I. I wept — and loved her more than all my sons. Sons?' she cried. 'Are they not kings? Just little, they wrap their turbans on so,' — she made a vivid gesture, — 'and out they go, into the world, where they will — kings! But we sit and await their return.'

She paused, and then began again, wearily.

'I was afraid for her, but her father comforted me. Being our daughter, she *must* be happy, he assured me. But I loved her trembling. At twelve we married her to her uncle. It *was* contrary to our custom,' she explained, noticing my surprise; 'but I said my daughter must be happy, and he was young and strong and had no other wife. And he lived just next to us — so near that all day long I could watch

over her. Then he died, after six months, away with his regiment. Two days' illness — pneumonia, you call it.' She said the word bitterly, as if our calling it that had caused his death. 'My child was left. *My* daughter a widow. I command all things but the one I want, her happiness. She has been sitting in the court ever since, mourning.' The lady wiped away her tears. 'She has not known life, she who has no son. Have I joy in life, now that she is joyless?'

'Lady,' I said boldly, 'you married her once contrary to your custom. Marry her again. Let her live.'

'Ah,' she exclaimed, 'that may not be. Do women of our caste remarry? It could not be. You do wrong to suggest it. But you come and teach her something — reading, your religion, anything to amuse her. All day she sits there, waiting for nothing, all her life — until death.'

I doubted if the girl suffered as much as her mother. She was not so living-hearted.

'What will you teach her?'

'I cannot come myself to teach her regularly,' I answered; 'but I may be able to get a young Christian woman to come to teach her. There are all sorts of lovely things to fill the days with.'

'Low caste?' she inquired.

'No,' I said, 'not altogether. You'll like her. She knows lots, and she's a nice girl. She has even been to high school.'

'What will she teach me?' asked Aziz languidly.

'Lovely things,' I began with enthusiasm. 'How to read. Reading is a kind of life all by itself — making words out of letters — books about women and everything in the world. And how to knit stockings, red and purple ones, and mufflers of many colors, and baby shoes with cunning tassels.'

'And why should I make baby shoes?' she asked.

As she spoke, she turned her little hand palm upward in her lap. That significant gesture taught me more than I had ever known of unrelieved ennui.

'For your brothers' sons, to be sure!' I answered. 'And socks for your brothers; they'll be so proud of you, for do they not bring you gifts? — that silk veil you're wearing I'm sure they brought you.'

She had on a clinging veil of purples in Persian tones, the like of which I had never seen.

'How did you know?' she asked, surprised.

'It's a way brothers have,' I replied.

'It's a way my mother has, rather,' she corrected with a smile. 'Not one of the boys dares to come home without a gift for me. Almost before they bow to receive my mother's caresses on their heads, they must mention what they've brought me. Once my youngest brother forgot.'

She laughed lovingly.

'Besides all that,' I resumed, 'she will teach you to crochet; that's *most* exciting, — far better than doing nothing, — and embroidering on net —'

'When will you bring her?' she inquired with interest.

'To-morrow if she can come. I'm not sure.'

'Make her come!' exclaimed the lady. 'Both of you come for dinner.'

Her face had lighted up the moment Aziz had shown interest in me.

'If we may dine in here, with just the women, and no men —'

'Dine where you will,' the Rani cried.

'And there are to be no men in when the teacher is here for lessons. She's young —'

'Whatever you say, whatever you ask,' they agreed eagerly.

And when I came away they called down all the blessings of heaven upon me.

II

Jasmine, whom I took with me the next afternoon, is the very personification of discretion — but of a very interesting discretion; of a discretion so interesting that, during one of the several years in which she was in my care, I received twenty-nine proposals of marriage for her, four of them in one day. At the Rani's dinner her merry tongue wagged on and on delightfully; unawed by her hostess, who beamed upon her, unawed even by the whole chickens reposing on piles of rice on silver platters, which were set before each of us.

Through course after course of greasy, spicy meat she flirted gently but firmly with Aziz, who served us with a charming shyness. By the time we had eaten our rice-flour pudding and its silver covering, which makes one keen-witted, and had tasted the abundance of sweets which makes one doubt that love digesteth all things, the girls were friends. Their softly veiled heads close together, they sat on a cot in the courtyard, looking over the treasures of Jasmine's sewing-bag. Aziz took them all delightedly in her thin hands, — precious patterns of lace, balls of gay wool, varieties of knitting-needles stuck for safety into a cork, a silver thimble, a little pin-cushion and needle-book, — and handed them one after the other to her mother.

The Rani pretended to talk to me, but her thoughts were all on her daughter's pleasure. Some time before we came away, she found that I knew her mother and sisters, who lived in a town where I often go with the doctor to her dispensary. Thereupon she wanted to adopt us both, to employ us permanently, and I had some trouble

in convincing her that neither Jasmine nor I could be hired by the month or year to amuse Aziz.

After that I went occasionally to the Rani's, sometimes because there was no other chaperone for Jasmine, sometimes ostensibly to see the progress Aziz was making, but really because I loved seeing the girls together, and enjoyed the queenly gratitude of my hostess. Aziz enjoyed reading, but crocheting and knitting she utterly delighted in. Her thirst for new patterns was insatiable. She spent whole days trying the patterns in a book whose English directions she could not read. She took to making her own designs for filet lace, conventionalizing in her own way the blossoms of yellow mustard that the servants brought in from outside, the leaves on the one great tree that shaded the inner courtyard, the frisky lambs, and her pet chickens.

Whatever the daughter enjoyed, the Rani enjoyed a pitiable hundredfold. She never had seen such exquisite edging for veils as Aziz made, and no one in her presence dared ever to have seen anything nearly so beautiful. Her admiration of her daughter's skill was so extreme, that she appeared to be utterly shocked when I suggested that she learn to knit. She declared she never could learn, she was too stupid. She would do the old exquisite embroidery which she had learned in her girlhood, and which was nothing in comparison with the things Aziz could do.

At length, one day, after many kindnesses and favors to us, she sent her servant to invite us to the great wedding of her oldest son, which had been arranged for the next week. All the women of the Rani's kin would be there, whom I wanted greatly to see. Unfortunately, I was to be out of the city the next week, but I promised to send Jasmine. I was heartily sorry not

to be present. I did not know what a wedding it was to be.

I went away as I had planned, and returned as usual by a night train. I awoke the next morning wondering what had happened during my absence. One surely misses something by being away even a day from our city. And while I was dressing, before five, Jasmine came into my room, announced only by her sobbing.

'Miss Sahib,' she cried; 'oh, Miss Sahib!' And she hid her face in her veil and wept unrestrained.

'What's happened now?' I questioned her. 'Brace up a bit and tell me.'

'It's Aziz,' she said. 'She's killed. I saw it. The lady has no daughter.'

She sat on the floor by me, her face hidden in her arms, and cried and gasped out the terrible story.

'It was the day after the wedding. They had brought the bride home. I was sitting there where we always sat, in the east veranda, and the house was full of women singing. And the men in their rooms were feasting with the bridegroom. He left them to speak to his mother a moment, and when he returned he heard them say with men's insinuations, pointing toward his cousin, Raja Afzal, who was coming toward them across the field, "His will be the next wedding. He boasts the bridegroom's sister loves him — that in the darkness she has said so."

'The Rani's son pushed through them to a closet and seized an axe. He hewed his cousin down in the path where they met.' Jasmine cried afresh. 'He came rushing in where we were sitting talking — his clothes were dripping blood. Miss Sahib, we ran from his face, screaming. He seized Aziz as she fled. He swore at her. He called her fearful names. "It's over with you!" he cried. We heard his mother crying, and struggling with him. He

locked her in the kitchen. Then he killed his sister with many blows, — she was so little, — and left the house.

'We were still screaming, wild with terror. The men came in. They guessed what had happened. They found the lady unconscious. The court was full of blood and the body was scattered around. We huddled together, and even with our eyes shut we saw it all. I shall see it and smell it forever!' she sobbed.

She could not leave the story unfinished.

'In the evening the police came, and took away the bridegroom, and the body of Afzal, which had lain in the field all afternoon. None dared go near it, except the crows — its blood whimpered above the ploughed earth. No one in the city slept that night. I have wept these three days, seeing his bloody face, and her all crushed up. But the Rani has not wept. The house is full of mourners, but she sits apart. She sees only her sons. She has given them all her wedding jewelry, and all that Aziz had, to get him acquitted. No one can comfort her. She is stricken. Oh, I wish I'd never gone there!'

'But, Jasmine,' I protested, 'how could it happen? She never spoke to that man, did she? Within those high walls, with women around her day and night, she was surely blameless. She could n't have seen him. It could n't have been true!'

Jasmine sobbed. 'Anything *could* have been true,' she said. 'She was only a girl — a girl shut out of life. She had to do something. Just pushing back the curtain a bit, as he passed, — as he often did, — and lifting her eyes to him, — it was begun. He boasted of it, — fool that he was, — it was ended. That *might* have been.'

'But suppose she did that,' I interrupted. 'If she did lift her eyes as he passed — what then?'

'You never understand,' my little protégée answered between sobs. 'Does not a woman know that all men's eyes are full of evil purposes? Unless one consents, why should one let one's eyes meet theirs? It may have been his lie. It may have been her thoughtlessness. She was young. I was very fond of her. She learned so beautifully.'

When I went out to our morning tea on the veranda, the doctor was waiting to relieve herself by telling me a few more ghastly details. What was left of the girl's body had been brought to the hospital, and she had gone through the ordeal of giving witness at the inquest, to save the Rani the shame, worse than death, of having the body taken to the public morgue. In the hospital women everywhere were helplessly talking of the murder. I had to go that evening and sit awhile with the mourners. I did not see the Rani.

III

Our city's summers exaggerate mightily the terrors of life. With the weight of that day's dusk, the horror of a great darkness stifled us. For days we could by no means get away from it. I would wake suddenly at night, stiff with an inexplicable fright, and find the doctor wide awake and anxious to talk about home. Day after day we heard reports of the murderer's trial. And when finally we heard that he was sentenced to eight years in prison, we were sorry for the Rani's sake that the term was so long, and sorry when we remembered Aziz that it was not longer.

One morning in the early autumn, when I had gone with the doctor to Garwali dispensary, the Rani's sister came to the clinic to see me. She wept as she laid aside her outer veil, and sat down beside me.

'My mother heard you were coming,'

she began, 'and sent me to you. She begs you to go to my sister, and to entreat her to come to us for a change. We've sent servants with horses to bring her, but she sends them back. We've gone ourselves, and she refuses to leave the house. She eats nothing — not one mouthful. She has not shed a tear. She sits alone, going mad. Perhaps if you go and beseech her she will come. My mother begs you to try.'

I was deeply touched; I knew it was not the mother's habit to beg anything of anyone. No member of that family had ever before come to the public dispensary. They paid us instead for going to see them.

'I'll do what I can,' I replied. 'I'll go to see her to-day. But if you've failed, what can I do?'

The humble words of her gratitude I remembered that evening, as I walked through the city by the path that was familiar now, and out beyond its farther walls to the Rani's cluster of gardens. In the gathering darkness of her courtyard only the two worthless daughters-in-law and the frightened little bride greeted me lonesomely. I tried to talk of pleasant things with them, but horror clung about them, and fastened itself upon me.

'Stay with us,' they besought me. 'The house is full of shadows and things, and we're afraid.'

But I could n't stay. I had to see the Rani and go home.

'May I go to her now?' I asked.

'If you wish,' they answered. 'We don't dare.'

I climbed to the flat roof of the second story, on which there was a little room with a veranda. On its clay floor the Rani was sitting. When she saw me she stretched out her hand and said, 'Come in. She loved you.'

I sat down beside her weakly, shocked at the change in her. She was very thin. Her face was gray, and her eyes

were very bright. In her grief she had torn out her hair until she was nearly bald.

'Sit here,' she said calmly. 'From here you can look down there.'

I looked. There was a new-made grave in the family burying-plot.

'I look there always,' she said.

'Dear Rani Sahib,' I cried, 'I loved her and I love you. I come from your mother and your sisters. They sent me to beg you to come to them. They told me to entreat you thus.'

I clasped my hands in the prayerful way no one is supposed to resist.

'Don't trouble me,' she said quietly. 'I will not go. I stay with her. At night I sleep on her grave. Could she stay out there in the dark alone?'

'Your mother is old,' I continued. 'She beseeches you, your mother. It's madness to stay here.'

'I'm mad now,' she agreed. 'Some days I'm mad. If I went there, and saw Afzal's mother, I would be altogether mad.'

She still looked at the grave.

'Have you seen a jail?' she questioned after a while, in a monotone.

'Not the inside of one,' I answered.

I had often seen chained labor-gangs, scantily clad in sackcloth. I was thankful she had not.

'Who cooks the food they eat there?' she demanded.

'I think they have cooks,' I replied vaguely, as soothingly as possible.

'My sons also give me lying comfort,' she went on. 'He hates common food. Never would he eat bread of flour not ground by hand. At mills

they grind the bad grains with the good. These years I have not let the servants prepare his meals. I alone knew just how he liked each thing seasoned. When he comes home from a journey he says, "Thank God for the food my mother prepares!" How can I eat good food while he chokes on coarse half-cooked stuff? He was my first-born.'

There was a pause.

'Is there a heaven?' she asked. Her voice seemed dead.

'There is,' I said.

'But what's the use?' she argued. 'Our eyes are to be in the tops of our heads in heaven. God knows that, if we see our children, we'll cease worshipping Him.'

'That's not true,' I assured her. 'God does n't mind us loving one another, and our children. He Himself is —'

'What do you know about it, childless child?' she interrupted. 'Don't comfort me. I can wait my eight years for comfort.'

'Dear mother,' I said, 'do you think you can live fasting eight years?'

'I *will* live,' she replied, without a change of tone. 'I will not die until he returns.'

I hoped she would die sooner. Afzal's brother had sworn to kill her son the day he returned from prison.

'I will not die,' she continued calmly. 'I wait for him. When he comes home I will kill him with my own fingers, because he hurt my flower.'

That was six years ago. She is still waiting.

PATRIOTISM IN THE TENEMENTS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

1

OUR work began in a place which I had known about from the newspapers, but which a good citizen is supposed to know from the outside only. It was the club-rooms of the Thomas J. McManus Association, the headquarters of one of the strongest rock-ribbed Tammany districts in New York. You go to the Ninth Avenue Elevated, then around the corner of Fiftieth Street to the Avenue, and down a few houses, and climb a flight of stairs over a grocery store, and there you are. Draft-boards were then new things, and our board was, I suppose, like most of those which worked busily through the war in this free, self-drafting country.

As you went in, the club-rooms were full of little tables, and the Advisory Board and its assistants busy helping a motley crowd to fill our questionnaires. At one table a husky Irish long-shoreman, in his jumpers, was telling a story which put him where he wanted to be, in Class 1 A. At another table a Lithuanian peasant, with four children and a wife, was exhibiting birth-certificates and a marriage-certificate of the persons therein described, as the best possible reason why his \$90 a month earnings should continue and his soldier-ship be deferred. At another, a scow captain was explaining the absence of his wife and dependents to his official interrogator — a good young man, who looked like a Sunday-school teacher marooned in a foreign land, and who was sitting at a table under the very

portrait of the McManus, genius of the place. 'You see,' he was saying, 'she has been having pains for a week now; I could bring her, and if you say I have got to, I'll go and get her; but,' he added viciously, 'I am a Republican, and this Tammany joint is no place where I want a child of mine to be born.'

In the front room, in whose comfortable chairs the politics of the district had been played for a generation, the wise men of the draft were located. It was a clatter of questions and quick answers. 'No, the Turk is not an alien enemy, get supporting affidavit signed by each dependent, tell him to get them and bring them around, get the marriage-certificate and birth-certificates for the children, check them up too. No, a misdemeanor is not a crime; if he has n't done anything worse than that, he is no Class 5 H man. Tell him to go to the Greek Consul and get a certificate and come back Friday.'

In the middle of the turmoil of the front room, the chairman of the board — a bald-headed lawyer, with a gift for getting things done — was profusely cursing a non-producing coal-man over the telephone. It was in the early Garfield days, and the chairman was assuring the coal-man confidently that the Provost-Marshal General and the director of the draft would court-martial him and order him shot at sunrise if the coal did not arrive in an hour. It came.

I had a small table given to me and set to work to learn to ride the ques-

tionnaire à la Squeers — a course which I presume was followed by most of the fifty-four hundred lawyers who, in New York City, volunteered for the Legal Advisory Board of the draft. It was slow work. The first applicant for legal advice and assistance was an Italian with four dependents; and, what with his limited English and my limited knowledge of the intricacies of the dependency clauses and the blanks to be filled out, it certainly took time. 'Remember,' said a sarcastic voice at my ear, 'it is this war and not the next one we are getting soldiers for.' The chairman passed, and thus goaded, I finished and put Giuseppe in Class 4 A.

Some twenty or thirty assistants were doing like work. All sorts and conditions of men came: clerks, mechanics, longshoremen, waiters, laborers, chauffeurs, bar-tenders, — a never-ending stream, — patiently waiting their turn to answer their country's questions and be classified in accordance with their eligibility for the supreme service of citizenship.

The copybook is right. Practice does make perfect. Familiarity, slowly acquired, with the questionnaire and with the service act, by degrees gave my mind greater freedom to study at close range the human aspects of the great draft. Local board work might be called the lost opportunity of the novelist. The questionnaire was a searching document. The disclosures it required left about as much privacy to the registrant as to a gold-fish in a bowl in the parlor window. Originally a highbrow, I soon found myself guilty of a distinctly friendly and sympathetic attitude toward burglars and highway robbers. I had tête-à-tête talks at the board with, I think, six, three of each, not including one convicted and pardoned murderer. The murderer was a rather low-class party. The others were surprisingly decent fellows. It was a gen-

uine disappointment to me to have to classify them as morally unfit, when I could see every one of them, if given his chance, going over the top, as fearless men full of genuine fighting spirit — the real stuff for soldiers. The French dealt with this problem better than we did.

One of my associates handled his cases of this class with great finesse. He is a careful soul, and when I found, on examining the questionnaires turned in, one which he had 'advised,' with the criminal questions unanswered, I called it to his attention.

'Yes,' he said, 'I remember this fellow: he was a fine, upstanding chap, about thirty-two, good soldier stuff. I was just starting to ask him, "Have you ever been convicted?"' etc., when I caught a look in his eye; so, instead of asking that, I said, "You are down as a plumber by trade. Have you been a plumber right along, or was there a while when you did something else?" He grinned and said, "Well, there was about two years and seven months when I was a stone-cutter and a broom-maker." "Well," I said, "have you voted recently?" "No," he replied, "not since 1910." So I concluded that I had better skip those questions. If the Draft Board wants to lose a perfectly good soldier and a decent fellow, too, why, send this questionnaire back for those answers.'

One of my ex-burglar friends told me, with considerable pride, that he was now chauffeur for a well-known elderly lady of wealth, who lived quite alone, protected by two burglar-alarm systems, and who insisted upon his sleeping in the house as an additional precaution.

It would be a libel upon the district to create the impression that it was full of burglars and highwaymen. The few I met happened to surprise me by being so decent. The main bulk of the

district consisted of a mass of almost uniformly poor people of the laboring class, hardworking men, — with now and then a rummy, — and plain, simply dressed women, the married ones generally with an abundance of children. The men are of a kind that makes soldiers — physically strong, and with a good percentage of the dare-devil, adventurous type. The slackers were extraordinarily few. Those who claimed dependents had them generally in profusion. Schemes to beat the draft were rarely tried, and when they were tried they generally failed. The necessary information was forthcoming from one source or another.

II

The draft in our district was a kaleidoscope of nationalities. As you saw the long line patiently waiting for their turn at the advisers' tables, they looked like what they were — an average assembly of New York workingmen. When you analyzed them separately, — and never has this process been done in our history with such minute thoroughness as the questionnaire required, — you found the ends of the earth were before you.

This good-looking tobacconist is a Turk; he has a French wife; they were married in Syria. You put a note on the yellow slip, 'Marriage certificate unobtainable.' The next is a first-paper Englishman from South Africa, formerly an actor, now a salesman. Next come two husky lads from Ireland, willing to serve in an American army, but no British army need apply. The next is a blond giant, with a strong accent. 'Where were you born?' 'In vat is to be the vorst licked country in the world.'

So it went. Yet with all the diversity of nationality, there was somehow a unity, indefinable, intangible, but real.

They were citizens of the big city. They were all Americans.

I have said that we had little trouble with slackers. We had far more cases of men who were too anxious to go than of those not willing enough. 'What about the wife?' when put to a man with a wife, but no children, brought at most times an optimistic and cheerful response. 'Oh, Mary can get along all right, can't you, Mary?' 'Sure I can, if I don't have a big stiff like you to feed.' Mary had worked before marriage, and simply expected to return to supporting herself. There were few clinging vines found in our district.

Because there were so many diverse nationalities in the district, so many who listened to the spoken word and read not even the Hearst newspapers, our chairman, long before the system of instruction to drafted men was devised and systematized, had worked out a programme for the proper send-off of our boys. 'We want,' he declared, 'to do three things. We want to send our boys off sober and clean and in good order. We want them to know what they are fighting for. We want the district to see them go off a credit to the district, and help make the draft popular here, so that we will get more soldiers later from the spectators.'

So the Board worked out this programme. The open-air send-off, the first we had, drew nearly thirty thousand people, with flags, bands, cigarettes, chocolate for fine soldier boys, sober, clear-eyed and confident, who left the district in a whirl of enthusiasm and local pride — good for them and good for us all. These open-air meetings were precursors of many other occasions, some small affairs, some big assemblies, but with like purpose. The biggest indoor meeting of the kind was held on the hottest day of last summer. It was the most interesting public meeting I ever attended. It was held

in the basement auditorium of one of the public schools. It was in the very centre of the McManus district. It was an assembly of his people. The McManus was there — chairman of the meeting.

Now we all know about Tammany — at its worst. In the mind of the average cultivated New Yorker, who takes a mild interest in politics, there is a somewhat blurred but distinct picture of the district leader as a type and representative of bad government — a combination of red-light houses, saloons, dance-halls, gambling dens, crooked contracts, manipulated by diamond-fronted men with dyed moustaches in rear rooms behind the bar.

When we know a type, a stage villain, or village maiden, or Tammany politician, we are rather disturbed and annoyed at variations and innovations. The McManus, so-called to distinguish him from four brothers, all bachelors like himself, living together in a twenty-dollar flat in the district, turned out to be a hearty, husky Irishman of fifty, who looked like the fighting forties, and wore a close cropped beard. A handsome man he was, with courtly ways, twinkling eyes, and as Christian Science a manner as can be permitted to a good Catholic. What I mean is that he seemed to radiate health, heartiness, friendliness. I am told that he does n't drink a drop, considers the saloon the bane of his people, and won't have a disorderly resort in the district. Germany for fifty years built up over a docile people its power and unity by teaching them whom and how to hate. The McManus went on a different principle. He built up his power in his district, in perhaps half that time, by teaching his people whom to love — Thomas J. McManus. Moreover, McManus is still leader of his district and the Kaiser has abdicated.

But to return to the meeting. It was,

as I said, the evening of the hottest day of the summer. Into this big auditorium came the wives, mothers, brothers, and fathers of the boys about to leave for camp. The air was filled with the wailing of babies. The hall was full of them.

We started out with song. A chorus-leader brought in from the 'outside' attempted to lead us in harmony. He looked like a good young man in a strange place. He started wrong. 'Let us try the chorus of "Over There,"' he announced. The response was feeble. 'What, have you no more lungs than that?' he began again, in what was intended to be a tone of friendly sharpness. The McManus, not yet chairman, stepped forward on the platform and raised his hand. 'Just one minute now. There is one song that every man, woman and child in this great West-Side district does know. I suggest that we begin this meeting with it. Try the "Star Spangled Banner."' The district did know it. It sang until the chandeliers shook. The 'outsider' had been wrong. The 'Star-Spangled Banner' was the song with which to begin such a war-meeting, and it seemed natural enough and proper enough that the 'outsider' had been shown his error by the man who knew the district, its pride and its patriotism, and was its natural spokesman. Score one for the McManus.

Introduced as chairman, he prefaced his speech with score two. 'This being a district of plain people, without frills or fancies, I am going to ask the ladies to allow us to take off our coats,' suiting the action to the word himself. Every man's coat in the house came off in two seconds. It was a blessed relief. The man in front of me had a shirt slit from the shoulder-blades to the belt; but ascertaining that no lady was behind him scrutinizing his much-exposed anatomy, he accepted the comforts of his situation relieved of embarrassment.

The McManus made a distinctly good speech, passionate, full of punch and patriotism. He began by regretting his own inability to get into the khaki. 'They tell me because I am fifty, I am too old, but I want to tell you there is many a young fellow in the district I can trim yet.'

'Good for you, Senator!' said my next neighbor; 'you are right, your mauilies are good yet.'

In the middle of his speech, a woman in one of the front seats, having a particularly noisy baby, in immediate proximity to the speaker, started to go out. Before she reached the aisle the orator stopped his speech. 'Wait now,' the McManus commanded, in a voice brusque but kind, 'you go back and sit down; that baby is all right. God forbid that in this great West-Side district a mother at a meeting on a night like this should have to go home because her child gives up a natural cry. Thank God, it is a baby's natural cry in its mother's arms, and not the cry of the babies of Belgium bayoneted by the Huns.'

The mother went back and the baby marvelously stopped crying. Continuing his parenthetical remarks, the Senator added, with a grin of engaging frankness, 'You know I always did cater to the ladies in the district, and now they have got the vote, I am going to cater to them more and more and more!'

Other orators there were: the Senator (Tammany, of course) for the district; an assistant district attorney, 'one of our own'; a good Catholic priest, the idol of his people, who received more applause than any of the others; and a doctor, who talked with unvarnished plainness of the requisites of fitness to fight. But the permanent impression I retained from the meeting was the picture of the McManus, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, in the chair-

man's seat, with the gavel in one hand, while with the other he held, sitting quietly on his knee, one of the toddlers of the district, who had strayed on to the platform, and who will vote the straight ticket for McManus in 1938.

III

The humors of the draft would fill a book. The work was full of incident, and many a local board man will tell you that it was one of the most interesting and engrossing episodes of his life. More marriage tangles and triangles came out in the course of the draft than Arnold Bennett could have imagined. Some were sad cases and some were funny.

Here is an Italian confronted with the following question under the dependency clause: 'Is any other person contributing to the support of the named dependent?'—his wife. It took some explanation before he understood the question. His eyes then glittered and he hissed, 'I theenk so; I catcha heem, I kill heem!'

The case of David and Uriah is not without its modern counterpart. In our board, a man had claimed deferred classification on account of a wife dependent upon him for support. He was told that half an hour earlier his wife had been in and said that she thought she could get along, and was willing to waive her rights and permit his service in the army. It seemed very patriotic to us. The husband had other ideas. 'That's some more of that d—— policeman's work, all right. He thinks because he has got one of these here necessary employment cinches, he can stay around in my flat, while I am in the trenches hunting the Hun! Nothing doing!'

If there was anything from which more than from another our board drew satisfaction, it was in the numerous

cases in which we made wedding-bells — long deferred — ring. Men who for one reason or another had delayed ceremonial marriages, with consorts of long standing, revised their views on the subject of matrimony when they found a new use and reason for the marriage-certificate as a necessary proof of the existence of a dependency recognized by law.

Sometimes, when the wedding was not feasible, the theory of common-law marriage had to be stretched to cover cases which a judge would find difficult. Take a problem like this: Here is a man, a decent respectable fellow, with a wife and two children and no marriage-certificate. Why? Well, he had married in pique, following a lover's quarrel, a worthless woman, who a month later left him, telling him incidentally that she had an unreleased husband elsewhere. Repentant, and this time sober, the deserted one goes back to his true love, tells her his story and his situation. There was no legal proof to get annulment or a divorce. The departed one's story might or might not be true. He had no money to hire detectives to find her or the facts. The solution adopted was that the young people took one another for better or worse, without the wedding-lines, lived otherwise decently, and accumulated two pretty children. For the first time in their lives the certificate became a necessity. We called it a common-law marriage. Bad law, perhaps; but we hope it was good practical sense under the circumstances.

The wife is not always a dependent. One of my friends served on a board which included part of the colored belt. To him, in the toils of the law, came Jasper, a husky colored person, who promptly claimed the exemption due to a man who had a wife and two children. He produced the children and the marriage-certificate, but no wife. Some-

what uneasy was Jasper when told to bring the wife. Two days later he came with a large fat lady, the deferred wife. It looked like an ordinary case of dependency — a Class 4 A case — until the wife began to make a few inquiries.

'Ah is his wife, all right,' she admitted, 'but what does this dependency word mean?'

It was explained to her. The situation changed at once.

'Now, see heah, Mr. Man,' she began, 'I's been supporting this yere worthless crapshooting black trash for ten years.'

The examiner considered this a propitious moment in which to explain the allotment of soldiers' wages for wife and children and the allowance for dependents. A new light came into her eyes.

'Thank God for dem Huns and dis war!' she ejaculated; but she added venomously, 'If Jasper don't have no more luck shooting them Boches, than he lets on he has shooting craps, dis war never going to end.'

Jasper became a soldier.

One of our members was a person of rather precise and mathematical views, who had a mania for making soldiers. He was forever figuring in dollars and cents on the mathematics of dependency. It ran something like this. 'Now, Mrs. Clancy, let us figure this out. You have two children. Your husband makes eighty-two dollars a month. He says he turns it all in to you. My own guess is that he holds out something for Saturday night, but let that go for the minute. Now, you have to feed him out of it. He looks like a good eater. What would you board a big fellow like this for if he were not a relation of yours, with prices as they are?'

'Sure, ten dollars a week is little enough,' says Mrs. Clancy.

'Very good,' says the mathemati-

cian; 'so out of the eighty-two, or shall we say seventy dollars, he turns in, you feed him forty dollars' worth. That leaves forty-two dollars at most for you and the children. Now, you would get, if he went into the service, fifteen from his pay, fifteen from the government and twelve for the children. That makes as much as forty-two anyway. If he got killed you would get fifty-seven fifty a month for twenty years, or, if he got incapacitated,' etc., etc. The persuasive examiner went on, putting the allurements of the allotment in a most attractive way, while Clancy, poor soul, squirmed visibly.

Mrs. Clancy would rise to the situation. She would appear to hesitate. 'Well, maybe you're right. The man has n't brought me a full pay envelope since Corcoran's saloon was opened, and that is four years ago, come January. Eighty dollars a month, he says he brings home. Not to me. Let me think it over a bit, will you?'

The interview is suspended. I asked the mathematician a few days later what had become of Clancy. 'Nothing doing,' he sighed. 'She came in yesterday and said Clancy had been to the priest and signed the pledge, and she concluded she could not get along without him.'

The mathematician occasionally got a soldier in this way, but his methods had by-results not wholly undesirable. 'Most of these men,' he declared, 'think that when they bring home a depleted pay-envelope and give it to the wife, have her cook it and feed most of it to them, that they are worth their weight in gold. I have shown a lot of these women that their husbands pay just about their board, and that they would be better off with a little government money, free time for themselves, and a chance of cashing an insurance policy. I count on doing one or the other of two things, making a soldier or a bet-

ter husband. Either result does Uncle Sam some good.'

IV

With all the incidents, humorous or pathetic, which came during the work of the Selective Service Act, the deep and lasting impression, however, made upon my mind was one of profound respect for the patriotism of the poor. We are hearing so much these days about Bolshevism in Europe, and the dangers of the proletariat inflamed against the bourgeoisie and the capitalist — dangers which alarm some even in our own country. All these causes for alarm may be real, but there are some facts which should give us confidence. Take our own district, for example, and remember that it is only one of many, and note the response to the call for citizen soldiers.

Our people were all poor. They were asked to fight for a country which had given them little more than a bare subsistence. The red star has been replaced by a gold star in many of its tenement windows. The district contains only seventeen city blocks, yet fifty-five thousand people live in these blocks, closely crowded in tenements. It sent eleven hundred men into the army, half as many more into the navy, and with special inductions surely seventeen hundred men went from it into the country's service.

Forget for the moment that these men went to risk their lives for their country — and they saw hard fighting, and we are proud of them. Let us think prosaically of the conditions they left at home. The average wage of these men was at least three dollars a day. These 1700 men (100 from every block on the average, and one block sent 228) had a combined earning capacity of \$5100 a day, over \$30,000 a week, \$122,400 a month. These figures

represent, not the decreased earnings of some large company with vast capital to draw upon: we are talking about the capitalization of human deprivation, lost each day and week and month by about 1500 families living in these congested city blocks. This figure, over \$122,000 per month, is lost earning capacity, is wages directly out of pocket. It represents self-sacrifice, even suffering, uncomplaining privation; it represents foregone winter clothing and wholesome food for younger children; dark two- or three-room tenements for parents who can no longer afford to pay \$15 per month for rent; it represents almost everything which makes life worth living; education for children, who are now working at tender ages. It represents so many things that I will not tire you with a further enumeration. But these people do not whine or beg; they are patriotic, proud of their boys, and more than willing to sacrifice to give them the one big chance.

The uninformed layman will say, 'But you are forgetting the allotments and allowances to cover these losses, provided for by law.' Well, it is pretty nearly time for something sharp and severe to be said about these theoretical payments and the reasons why they were months in arrears or never came at all. The mothers and wives who re-

lied upon them and needed them somehow got along without them, with the help of their neighbors or by unwonted labors. The way in which the department at Washington almost completely broke down under its responsibilities is one of the yet-to-be-discussed problems of the war. With uncomplaining fortitude, our district met the shortcomings of the government, which kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope.

Let us think about this thing further while there is time. We are past the delirious Monday of the world's great armistice—wearied, staggering toward peace. The big dollar-a-year men are resigning from their jobs at Washington. The camps are emptying and war-industries are getting their contract cancelations; thousands of men are being thrown out of war-employment in consequence. The boys in France are looking toward home; reconstruction is the new word, with all the confusion and the potentialities of distress which it implies. Let us not forget too soon the sacrifice of the people of districts of which ours is but a fair sample. Let us make the new America to which the boys return, a land worthy of their generous devotion, and of the willing sacrifice of those who made their service possible.

CLEMENCEAU TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

LET the reader be reassured. This will be no foolish attempt at painting a grand Reynoldsian portrait, with the background of victory and of a glorious sunset to warm it. The following pages aim only at replacing the main facts of Clemenceau's life in their natural environment. Even this humble task has its difficulties, for Clemenceau, as an individual, is far from being well known; he has been frequently and passionately discussed; and there have been in his long life curious incongruities which had better be merely stated than explained.

Georges Clemenceau was born in 1841, the son of a country doctor in a village of Vendée. People in Vendée, since the royalist rebellion of 1794, have been divided into 'Whites' and 'Blues,' the former being the Royalists and the latter the Republicans, with all the changes that such words must inevitably undergo in the space of a century. Now, Dr. Clemenceau was a Blue, and of a decidedly deep dye, for he was anti-royalist and anti-clerical to the extent of refusing to let his children be christened, even in a district where religious antagonisms were so marked.

It should not be inferred that Clemenceau's father had had these opinions bequeathed to him. On the contrary, his family was entirely on the other side, belonging to the aristocracy of the province and being better able than most others to support its claims with

seals and charters. One of his uncles — to whom M. Clemenceau refers affectionately in *Le Grand Pan* — was a priest. But the medical schools of the early part of the nineteenth century in France were hot-beds of atheism, and toward 1840 a physician who retained some religious belief was regarded as a phenomenon. So young Georges Clemenceau grew up in a home which must have been pointed out as a stronghold of 'advanced ideas,' and it is probable that both his father and himself enjoyed the consciousness that it was.

Circumstances must also have helped to make a resolute partisan of the boy. He was seven in 1848, when the Second French Republic was proclaimed; and even to its enemies this new experiment appeared so idealistic and noble, that when, three years later, it was brought to an end by the President — Prince Louis Bonaparte — becoming a dictator, there was disappointment in all liberal circles; and in the environment in which Georges Clemenceau was being reared there must have been rage. A boy of eleven, intelligent as this one undoubtedly was, is deeply influenced by such happenings.

About this time young Georges was sent to the lycée at Nantes, to go through the classical course which was the universal rule in those days, and became optional, only in the case of a future physician, in 1902. He was a good scholar and must have enjoyed his Classics, for even now he frequently quotes the Greeks. The lycées in those days were patronized by Republican

families preferably to Catholic schools, because their teaching staff was secular, and a few professors here and there actually were against the tyrant, as Napoleon III was called by his braver enemies. But even there the son of Republican parents must be conscious of being watched and disliked as a future agitator and the cause of possible trouble to the headmaster. So this atmosphere again could only produce irritation, and occasionally dare-devil recklessness, in such a boy as was father to the Clemenceau we have known.

Indeed, in 1860, Georges Clemenceau was ripe for the freedom of the Paris Medical School. Here, where he was entered on graduating from the lycée, the student could rail at religion — superstition, he no doubt called it — in the paternal vein, and even ventilate his abhorrence of the Imperial régime in the cafés to which the not very scientific sawbones of those days devoted much of their valuable time. Yet even this had to be done with some precaution; and how unreticent Georges Clemenceau must have been between his twentieth and his twenty-third year, we can easily imagine. The consequence was that in 1861 he spent seventy-three days at the Mazas penitentiary, and three years later even a worse misfortune befell him. The academic authorities, shocked, as he himself says, at his insistence in proclaiming the Republic while there was an Emperor, temporarily struck his name from the rolls.

He was twenty-three years old, and not rich: he could not afford to wait till the tyrant was overthrown, to go on with his medical studies. Those were not days when the French felt particularly anxious to seek their fortunes abroad; but Georges Clemenceau chose that desperate course. A few miles from his long-familiar town of Nantes, the big ships constantly sailed for America.

The half-fledged physician sailed on one of them. He stayed four years in the United States, keeping himself, not by the practice of an art he was conscious of having by no means mastered, but, as so many educated emigrants had done before him, by teaching his own language. He came back to France in 1868, with an American wife and with a knowledge of the English language which stood him in good stead during the Great War, but with a curious indifference to English or American thought and to political conditions in the United States. Most Frenchmen who have lived in America show the deep imprint of their experience during all their lives, but Georges Clemenceau seems to have come back as unmixedly French as when he left.

He settled in Paris again, and went back to his interrupted medical studies. A year later he took his degree, and immediately looked for patients in the Montmartre district.

The famous hill was not at that time the haunt of pleasure-seekers that it has since become. The American artists who loved it twenty years ago must remember how like a Southern French town the climbing winding streets used to look. It was a neighborhood of workmen, or very small tradesmen, with a proportion of painters and sculptors. The local doctors had a slim chance of attaining either to fame or to wealth; but they must have known their clientele as intimately as they might have in any provincial market-town. So it was with Clemenceau, and it gave him a chance to make a career beside the one he had inherited rather than chosen.

France frequently shows a type of man scarce in the rest of the world, namely, the politician evolved from the country doctor, or even from the veterinary surgeon. It is surprising that no political physician has yet beaten the political lawyer in the race for the

Presidency, for each Parliament has numbered between sixty and eighty members of that profession, some of whom have achieved considerable success. Nobody could have been surprised in Montmartre to see the new doctor take advantage of his daily growing acquaintance with the quarter to give a political significance to his hatred of the Imperial government, of the Church, and of all their supporters.

The power of Napoleon III was fast waning at the time; the Emperor, a few years before, had been compelled to renounce the absolute authority he had possessed between 1852 and 1860, and probabilities pointed to democratic changes. In Belleville — a quarter almost adjoining Montmartre — a young barrister of rare magnetism and eloquence, Léon Gambetta, had been elected a deputy on what was called a very 'red' ticket, and his platform, which included equal franchise, proportional taxation, disarmament, and the transfer of authority to the people, was fast becoming popular. Georges Clemenceau adopted it, and with the violent views he had cultivated, nobody was better fitted to defend it. In fact, he sprang into notoriety almost at a leap. It is surprising to note that as early as September, 1870, as soon as defeat had swept away Napoleon III and made a republic the inevitable alternative, Clemenceau, who barely a year before was still walking the hospitals, had become Mayor of Montmartre and was on the eve of becoming a prominent member of the Municipal Council, and of being sent as a deputy to the Assemblée Nationale.

Such unexpected risings from obscurity are frequent in all revolutions, but, contrary to what has also been so generally the case, Clemenceau never relapsed into anonymousness. During the decade which followed 1870 he was not known to many foreign observers

beyond professionals like Bismarck or Sir Charles Dilke; but in Paris, and even throughout France, he was as popular a character as he is to-day.

What sort of a person was he at that time, and what were his tenets and influence? An answer to these questions will enable us to visualize him more distinctly and to proceed with comparative rapidity through the continuation of his career.

II

Gambetta was the great man of the nascent Republic. He had founded it on the ruins of the Empire, and he was now defending it against the Assemblée Nationale, which, as everybody knows, consisted of a large majority of Monarchists busy making a republican constitution because they could not agree about the person of the monarch.

Clemenceau admired Gambetta, and they fought side by side. Both men were patriots and had voted on February 17, 1871, against the delivery of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. Both wished to rebuild France on entirely democratic foundations. But while Gambetta revealed himself as Oriental by his warm heart and warm imagination, by his splendid rhetoric, by his deftness at making the most of contingencies, by his magnetic gift for making and keeping friends, but also by his laziness, by his charming way of fancying that problems were solved when they ceased to bother, and by a pliability to circumstances which made him willing to negotiate secretly with Bismarck less than ten years after the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, Clemenceau was very different. He flattered nobody, loved nobody, and though followed by a large party, was not much loved by anybody. He had not yet developed the capacity for elegant witticisms which later on gave a sort of dry grace to his sarcasms; he was nothing

except violent. His logic was harsh and cruel, as was his irony, and his method consisted exclusively in brutally telling what he thought the truth about everything and everybody. The world to him seemed all wrong, and he said as much, in a tone which left no doubt that the principle of his action was hatred rather than love.

He was not an Internationalist; he would have loathed being called one, for the best part of his bitterness was reserved for the enemies of his country; but he was a Revolutionist, and frightened people a great deal more than Jaurès ever did, or any of Jaurès's truculent successors. All this can be read very clearly, not only in the contemporary documents, but in the well-known picture by Manet at the Luxembourg, called *La Réunion Publique*. The whole atmosphere of this picture is threatening; and while to us it appears as a portrait of Clemenceau, with a suitable background, to the generation which first saw it, it seemed that Clemenceau had to be the central figure of it precisely because it was threatening.

It is not surprising, therefore, if, after seconding Gambetta during his fight with the Assemblée, after preparing with him armed resistance to Marshal MacMahon, who had become the hope of the Monarchists, and after leading with him, and more actively than he did, the first great campaign against the Catholic Church, he parted company with him the moment Gambetta declared that the opportuneness of a reform was its best chance, expressed his belief that there was no such thing as a social question, and seemed to divert the country's attention from Alsace-Lorraine by attracting it to colonial expeditions. The same year in which Gambetta dubbed his doctrine and party Opportunism, Clemenceau, on his side, christened his doctrine and party Radical Socialism, and he took advan-

tage of the first opportunity — the question of French intervention in Egypt — to overthrow his so-called chief and former hero without any ceremony.

The effect of this prowess was extraordinary. It seemed as if nothing, not even the worshiped heroes of the new age, was sacred for Clemenceau or proof against his whims. During twenty-five years — he was forty then — not one Cabinet fell while he tolerated it, none lasted long after he became tired of it, and in most instances he was seen bringing the whole fabric down with a flourish of his pen, — for he had become the editor of a newspaper and never failed afterwards to have an organ of his own, — or with one of his short crushing speeches. He got whomever he liked elected to the Presidency, and kept whomever he disliked from the supreme magistracy. People became used to calling him the 'Tiger,' and although the students of contemporary history can see a serious motive for every one of his executions, a legend was created which showed him as a dilettante of destruction and a man who reveled in exercising his power against friend as well as foe.

Gradually it became a sort of postulate that a man who had such a gift for destruction had been refused the capacity for building up, and that Clemenceau would die without having done anything except please himself.

As for the questions on which the dreaded man's activities were exercised, they need not be recapitulated at great length. Clemenceau was against colonial expeditions, and overthrew Ferry after Gambetta, because he thought it as imprudent for France to settle in Tonkin as it was to settle in Tunis, so long as Alsace and Lorraine were in the hands of Germany. That this was his motive, and not the fact that he was *venu aux Anglais*, has been contradicted, but whole articles can be

adduced to prove that it was so. He wanted a revision of the constitution, because he thought it insufficiently democratic; and when the Prime Minister objected that this was likely to create agitation, he replied with an encomium of agitation which added another trait to his description as a perturber.

He was an anti-clerical, of course, was against the monks, priests, and nuns, because, he said, they were the agents of a foreign monarch; he refused to welcome the Royalists, who, on the recommendation of Pope Leo, made their submission to the Republican régime, and he seized the occasion of Sardou's play, *Thermidor*, in 1891, to blame the dramatist for criticizing Robespierre, insisting that the Revolution must be taken in a lump (hence the *bloc* theory), and concluding with a savage apology for the murder of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

This was the attitude of Clemenceau, and the impression of the world about him when, in 1893, the Panama scandal filled the world with disgust. M. de Lesseps had founded a company to dig the celebrated canal, and nine hundred million francs of French savings had gone into it. It was found after a few years that two thirds of this sum had been spent in auxiliary jobs or advertising, while a considerable part of it had been paid to one hundred and four French deputies, to secure their goodwill.

The name of Clemenceau was not on the fatal list, but the corrupt deputies were members of his party, and it was said that, without accepting money for himself, he had accepted some for his newspaper. Déroulède arraigned him in the Chamber; a famous duel ensued; then an electioneering campaign of extraordinary violence; and the upshot of it all, in the autumn of 1893, was that Clemenceau, for the first time in many

years, had no seat in the Chamber. During nine years he was kept out of the French parliaments, and had no means of influence except his pen.

III

This period of his life deserves some attention, as he was compelled to spend his activities in writing, and seven or eight of the fourteen volumes he then published revealed a very different Clemenceau from the man his people had been led to imagine.

Let us leave aside his pamphlets on the Dreyfus case, of which he ultimately became heartily tired; they were as violent as his hatred of injustice, coupled with his own inborn capacity for unjust criticism, could make them, and they cannot be absolved from the reproach of having brought contumely on the whole French army, while only a few officers had been reprehensible. But the works entitled *La Mêlée Sociale* (1898), *Le Grand Pan* (1896), *Les Plus Forts* (1898), *Au Pied du Sinai* (1898), *Au Fil des Jours* (1901), *Le Voile du Bonheur* (1901), *l'Embuscades de la Vie* (1903), and *Figures de Vendée* (1903), were completely different in character. They were not literature of a high kind. Most of them were made up of articles published in the newspapers, and especially of those *chroniques* — they have no equivalent in English — which are little else than a reporter's work, raised by the literary effort natural to the French to the level of essays or memoirs. When we go back to them, after the tremendous events of the past four years, we experience a strange sensation. The same Clemenceau whose name will be handed down to future generations with the glamour of gigantic history about it, appears to us as a mere journalist. He had talent, but of a kind distinctly inferior to that of a Lavedan, or a Donnay, or even

of a Henri Fouquier. He wrote terse, witty French, much better than the flaccid stuff which made his articles in *l'Homme Enchaîné*, at the beginning of the war, such tedious reading; but it was not the original French of a master of the language. Above all, volume after volume leaves on us the desolate impression that the man was looking for subjects while he might have been doing the greatest things preserved in the memory of men.

But in spite of this contrast of the past and the present, we cannot turn to those paper-covered volumes without remembering the pleasant revelation they were. Here was a good-humored, almost good-natured, Clemenceau, with a tendency to dreaming or to the quiet enjoyment of the past; a Clemenceau who was no misanthropist, for *Le Voile du Bonheur* — the dramatized story of a man long blind, who wants to be blind again the moment he gets a glimpse of the world — is only a literary apologue; a Clemenceau who made no allusions to politics or to the politicians he scorned; finally, a Clemenceau who condescended to show feeling, who loved his family, if he was still reticent about his friends, and out of the fulness of his heart found for animals the name which best describes what they are and what they ought to be — *les parents pauvres*, or the Fifth Estate.

The greatest surprise was for those who, either approving or deprecating, felt sure that Clemenceau could be only a *mangeur de curés*, a priest-hater. Surely the preface to *Le Grand Pan* was one long attack on Christianity; but it was evident that what the author imagined to be Christianity was only asceticism of inferior degree, and that whenever he should meet with Catholics who were kind and not selfish, intelligent and not stubborn, he could love them, not only for being kind and intelligent, but for being Catholics as

well. This was what appeared in *Les Plus Forts*, the hero of which is exactly the Monarchist and believer that the author was supposed to detest, and yet is invested by him with such qualities as nobody could resist.

In the afternoon of November 11, 1918, Clemenceau, whose every minute that day must have been full enough to seem like a lifetime, found leisure to drive to the convent in the rue Bizet in which he was tended a few years ago during a dangerous illness. He was seen leaving his car with an enormous bouquet, and asking for the Sister Superior, he gave her the flowers with a 'There, Sister! but for you, I should not be alive to-day.' People who have read *Les Plus Forts* knew quite well that Clemenceau only needed to become acquainted with nuns to love them.

But comparatively few people had read this novel. When Clemenceau wrote it the public imagined that his active life was over, and he was not enough of a literary creator to compel attention. He lived in seclusion in his quiet house in the rue Franklin, wrote his not quite first-rate articles, walked, fenced, or reared his chickens in the fancy farm in his back garden, and generally gave the impression of a happy sexagenarian. Nobody imagined that he would ever be the man he had been. And when, in 1902, he became a senator, it seemed that this was exactly as it should be; for what is a French senator if not a retired politician?

In reality, the most energetic part of his existence had not yet begun, but it was drawing near. In 1905, tired, like everybody else, of Combes's stupid anticlericalism, and finding to his disgust that he was shadowed by the Prime Minister's police, he shelved him as he had done so many of his predecessors. The same year the Kaiser appeared on his yacht off Tangier, went ashore, and delivered a speech which left no

sensible person in doubt that Germany would some day try to annex France, either by persuasion or by violence. It appeared also that the time for amateur premiers was passed, and responsible men must henceforth be found.

Rouvier was the first and acquitted himself well. Yet while he was in office, the name of Clemenceau was constantly mentioned as that of his probable successor. Most people, it is true, would repeat what had become a formula, namely, that Clemenceau was only a destructive element, and if he were given office, he would astonish the world by the daring of his freaks: but everybody felt that he must be given a chance. A compromise was found in March, 1906, by appointing him Minister of the Interior under Sarrien. It appeared immediately that Sarrien might be called the Premier, but that the real power was in the hands of Clemenceau. In fact, nobody noticed any change when, in October, Sarrien quietly dropped out and Clemenceau formally took the reins. He held them till July, 1909, beating the record of all the governments since 1871.

Not that this period was uneventful. It lives in the memories of Frenchmen as a time of tension and uncertainty. The religious persecution, which Clemenceau had not begun but which he had to carry on, almost brought about a civil war, and there were a number of strikes, two of which resulted in bloodshed; while another — the postmen's strike — threatened to stop the life of the nation. The European situation was fully as difficult. France had to fight the Moroccan tribes, cleverly handled by German agitators; and the famous incident of the Casablanca deserters brought her within an ace of a war with Germany herself.

Clemenceau showed his mettle in all these occurrences: he stood for order and patriotism, and resisted Germany

as if he felt sure that he could beat her hollow. Throughout these difficulties he found a bitter enemy in the Socialist leader, Jaurès, and the antagonism of the two men went far to simplify the questions at issue; for the man in the street, Jaurès became the embodiment of Socialist vagueness, while Clemenceau seemed to be the type of the wide-awake patriot.

Another characteristic of Clemenceau, as Prime Minister, also contributed to make him popular. He was the first man in office who refused to be merely the instrument of the Chamber, and insisted on being the leader of the team if he were to be on it. Everybody was tired of the shiftings, inefficiency, hauteur, and selfishness of the deputies; and whenever Clemenceau browbeat them, or answered an embarrassing question about the Anglo-French Entente with a sarcastic bow and a '*Je vous salue, messieurs!*' he was universally approved by the nation. Strange to say, he was approved also by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber itself. It dawned on politicians as on everybody else that the poor equilibrium of the public powers of France came from an uncertainty about the seat of authority. Let it be where it ought really to be, and everybody would be satisfied. It was only when Clemenceau reminded the Chamber that in 1905 it had swallowed an affront from Germany instead of fighting it out, that the insult seemed insufferable and the vote went against him. On the whole, he had, in spite of his occasional outbursts, shown a great deal more tact than had been expected from a violent man, and it was not till several years later that the real blemish on his administration — an amazing decrease in the French war budgets while the corresponding expenditure constantly rose in Germany — was made capital of in the Monarchist press.

IV

Clemenceau was sixty-eight when he had to give up office, but he showed no trace of fatigue, and was not looked upon as an old man. On the other hand, he had become interested in better things than mere party politics, and he was not to be driven back to the semi-idle life with which he had seemed to be satisfied between 1893 and 1902. As a matter of fact, his presence was constantly felt during the years which separated him from his present return to office. He was a senator, — that is to say, not much, — but the position he held in the Senate was singularly influential, for he acted as chairman to the two most important senatorial commissions — the War Commission and the Foreign Affairs Commission. The French Chambers do little good in their public sittings, because eloquence is the enemy of action, and the French political orator has not yet shaken off the notion that eloquence is due to any assembly. But in their private commissions both Chambers are away from the baneful presence of admiring hearers, their members speak in their chairs, — which is a rare antidote against orators, — they generally handle facts coming to them through secret channels, and they have to come to practical conclusions. The consequence is that most of the effective work done by the French Parliament is prepared for it, and not infrequently forced upon it, by these commissions.

As president of two commissions dealing with the vital relations of France to her neighbors, Clemenceau commanded unique influence. It was in the nature of things that this influence should be made known only exceptionally to the public, but it did appear, and created an enormous sensation in one instance, when, in 1911, very direct cross-examination by Clemenceau elic-

ited the fact that it was not the Foreign Minister, M. de Selves, who had negotiated the deplorable cession of the French Congo to Germany, but the Prime Minister, M. Caillaux, unknown to M. de Selves and very nearly unknown to everybody. The government could not survive such a blow, but the country was deeply grateful to the man who had placed the interests of France before those of a party.

This was the position of Clemenceau when the war broke out: he had a great past behind him, possessed immense influence, and in a quiet way enjoyed considerable popularity.

It will be remembered that the declarations made to the French Chambers by President Poincaré and by Premier Viviani in August, 1914, created the unanimity of feeling known as *l'union sacrée*. The immediate outcome of this unanimity was a tacit renunciation on the part of the chambers of Parliamentary control. The transfer of the seat of government to Bordeaux, after the defeat at Charleroi, in its turn weakened the influence of the senators and deputies, and comparatively few of them would leave their constituencies or Paris. The country looked upon this interregnum of the legislative power with undoubted favor, the absence of nagging deputies leaving to the ministers the mental freedom they needed under such momentous circumstances.

Only one man objected, only one voice rose in protest. Clemenceau, in the involved style which the danger of being censored caused him thenceforth to adopt, stated in *l'Homme Libre* his reason for keeping apart from the universal chorus. The paper was suspended. Clemenceau promptly issued it again as *l'Homme Enchaîné*, and returned to the charge. It was a strange thing, this old man defending the Parliament although he scorned most of its

members, and attacking the censor, although, thinking of possible changes, he by no means wanted the censorship to be suppressed.

This went on during two years, the articles becoming sometimes bolder, sometimes more cryptic, and *l'Homme Enchaîné* being frequently suspended. In long rosy sentences, very different from the writer's former style, each Prime Minister in succession found himself weighed and declared deficient. Viviani was a ringing cymbal, Briand a drone; Ribot and his octogenarian colleagues, above all, were derided by an indefatigable scorner, who, being only seventy-six and feeling like thirty, was full of contempt for their dotage.

Behind the Cabinets loomed a more important person, who was never mentioned by name but came in for copious abuse: this was President Poincaré. Every incident supplied *l'Homme Enchaîné* with a pretext for its attacks: the sanitary service, the protection given to shirkers, the Dardanelles expedition, the Saloniki expedition, the neglect of Sarraill or of Painlevé, were inexhaustible mines of reproach.

Gradually the criticisms widened their range: the observers who followed Clemenceau's efforts to break away from the narrow space in which the censor kept journalists confined, saw him day after day take advantage of every bit of cover, until, Verdun giving him a unique point of vantage, he unmasked the royal battery and boldly called the Generalissimo a 'power of unpreparedness.' Yes, the military were as bad as the civilians; if the Germans were still at Noyon, if we had no heavy artillery, if we had enormous losses, which the War Minister would never dare to make public, it was the fault of the General Staff.

All this was said prudently and doled out in small doses, but it went home to inquiring minds and created sometimes

disquietude, sometimes irritation, sometimes both. The chief reproach was that Clemenceau gave no proofs of his strictures, probably had none, and merely obeyed his destructive tendency. This impression must have prevailed abroad as well as in France, for, in the spring of 1916, Sir Conan Doyle, having met Clemenceau in the course of a visit to the front, described him as a pugilist, a ravager, a man destitute of all constructive capacity. 'We have dangerous men in England,' the writer concluded, 'but none so dangerous as M. Clemenceau.'

A campaign which Clemenceau made to persuade the Chambers to delegate their authority to a sort of Committee of Public Salvation was put down to his old cult of revolutionary memories, or to his wish to place generals under the control of civilians. This feeling was so strong, that at the end of the Senate's Secret Committee in May, 1916, a motion inspired by him and blaming the Generalissimo was supported by only five votes. The present writer remembers waiting with curiosity for the next leader in *l'Homme Enchaîné*. It did not come the day after the vote, but it did come the day after that. Clemenceau chaffed the Senate for what he called their cowardice, said that his only object was the salvation of the country and the protection of the soldiers against deplorable influence; finally, he spoke of his indifference to success and of the joy with which he would welcome relieving death, in a tone which disarmed criticism.

V

How the same man who in May, 1916, was deserted by all except five Senators became Prime Minister in November, 1917, is not very difficult to understand, though at first it seemed to be a mystery. Between those two

dates the war began to appear unconscionably long; the cabinets of Briand, Ribot, and Painlevé fell amid universal indifference; the military authority itself — owing partly to the government withdrawing the initiative from the Generalissimo to vest it in the War Minister, who at the time happened to be a civilian — became uncertain; Lyauté, Roques, and Painlevé at the War Office, Nivelle, Pétain, and Foch at G.H.Q., succeeded one another without any apparent reason, while it leaked out, in the spring of 1917, that Sir Douglas Haig was, reasonably enough, questioning the right of a French civilian war minister to annex the allegiance given by the British army to a French generalissimo.

Meanwhile the 'Defeatist' campaign carried on under the very nose of the Minister who ought to have stopped it, M. Malvy, was growing ever more audacious, and it was probable that the end of the war would be brought about at a Socialist conference — a prospect fraught with terrible possibilities.

In such an atmosphere criticisms rather than admiration were inevitable, and it seemed natural that the nation should at last demand that authority be lodged with men who had a right to be called authorities. The safety of France appeared preferable to the keeping up of the inert *union sacrée*. All this gave an all-important rôle to the commissions mentioned above, and to their president, Clemenceau. The patriotism of the latter had never been questioned, and when by slow degrees he succeeded in persuading his colleagues and his readers that, though discontented, he was not a pessimist, nay, that he, rather than his opponents, had never flagged in his belief in final victory, he became the centre of hope.

Finally, when, leaving aside all party considerations, he showed to the Senate that M. Malvy and, behind him, M.

Caillaux were a national danger, he was suddenly seen to be the only leader France could follow.

It will always be to the credit of President Poincaré that, in spite of the deep antipathy existing between him and the man who daily did his best to make him look ridiculous, he chose Clemenceau; and it will always be to the credit of Clemenceau that he made up his mind to ignore the awkwardness of this situation and consented to work day after day with the President at his elbow. In fact, the two men seem to have acted all along in perfect harmony.

As for the rôle which Clemenceau played during the year 1918, it can be summed up in one statement: from the day he took office, in spite of the dropping off of Russia, in spite of the difficulty there was in bringing over the American troops which then became the great hope, in spite of the tremendous effort of Germany at the last, there never was any doubt in France as to the final victory. Whatever his faults or mistakes, the man who at such a time could beget such an irresistible faith must be what historians will always call a providential man.

As for M. Clemenceau's methods, they were simplicity itself. '*Je fais la guerre*,' he said. As a matter of fact he did nothing else. He got rid of Malvy, Caillaux, and their low abettors, in order to have no buffers between him and the enemy; he nullified the attacks of his political opponents, the Socialists, by splendid silences, by a wonderful capacity for making the Chamber realize that those things no longer mattered; he had the courage to discharge a few generals whom no one else had dared to remove, while he recalled Mangin, whom M. Painlevé had exiled from the army, even from Paris, largely because he showed his religious belief with too much simplicity. He did not discover Foch, because he had discov-

ered him ten years before, when he looked for the best man he could place at the head of the *École de Guerre*; but he made Foch feel that he would be supported in any emergency and anywhere, were it even in those councils of the Allies where he showed what Mr. Balfour once called 'little patience and a will-power difficult to resist.' He visited the Front, saw the men, frequently several times a week, in the trenches, and made them feel that they had 'somebody behind them.'

Meanwhile he managed to do the usual work of a war minister, that is, attend to a thousand matters; and as the present writer can testify, give his attention even to the most modest suggestions. Even his inevitable outbursts — his answer to Czernin, for instance, which the *Journal des Débats* called the diplomacy of *la casquette sur l'oreille*, or that grandiloquent London declaration which President Wilson would have turned into so much more efficient propaganda — acted, after all, as useful simplifications. Altogether he represented the civilian element in a perfection of patriotic courage which the most exacting general could hardly have dreamed of. Nobody thinks it an exaggeration to say that he won the war as much as Foch himself.

Let me add that he has disclosed, since victory relieved him of the formidable tension he was bearing, an unsuspected capacity for emotion, for admiration, and for persuasion instead of bullying logic. No speech ever gave more the impression of the swan's song than the recent address to the Chamber, in which he besought his hearers to convince themselves that peace would require even more unity than war; and the homage he paid to the memory of Gambetta, to the genius of Foch, and to the heroism of the soldiers he had seen so often and so near, was warm and generous as the homage of a boy.

VI

It would be futile to attempt anything like a judgment on Clemenceau's life as a whole just now. We are too near the great drama to measure the characters in it properly. And the *dénouement* has been too sudden and too wonderful. Clemenceau would have been the same man even if the war had come to a less glorious conclusion; but what a difference it would have made in the verdict we should have passed upon him! Statesmen and warriors are not gauged like literary men, by their thoughts or their words, but by their deeds, and action of this kind is always conditioned by something which in ordinary life is generally called luck. Clemenceau himself feels this, and it was under this impression that he said recently that, after being long treated unjustly, he is now overestimated.

Clemenceau is not to be classed among the men whose power is made of deep-rooted belief served by never-failing energy, a Lincoln, for instance. He has nothing in common either with a Venizelos, whose infallible vision takes in the whole political horizon, or with a Wilson, so studiously trying to sum up his time and country that he almost seems impersonal. He is nothing if he is not personal. He was born like that, no doubt, and what we know of his bringing up in rather narrow provincial surroundings, where political antagonism was felt acutely and would seek violent expression, helps us to realize that he could only be a man of unsuppressed passions. He always appeared as an ultra-modern individual, the direct offspring of the Revolutionists — not by any means a man who cultivated agitation for its own sake, but a daring bubbling temperament which shrank neither from an armed conspiracy, nor from the danger of imprisonment, nor from duels, and which

refrained in 1871 from being in the riot only because the riot did not answer to what he thought useful to his country. He loved freedom and what he imagined was justice; and it was not his fault if in 1871, 1877, and 1898, — at the time of the Commune, the Royalist reaction, and the Dreyfus case, — his fight for justice and freedom was made easy by the masses following him.

His passions were noble. He long made the mistake of believing that the Republic could be only the continuation of the Revolution; but his soul was not the soul of a persecutor. He was not a cynic either, though he would perversely speak like one: he pitied more than he despised, and it is striking to find on investigation that, although he attacked men all his life, he retained an extraordinary belief in man.

His overruling passion, the mainspring of all his actions, great or small, was patriotism. It is pathetic to find so often in his writings the humble expression of an almost childlike gratitude for being born a Frenchman. The lore of France and of all French traditions has been to him what a definite creed is to others. There would have been no foundation for his moral life without it; but in the degree in which he possessed this feeling or was possessed by it, he never had any hesitation about his duty. The unity of his existence comes from nothing else, and his power had no other source. Whenever he saw France at stake, and felt responsible for her safety, — after the war of 1870, at the time of the Casablanca crisis, during this war, — he stiffened prodigiously and his great resources appeared. Whatever may have been his faults, the man who could not only represent but keep together forty million other men, as he did, must have had a great soul.

As for the influence which the attitude of Clemenceau cannot but have on the future of his country, it is immeasurable, but it can be stated in a few words. Not one French minister, in the last forty years, not even Gambetta, had given us the impression that he could extricate himself from politics, that is to say, from vanity or self-seeking interest. Clemenceau did. He lifted us up from what has so admirably been called *la République des Camarades* to the level of 1792. The notion of a responsible authority was becoming so obscured that even during the war it was misunderstood as much by those who defended as by those who assailed it. It is to-day as bright and clear as a beacon, and will inevitably bring about before long a remodeling of the French Constitution according probably to the American pattern.

Finally, the indomitable resolution of Clemenceau to achieve results, to secure the reward of an effort, and never be reconciled to failure, is in utter contrast to the amateurish government of so many of his predecessors. The lesson he thus gave will not be lost. A few years ago the fashion among aspiring young statesmen was to declare themselves realists, that is to say, to boast of being intelligently selfish. But Clemenceau has brought us back to the higher plane of virile ambition. He was in the tradition of Danton, who was in the tradition of the Ancients.

We can expect to see the men of M. Tardieu's generation take up the tradition of Clemenceau, and France will be the gainer. An era of manly activity is dawning upon us, nay, has already begun; and it is not the antipathy of a hundred thousand or so violent Socialists to the development of individuals that can untimely close it.

SHIPPING AND WORLD-POLITICS

BY RAYMOND GARFIELD GETTELL

I

ONE of the most far-reaching results of the Great War on American political thought has been the weakening of our traditional belief in the isolation of the United States from world-politics. This doctrine arose in the early period of our national history, when the United States was a weak nation, attempting to maintain its neutrality in the wars of the French Revolution period. Washington's warning against permanent alliances and Jefferson's fear of entangling alliances grew out of the unhappy experiences of the new American nation with the dynastic diplomacy of that day. The Monroe Doctrine, asserting the right of American states to follow their careers without fear of intervention or domination on the part of other states, has also been traditionally associated with the idea of American isolation from European controversies. Hitherto this point of view has been almost universal, dominating our national habit of thought and our political policies.

In the minds of most persons world-politics means questions of war, peace, alliance, and diplomacy. In normal times, however, the greater part of world-politics is concerned with matters of business. The official relations of states, while spectacular and conspicuous, rest upon a far more fundamental relationship among the citizens and corporations of different states engaged in trade and commerce. The consular service is ordinarily more active and important than the diplomatic corps; the

diplomacy of states deals largely with business questions; more modern treaties deal with commercial than with political topics; and all recent wars have had a commercial background.

International trade is dependent upon transportation between states. On the continent of Europe this is mainly a question of railway or inland-water communication; but for states such as Great Britain, Japan, and the United States foreign trade is dependent upon an ocean-going merchant marine. For such states the connection between shipping and world-politics is obvious; our own tradition of isolation is to some extent a myth. Before the Revolution the American colonies carried on a more important trade with England and with the West Indies than with one another; and in the very words in which Washington framed our policy of political isolation, he suggested the desirability of increasing our international trade. The great fallacy lay in believing that this could be done. The inevitable connection between business and politics is now so obvious, that no one would expect a nation to develop its foreign trade and at the same time be able to keep out of international politics.

The development of the past century, during which the United States has expanded its boundaries, multiplied its population, developed its resources, created an industrial and urban civilization, accumulated capital for investment, and expanded its foreign trade, has so changed its situation in world-affairs that its political isolation is

no longer a fact and its neutrality in a world-war is no longer possible. Since the war with Spain, when we found ourselves a colonial and naval power, and especially during the past four years, the mind of the American people has been awakened to the fact that, whether we wish it or not, we are a world-power; that our national life is affected by conditions in remote parts of the earth; and that we are directly connected with the wide currents of international politics.

At the time when we were withdrawing into our shell of political isolation, the United States possessed a large merchant marine. The Yankee-built, wooden clipper ships, were able to compete advantageously in cost, both of construction and of operation, with the carriers of their day; and during the early period of the Napoleonic wars the United States was the most important commerce-carrier in the world. The high-water mark of this development was reached just before the Civil War.

During the latter half of the last century our merchant marine declined. Many causes contributed to this result. The substitution of iron and steel for wood, and of steam for sails, transferred to Great Britain, with her more developed manufactures and her cheaper coal, the advantages of building and operation formerly possessed by the United States. The withdrawal in 1858 of the federal subsidy came just at the time when our merchant marine needed aid in competing with foreign lines. The Civil War, shortly following, led to high taxes on shipping, to lack of traffic to carry, to blockade of the Southern ports, and to capture of Union shipping by Confederate cruisers, the most destructive of which were fitted out in the shipyards of England, our most serious maritime rival.

The neglect of the American navy for twenty years after the Civil War de-

layed the reorganization of our shipyards and the use of steel construction on a large scale. During this period Congress took little interest in shipping; did not allow vessels transferred from the American flag in the Civil War to be readmitted to American registry; did not repeal the heavy taxes on shipping until 1868; did not allow the free importation of material for constructing wooden vessels until 1872, and of steel vessels until 1890, and did not provide liberal payments to American vessels for carrying mail until 1891. After the Civil War the energy of the American people and their available capital found most profitable employment in settling the Western lands, in developing our abundant natural resources, and in opening up transportation facilities within our own boundaries. This led to a westward movement of young men away from the sea. Besides, our rapidly growing manufactures, sheltered by high tariff barriers, offered steady employment and high wages to our surplus labor and to incoming immigrants. The output of these factories found sufficient market at home. Capital invested in shipping had to earn returns in competition in the world's markets, and wages paid to seamen were affected by international standards, while the products of our capital and labor were sold in our domestic market, within which the rate of returns was considerably higher than in the European countries. It was cheaper for American merchants to pay the freight rates charged by foreign carriers than to invest their capital in an American merchant marine.

For these reasons the American ocean-going merchant marine declined. At the beginning of the war, in 1914, the value of our import and export trade amounted to three and one-half billion dollars, but only ten per cent of this trade was carried in American ves-

sels. Out of a world's tonnage of 73,000,000 dead-weight tons, the United States possessed only 2,500,000 tons of sea-going shipping, and eighty per cent of this tonnage was engaged in our coastwise and Great Lakes traffic.

The outbreak of the war was soon followed by a serious shortage of shipping. British naval superiority drove the large German merchant marine from the seas. Submarine losses to allied and neutral shipping during the war amounted to over 21,000,000 dead-weight tons. Much neutral shipping was driven from the seas by fear of submarines. Despite rapidly accelerated production of vessels, and the seizure of all available enemy shipping, the allied and neutral nations had 3,300,000 less tons in operation at the end of the war than in August, 1914. To this deficiency should be added the increase in the world's tonnage that would normally have taken place during the past four years.

This decline in the tonnage available for world-commerce came at a time when the war demands of Europe for food and munitions tremendously stimulated the export trade of the United States. The value of ships and the freight rates charged for over-seas service increased enormously. Time cargo rates in the spring of 1914 averaged about one dollar per dead-weight ton per month. For steamers on voyages to the war zone during the summer of 1917, charters were made at rates as high as twenty-one dollars per ton per month. Freight rates on cotton from Savannah to Liverpool in 1914 were about thirty-five cents per hundred pounds; in 1917 they had increased to six dollars. Ships which before the war sold at sixty to eighty dollars per ton found eager buyers at three hundred dollars per ton; and fabulous tales are told of vessels which earned their total cost in a single voyage. American ship pers, lacking a merchant marine under

the American flag, met discriminations against them in favor of the merchants of states controlling the ocean carriers, and the few vessels under the American flag were being transferred to foreign registry because of the inflated prices foreign buyers were willing to pay. Besides, our seaports were congested with goods purchased for shipment abroad, which could not secure cargo space at any price. In December, 1915, 45,000 loaded cars were tied up near New York City, grain-elevators were filled to capacity, and five times as much freight as the available vessels could take had accumulated on the piers and docks of this port alone. Similar conditions obtained in other Atlantic seaports.

Protests from American merchants flooded Congress, and the United States began to realize the precarious position in time of crisis of a great commercial nation that does not possess a merchant marine. Several bills were introduced in Congress for the purpose of alleviating the situation, and after extensive hearings before the House Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, the act creating the United States Shipping Board was passed, and approved on September 7, 1916. While one purpose of this act was to 'encourage, develop and create a naval auxiliary and naval reserve, and a merchant marine to meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States,' it was mainly a regulatory measure. The Shipping Board was expected to have power over shipping similar to that of the Interstate Commerce Commission over railways, and much of the act dealt with questions of transfer of registry, excessive or discriminatory freight rates, procedure for hearings on complaints, and similar topics.

II

A few months after the passage of this act the United States entered the

war. Unrestricted submarine warfare was destroying the world's shipping faster than it could be replaced, and the United States was faced, not merely with the difficulty of securing shipping space for the accumulation of goods awaiting shipment abroad, but also with the problem of finding facilities for transporting to Europe a large army with all its equipment and supplies. Under these conditions the construction and acquisition of vessels and their efficient operation became paramount, and the question of regulation of private shipping relatively unimportant. Both the needs of our allies and the necessities of our own war-programme compelled the Shipping Board to secure a large ocean-going fleet under governmental control as speedily as possible.

Acting under the authority of the Shipping Act, the Shipping Board, on April 16, 1917, organized, under the laws of the District of Columbia, the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, and delegated to it the execution of its construction programme. After some delay and considerable controversy over the relative advantages of wooden and steel vessels, the corporation began to give contracts for what is probably the largest construction undertaking ever attempted by a single institution.

When the United States entered the war, there were 37 shipyards building steel vessels in the United States, and 24 yards building wooden vessels. In these yards were a total of 235 ship-ways. Seventy per cent of the ways in the steel yards were being used in construction for the navy, and many of the wooden yards were unfit for modern shipbuilding purposes. In order to procure ships, it was, therefore, necessary to expand the existing yards and build new ones. One third of the early contracts for the construction of vessels contained provisions by which the Fleet

Corporation advanced funds for the expansion of existing plants. The chief increase resulted from the creation of new yards. The number of steel yards has been approximately doubled and of wooden yards trebled since the United States entered the war.

In addition, four large agency yards, with 196 ship-ways for the construction of fabricated steel vessels, were built with government funds. These yards alone, when in full operation, can produce more tonnage per year than all the yards in any country have produced in any year up to this time. Government yards for the construction of concrete vessels were also established. There are now over 200 shipyards, with more than 1000 ship-ways, in the United States. Contracts providing for more than 2000 vessels, aggregating 15,000,000 dead-weight tons, have been given to these yards, and completed vessels are being turned out in record time. The delivery of a 3500-ton vessel ready for service thirty-seven days after work was started on it is a sample of the amazing achievements of our new shipbuilding industry. Prior to the war the United States was a poor third among shipbuilding nations. It now ranks first in shipyards, ship-ways, shipyard workers, ships under construction, and ships completed during the past year.

Meanwhile the Shipping Board was given authority to take over the title or the use of American vessels or of vessels building in American shipyards. The Board was convinced by British experience that the maximum efficiency of our shipping under war-conditions could be secured only through government control. Bringing our ocean-going merchant marine under the jurisdiction of the Shipping Board would not only enable it to regulate the inflated freight rates and the excess profits accruing to the fortunate owners of vessels, but would also enable our govern-

ment to utilize our merchant fleet at its maximum efficiency for war-purposes.

The first general step was taken on August 3, 1917, when all steel vessels of 2500 dead-weight tons, or over, under construction or under order in American shipyards for private and foreign owners, were requisitioned. The second step involved the requisition of American vessels in actual service; and on October 12, 1917, a general requisition order was issued, by which all American steel power-driven cargo vessels of 2500 dead-weight tons, or over, and all American passenger vessels of 2500 tons gross register, suitable for foreign service, were taken over. Some of these vessels have since been released from requisition, and additional vessels have been taken by special order. At present there are about 450 ships aggregating 3,000,000 dead-weight tons under requisition to the Shipping Board. These vessels are in general intrusted for operation to companies by which they were formerly controlled, but under strict government regulation as to rates, cargoes, and trade-routes. All receipts have been for government account, the operators receiving the requisition rates fixed by the Shipping Board.

When the United States entered the war, there were interned in the United States and its island territories, 99 German vessels of about 650,000 dead-weight tons. A joint resolution of Congress authorized the President to take possession of all vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States, which were under enemy ownership or register. This power was conferred on the Shipping Board by executive order of June 30, 1917, and the necessary steps were taken by formal seizure to confirm possession of these vessels. A number of German and Austrian vessels, seized by other countries, were later purchased or chartered by the Shipping Board and by American citizens.

As early as September, 1917, the Shipping Board, with the aid of the State Department, was making efforts to secure the use of Dutch vessels in American ports; and in the early part of 1918, an agreement was entered into between the United States and the Netherlands by which the United States was to charter these vessels. Under threats from Germany this agreement was violated by the Netherlands, which refused to allow Dutch ships to come to the United States in return for those which went from the United States to Europe on Belgian relief-work. Accordingly, a joint ultimatum was sent by Great Britain and the United States, threatening to requisition the Dutch boats in British and American ports unless the terms of the agreement were observed. The ultimatum stipulated that the boats would be returned at the end of the war, or paid for if lost. As the Netherlands felt unable to fulfill the terms of the agreement, the President, on March 30, 1918, issued a proclamation which brought under the control of the Shipping Board 89 Dutch vessels of over 500,000 dead-weight tons.

In addition, the Shipping Board has chartered about 300 vessels of over 1,200,000 dead-weight tons from other countries, chiefly neutrals; and American citizens have chartered about an equal tonnage of foreign ships. The embargo powers of the War Trade Board were utilized in chartering vessels from the neutral countries of northern Europe, the use of their shipping being secured in return for the licensing of the export of needed supplies of food and petroleum to them. Arrangements have also been made with Japan for the purchase of 15 completed vessels of 127,000 tons and for the construction in Japanese yards of about 50 vessels of 380,000 tons. Contracts have also been let for the construction of four vessels in a Chinese shipyard.

By these various steps the Shipping Board now has under its control more than 2000 vessels, of about 10,000,000 dead-weight tonnage. If the construction programme is continued as planned, the United States will possess in 1920 a merchant marine of 25,000,000 tons. This is equivalent to one third of the world's tonnage at the outbreak of the war, and will place the United States abreast of Great Britain as an ocean carrier.

III

The problems raised by this sudden enormous increase in our merchant marine fall under two general heads. The first are internal, and include the questions involved in the relation of our own government to our shipping. The second are external, and include the problems of our position in world-commerce, and our relations with other states as customers or rivals. The connection between these two sets of problems is, of course, quite close, as the degree to which our government assumes control over, and responsibility for, our merchant marine will determine largely our official attitude to the foreign complications that may result from our competition in the world's carrying trade.

One of the most complicated questions confronting the Shipping Board has been the determination of just compensation for vessels whose possession or use has been taken over by that board. These include the American and foreign ships, requisitioned while under construction in American shipyards, the Dutch ships commandeered in American ports, and numerous ships chartered by the Shipping Board. It involves financial dealings with owners, builders, and operators, and calls for decisions ranging all the way from petty adjustments with the crews of the Dutch ships, through the realm of charter-rates and fees to operators, to

the replacement of or reparation for vessels lost through marine or submarine risk. The sums involved have been tremendous, the legal entanglements many and difficult, and in some cases, as in the arrangements over the seized Dutch ships and the Norwegian vessels requisitioned while under construction, international complications have been involved. The astonishing fact is that most of these adjustments have been completed thus far without litigation. The policy of the Shipping Board has been liberal, and a spirit of coöperation on the part of private interests facilitated satisfactory settlements. The end of the war and the process of liquidation, as the government makes its final adjustments, will be the critical period, and the proper method of fixing standards of just compensation has occupied the minds of the legal staff of the Shipping Board for some months.

Closely related to this question is the more fundamental problem of the relation of the government to the merchant marine after the war. The Shipping Act limits the life of the Emergency Fleet Corporation to five years after the declaration of peace, though the Shipping Board itself is not limited to a specified duration. Before the Emergency Fleet Corporation is dissolved, some decision as to the permanent policy of the government toward shipping must be reached. The government may retain the ownership of vessels it has built, purchased, or seized, or it may dispose of these vessels to private owners. If the government retains ownership, it may operate the vessels, or lease or charter them to private operators. If it disposes of the vessels, it must determine the prices and the terms of lease or sale. It may write off part of the high cost which the government has been compelled to pay for these vessels as a part of the expenses of the war, and sell at a low figure, so that the

new owners may be able to compete at an advantage with foreign shipowners. In case the vessels are released to private ownership or operation, the degree of regulation which the government shall exert, or of aid which it shall give, must be decided upon. As long as the demand for shipping space remains keen, some form of government control must be maintained, and it will probably be more profitable for the government to charter the ships at prevailing high rates than to dispose of them outright. Other considerations than financial are, of course, involved.

Powerful interests will make every effort to influence these decisions to their advantage, and intelligent men will differ widely in their opinions as to the wise course to pursue. The Shipping Act of 1916 plainly favors the encouragement of private operators, expecting the government to withdraw when private enterprise becomes able to meet the situation. The Shipping Board has consistently followed the policy of assigning the great majority of its vessels to private operators, paying them a fixed fee for their services. Thus it has not only turned the profits from the present high freight rates to government account, but has maintained and developed the private organizations against the time when the war emergency is ended. The broad question of government management *versus* private control will be bitterly contested, and, as applied to our merchant marine, will be conditioned somewhat by the nature of the peace-terms and the degree of world-organization accomplished. The basic fact is that we now have a large merchant marine, and that its effect on our politics and policies must be recognized and understood.

As a problem secondary to the disposal of the merchant marine stands the relation of the government to the shipyards. Established yards have been

expanded and mammoth new yards built by means of government appropriations. Large sums have also been expended by the Shipping Board in increasing housing facilities for shipyard workers and in improving passenger transportation between the shipyards and the workers' homes. Either the government must continue in the shipbuilding business, or extensive financial adjustments must be made with private builders. Previous to the war, American shipyards, paying high wages and building on a small scale vessels of many types, could not compete successfully with foreign shipyards. At present the large government yards, equipped with the most modern appliances, and building standardized fabricated vessels on a large scale, can pay high wages and still build vessels more cheaply, if necessary, than their foreign rivals. The United States will henceforth be a formidable competitor in shipbuilding as well as in ship-operating.

Important legal questions have arisen concerning the public or private status of vessels owned by the United States government, but operated by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which is not technically a part of the governmental system. The liability of the United States, as employer, for death or injury to seamen, and its responsibility in case of damage to other vessels through collision are typical cases involved. The question of state and local taxation of shipyards or other utilities built by the Fleet Corporation from government funds is a similar problem.

In carrying on the rapidly expanding functions made necessary by the war, the Shipping Board has naturally been compelled to make adjustments with other government agencies engaged in affiliated duties. Relations with the Railroad Administration over control of coastwise shipping owned by railway systems, and with the Navy Depart-

ment over the question of supplying officers and crews for the merchant marine, are examples of the difficulties encountered. In some of the conferences held to determine the restrictions to be imposed on imports to the United States, in order to save shipping space for war-needs, the State Department, the Food Administration, the Treasury Department, the War Trade Board, the War Industries Board, and the Shipping Board were deeply concerned.

IV

While these problems of the relation of our government to our merchant marine and to our shipyards present many difficulties, the effect of the sudden rise of the United States to first rank in the world's ocean-carrying trade opens up post-war international questions of tremendous possibilities, especially in our relations with Japan and with England.

Japan has, perhaps more than any of the other Allies, taken advantage of the war to further her own political and economic interests. She has resisted attempts of the War Trade Board to place restrictions on her imports to the United States, and has driven shrewd bargains with the Shipping Board for vessels purchased from Japanese yards. In particular, Japanese lines have almost monopolized the carrying trade of the Pacific. American vessels were transferred to the Atlantic because of the larger profits to be earned in the war-zone, and British vessels were withdrawn from the Canadian and Oriental routes because of the war-needs of Europe. In this situation the Japanese have extended their carrying trade at the expense of both Great Britain and the United States. Without any corresponding increase in the cost of operation, they have benefited by the enormous increase in freight rates. Their

lines have prospered and expanded, and a powerful group of new shipping millionaires has arisen in Japan.

With the return of normal conditions, the United States will unquestionably wish to utilize part of her merchant marine in trade with the Orient. The shipyards on the Pacific Coast are turning out a large tonnage, and vigorous efforts will be made in that section of the country to employ a considerable number of these vessels in trade that will develop the Western seaports. The Japanese will, no doubt, try to retain the favorable position they now occupy in the carrying trade of our Pacific Coast.

Attempts to favor our own shipping by legislation will no doubt meet diplomatic resistance and commercial retaliation, and bad feeling may result.

With Great Britain, however, the greatest after-the-war mercantile rivalry will come, unless the terms of peace provide for some form of international organization or friendly pooling of interests. Before the United States entered the war, our commerce suffered considerably because of restrictions placed upon it by Great Britain. This was the natural outcome of our position as the most important neutral maritime power, in our relation to the power that controlled the sea. The origin of the Shipping Board was, indeed, closely connected with the desire of American merchants to secure redress for discriminations and interference at the hands of Great Britain. These acts in most cases were, no doubt, necessary from her point of view, if she were to wage war successfully against German military power; although in some cases there was a suspicion that the opportunity was being taken to destroy American trade-competition as well.

During the war the coöperation between Great Britain and the United States in shipping affairs was noteworthy. The submarine menace to the

former's supply of food and raw materials, and the desire to see a large American army in France were so urgent that Great Britain welcomed the rapidly growing American merchant marine as essential to the winning of the war. British experience, knowledge, and skill were placed freely at the disposal of the United States. Joint action was taken with regard to the seizure of Dutch shipping, and agreements were made to share equally shipping that either Great Britain or the United States secured from neutrals. The Shipping Control Committee, which allocated all tonnage under the control of the Shipping Board to trade-routes and cargoes, and which handled all the cargo transport for the American armies in Europe, was a joint committee, composed of two American shipping experts and a representative of the British shipping mission. Complete harmony obtained between the American and British representatives on this board. The Allied Maritime Transport Council, in London, composed of representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States, outlined the general programme of commodity requirements, priorities, and shipping allotment for the four Allies; and here again remarkable harmony in dealing with difficult adjustments prevailed during the war.

With the return of peace, the question of shipping rivalry with Great Britain again becomes conspicuous. The United States Shipping Board is encouraging a policy of trade-expansion, is coöperating with boards of trade, and is carrying on a campaign of education intended to awaken America's interest and pride in our new position on the ocean. Efforts are being made now to establish selling agencies abroad, and to see that cargoes will be available for American ships when the war-demands come to an end. Arrangements are being made to secure bunk-

ering accommodations in various parts of the world, and our port and harbor facilities are being increased to provide for an enormous expansion of foreign commerce. American business is looking eagerly to foreign markets as an outlet for our war-stimulated manufactures.

For some time there will be a great demand for shipping space. It may therefore be necessary to continue international control and allocation of shipping; but the question of maritime adjustment with Great Britain can be postponed only at great peril. The good feeling resulting from war coöperation should be utilized before trade-rivalry creates an attitude less favorable to amicable settlement.

The question of the freedom of the seas is perhaps the most difficult topic with which the Peace Conference will have to deal, and freedom of the seas is not merely a question of naval policy. In times of peace it depends largely upon the possession of a merchant marine and the equipment for ocean trade. The control of bunkering facilities and of the price of bunker coal, the determination of port charges, and the power to fix freight and insurance rates, are far more important in normal times than naval predominance. The recent attempt of a British syndicate to purchase part of the fleet of the International Mercantile Marine Company, and the prevention of this sale by the United States Shipping Board, which agreed to take over the vessels at the price offered, is an indication of the national rivalries preparing for the day when trade competition will replace the artificial unity of common war-needs. To further private interests and to aid partisan politics, efforts are being made in both to arouse mutual suspicion and to emphasize the selfish national point of view. In this direction lie great dangers.

In all discussions of our shipping competition, it should be remembered

that most of the vessels added to the American merchant marine are of comparatively small tonnage. Few of those contracted for during the war exceeded 7500 dead-weight tons, and the greater number were of 5000 tons or less. These vessels were planned when the submarine menace made it desirable to avoid putting too many eggs into one basket. Aside from the seized German vessels and the ships purchased from the International Mercantile Marine Company, our merchant fleet is better adapted to coastwise service or trade with South America than to transoceanic competition with the larger and faster ships of our rivals. On the other hand, the construction policy of the Shipping Board has already been changed to provide for larger vessels, more able to compete successfully in world-trade.

In this competition the cost of operating American vessels will be important. Because of our prevailing high wages and high standards of living, and because of our navigation laws, the cost of operating American vessels with American crews is high. To offset this handicap, efforts will no doubt be made, on the one hand, to modify existing laws so as to reduce the cost of operation; on the other, to secure government aid to offset the higher costs. American labor, a considerable part of which will henceforth be employed on the high seas, is interested in this aspect of the situation.

The end of the war leaves the power that controls the sea politically and economically supreme. But in the process of winning the war, that control, formerly the monopoly of Great Britain, had to be shared with the United States, whose undeveloped, but potential, maritime strength was called into existence. The future of the world depends upon the way in which Great Britain and the United States use the world-dominion which sea-power gives them. If they

compete as jealous rivals, they will begin an era of international controversy as full of danger to the peace of the world as the period of territorial and dynastic rivalries now closing. If they use their combined power to secure for their selfish advantage the domination of the world, and wage economic warfare against the weaker states, their league of exploitation will go to pieces through internal disagreements and the bitter resentment of the remainder of the world. If, through loyal coöperation they use their combined power in the interests of justice and maritime freedom, they will have made the greatest possible contribution toward world-organization and lasting peace. The authority of any league of nations that may be formed will find its chief power of enforcement in time of peace in the commercial supremacy of Great Britain and the United States, and in case of war, in the naval supremacy of the same two states. Unless these states coöperate in full harmony, no real world-organization is possible.

The United States has, perforce, ceased to be an isolated neutral, and has now assumed partial responsibility for international order. In return, she has a right to demand assurance against the abuse of the power of maritime imperialism, and must see to it that she herself escapes the temptation to enter upon the career of selfish national exploitation and commercial rivalry which her new sea-power offers. Far more important for us than the redrawing of boundaries in Europe is the adjustment of our maritime relations with Great Britain. And in our internal policy, one of the chief dangers which must be guarded against is the spirit of aggressive imperialism, which our awakened national strength makes possible, and which the successful utilization of our new merchant marine will cause many to think desirable and inevitable.

THE IDEA OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. II¹

I

MANY people have said to themselves, like Jeannette in the touching old ballad, —

If I were King of France, or, still better, Pope
of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping
maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or, if kings
must show their might,
Then let those who make the quarrels be the
only men to fight.

But even Jeannette evidently realized that the idea of making the fate of a tribe or a nation depend upon the fortunes of one or two selected champions was but a pious aspiration, which not even the King of France or the Pope of Rome could translate into practical politics.

There is one theory, indeed, which, if we accept its initial postulate, would make limited warfare logical. If battle be regarded as the trial of a cause before the judgment-seat of God, there is no sound reason for pouring huge armies into it. It is manifest that God can deliver his verdict in the result of a duel of one against one, quite as well as in the result of a war between whole nations in arms. On this theory, war would be an extension to politics of the

'wager of battle' between individuals — a method of obtaining a supernatural ruling, indistinguishable in principle from the drawing of lots or tossing of a coin. But although men have always talked, and still talk, of 'appealing to the God of Battles,' they have never shown any disposition to accept, save at the last gasp, a judgment which ran counter to their passions or their cupidities. Whatever may have been their professions, their practical belief has always been that 'God is on the side of the big battalions,' or, in other words, that war is a part of the natural order of things, the immeasurable network of cause and effect, and no more subject to special interventions of Providence than commerce, or navigation, or any other form of human activity. Nor is there any reason to suppose that they will ever believe otherwise. If it be difficult to conceive them, in their disputes, abiding by the awards of impartial reason, it is a hundred times more difficult to conceive them accepting the wholly unreasonable awards of artificially and arbitrarily restricted violence.

These truths are so obvious that it may seem idle to insist upon them. Nobody, it may be said, proposes that Paris and Berlin should in future settle

¹ A small group of qualified Englishmen have long been working toward Universal Peace from an angle of their own. Forming the League of Free Nations Association, they have divided the principal problems among experts, for extended study, appraisal, and suggestions for solution. These inquiries, eventually to be published in book form, will, in the Atlantic's belief, form a highly important treatise on World Peace; but in the meantime, the group has united in the compilation of the following article, which may well serve as an introduction to all attempts at a League of Nations. The composite authorship of the paper is especially interesting, the names of the collaborators being, —

H. G. WELLS, *Chairman*

VISCOUNT GREY
GILBERT MURRAY
J. A. SPENDER
A. E. ZIMMERN

H. WICKHAM STEED
LIONEL CURTIS
WILLIAM ARCHER, *Secretary*
VISCOUNT BRYCE, *Consultant*

their disputes, like Rome and Alba Longa, by selecting three champions apiece and setting them to cut each others' throats. In this crude and elementary form, indeed, the proposal does not appear; but disguised applications of the same principle are constantly commended in the writings of those who, holding war to be eternally inevitable, seek refuge from sheer despair in the belief that it is possible to subject it to rule and limit, and say to it, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' They cannot or will not see that any conventional limitation is foreign to its very essence. It is perfectly possible, and consonant with human nature that nations should agree not to appeal to force, and should hold to that agreement even when one or the other believes itself to have suffered injustice. But it is utterly impossible and inconsistent with human nature that, having appealed to force, they should agree to exercise it only within limits, and accept impoverishment, humiliation, servitude, — in a word, defeat, — rather than transgress the stipulated boundaries.

It may be objected that codes of law have in fact been devised for the partial humanization of war, and that not until the present time has any civilized belligerent made a practice of disregarding them. But these so-called laws of war have always been conventions of mutual advantage — rules which all parties held it to be, on the whole, to their own interest to observe. The German War-Book quite frankly places the chief sanction of such trammels upon military action, not in humanity, but in the fear of reprisals. We do not deny that man is an emotional being, and even in the midst of his fiercest fighting there are horrors from which the decent man, and even the decent multitude, instinctively recoils. Decent men do not, as a rule, want to hurt their wounded prisoners, they rather like to pet them;

and they regard people who do otherwise as blackguards. And no doubt it is largely these emotional mercies and generousities which have brought about those rules of chivalry or scruples of religion which form the supposed 'redeeming features' of war. But the necessities of war completely override all such weaknesses as soon as they begin to endanger actual military interests. And the logic of war tolerates them only as cheap concessions to a foolish popular psychology. It must be remembered that undisguised atrocities on a stupendous scale — such, for instance, as the massacre in cold blood of whole regiments of helpless prisoners — would be too strong for the stomach of even the most brutalized people, and would tend to bring war into discredit with all but its monomaniac votaries. If we look closely enough, we shall find that all Geneva Conventions and such palliative ordinances, though excellent in intention and good in their immediate effects, make *ultimately for the persistence of war as an institution*. They are sops to humanity, devices for rendering war barely tolerable to civilized mankind, and so staving off the inevitable rebellion against its abominations.

II

Criticisms of the project of a League of Nations have consisted hitherto very largely of the statement of difficulties and impediments, rather than of reasons for rejection of the project. All such criticisms are helpful in so far as they enable us to map out the task before us, but none are adequate as conclusive objections. Few of the advocates of an organized world-peace fail to recognize the magnitude of the task to which they invite men to set themselves. But their main contention is that there is really no alternative to the attempt but resignation to long years

of human suffering and disaster, and therefore that, however difficult the enterprise may be, it has to be faced. The recital of the difficulties is, they say, a stimulus to thought and exertion rather than a deterrent.

And there are certain objections to the undertaking as such that must be taken up and dealt with in a preliminary discussion.

There is, first, an objection which it will be convenient to speak of as the 'Biological Objection.' It is stated in various forms, and it peeps out and manifests itself in the expressed thoughts and activities of quite a number of people who do not seem to have formulated it completely. But what many of these objectors think and what still more feel, may be expressed in some such phraseology as this:—

Life is conflict and is begotten of conflict. All the good qualities of life are the result of the tragic necessities of survival. Life, stripped down to its fundamental fact, is the vehement urgency of individuals or groups of individuals to survive, and to reproduce and multiply their kind. The pressure of individual upon individual and of species upon species sharpens the face of life and is the continuing impetus and interest in life. The conception of life without war is a conception, therefore, not simply utopian but millennial. It is a proposal that every kind and sort and type of humanity should expand and increase without limit in a small world of restricted resources. It is, in fact, absurd. It is an impossible attempt to arrest and stereotype a transient phase of human life. It is inviting paralysis as a cure for epilepsy. It is a dream of fatigued minds. Terrible as the scope and nature of human warfare have become, it has to be faced. The more destructive it is, the more rapid the hardening and evolution of the species. Life and history move cycli-

cally from phase to phase, and perhaps such an apparent retrogression as we mean when we talk of the breakdown of civilization, may be only part of a great rhythm in the development of the species. Let us gather together with our own kind, and discipline and harden ourselves, in a heroic resolve to survive in the unavoidable centuries of harsh conflict ahead of us.

Now, here is a system of objection not lightly to be brushed aside. True, the element of mutual conflict in life is often grossly overstated and the element of mutual help suppressed. But, although overstated, there are valid criticisms here of any merely negative league of nations project, any mere proposal to end war without replacing it by some other collective process. There do seem to be some advocates of the league whose advocacy is little more than a cry of terror at the disappearance of established wealth, the loss of wasted leisure, and the crumbling of accepted dignities. Those who have faith in the possibility of a world-league are bound—just as the Socialist is bound—to produce some assurances of a control over the blind pressure of population, that may otherwise swamp the world with prolific low-grade races. They are bound to show that their schemes are compatible with a series of progressive readjustments, and not an attempt to restore and stereotype the boundaries, the futile institutions, and the manifest injustices of the world of 1914, with only armaments abolished. They are bound to show that exceptional ability and energy will have, not merely scope, but fuller scope for expression, achievement, and perpetuation, in the new world to which they point us, than in the old. In the years to come, as in the whole past history of life, individual must compete against individual, type against type.

But having made these admissions,

we may then go on to point out two fundamental misconceptions which entirely vitiate the biological argument as an argument for the continuation of war as a method of human selection. It is falsely assumed, first, that modern war is a discriminatory process, selecting certain types as against certain other types; whereas it is largely a catastrophic and indiscriminate process; and secondly, that belligerent states are in the nature of biological units, super-individuals, which either triumph or are destroyed; whereas they are systems of political entanglement of the most fluid, confused, and transitory description. They neither reproduce their kind nor die; they change indefinitely; the children of the defeated state of to-day may become the dominant citizens of its victorious competitor in a generation or so. They do not even embody traditions or ideas: France, which went into the Revolutionary wars at the end of the eighteenth century to establish the republican idea throughout Europe, emerged as an empire; and the defeat of the Russian by the German imperialism led to Lenin's 'dictatorship of the proletariat.'

The essence of success in the biological struggle for existence is preferential reproduction; whereas the modern war-process takes all the sturdier males to kill and be killed haphazard, while it sends all the more intelligent and energetic girls into munition factories, substitute work, and suchlike sterilizing occupations. If it prefers any type for prosperity and multiplication, it is the alert shirker, the able tax-dodger, and the war profiteer; if it breeds anything, it breeds parasites. The vital statistics of Germany, which is certainly the most perfect as a belligerent of all the belligerent states engaged, show already tremendous biological injuries. Germany in the first four years of the war had lost by the fall in her birth-rate alone

nearly 2,600,000 lives, approximately 40,000 per million of the population; Hungary, in the same period, lost 1,500,000 (about 70,000 per million), the United Kingdom 500,000 (or about 10,000 per million). Add to this loss of lives the under-nutrition of the millions that were born and their impoverished upbringing. These things strike at the victors as well as at the vanquished. They are entirely indiscriminate as among good types and bad, while on the whole the battlefield destroys rather the good than the 'unfit for service,' who remain at home to breed.

The whole process which, on a vaster scale, has brought Europe to its present plight may be seen in miniature among the tribes of the Indian frontier. Go up the Khyber Pass and stand on the ridge above Ali Masjid. In front lies a desolate valley, flanked by barren mountains under a blistering sun. On the slopes to right and left, at intervals of about a thousand yards, are oblong inclosures each with brown walls and a little loop-holed tower at one corner. These inclosures are the villages of the Pathan tribes which inhabit the valley, and in the towers are men with rifles, waiting their chance to shoot man or boy who may rashly expose himself outside a neighboring village. For all or nearly all of them are at feud with each other, and though the causes of their warfare are forgotten, it is a point of honor and pride with them never to become reconciled. There have been, roughly, three stages in the history of these feuds. In the first, men fought with knives, daggers, and other primitive weapons, and the result may have been, as a German would argue, 'biologically good.' The fittest survived, the population was kept from increasing beyond the number which an inhospitable soil would support, the arts of peace, such as they were, could be pursued without serious interruption.

The second stage was reached when the flint-lock rifle came on the scene and took the place of knife and dagger. With this the vendetta necessarily became more of a national industry; but the weapon was short of range and irregular in its killing power, and there was still a fair chance of survival, and a certain presumption that the better or more skillful man would escape. But before the end of the nineteenth century the village marksmen had possessed themselves of the Martini-Henry and other long-range, high-velocity rifles, brought from Europe by the gun-runners of the Persian Gulf. At this, the third stage, the biological merits of village warfare manifestly began to disappear. The village marksman in his mud-tower now makes the whole valley his zone of fire. Cultivation becomes impossible in the no-man's land between village and village; only behind the cover of the village wall can men sow or plough or reap, tether their cattle, or graze their sheep. Every village must be provided with a communication-trench, so that its inhabitants may pass under cover to the sanctuary — guaranteed twice in the week — of the government-protected road which runs down the centre of the valley. The question now is, not whether the vendetta is biologically good, but whether the tribes can at all survive under it; and weary officials, at a loss to solve the vexed problem which they offer to the government of India, have been heard to suggest that, if a few machine-guns could be conveyed to the village marksmen and installed in the mud-towers, there would soon be no frontier problem at all.

The question which the civilized world has now to consider is, whether it can survive, or its life be more tolerable than that of these tribesmen under a vendetta of high explosives.

So that when the biological critic

says, 'Life is conflict,' we reply, without traversing his premises, that war has ceased to be conflict and has become indiscriminate catastrophe, and that the selective processes that enlarge and enrich life can go on far more freely and effectively in a world from which this blundering, disastrous, non-selective, and even possibly dysgenic form of wastage is banished. But we have to bear in mind that this reply puts upon those who are preparing schemes for a League of Nations the onus of providing for progress, competition, and liberty under the restraints of such a scheme.

III

It may be worth while to take up and consider here a group of facts that are sometimes appealed to as a justification of war. It is alleged that there has been an extraordinarily rapid development of mechanical, chemical, and medical science since 1914, and a vast and valuable accumulation of experience in social and industrial organization. There has been great mental stimulation everywhere; people have been forced out of grooves and idle and dull ways of living into energetic exertion; there has been, in particular, a great release and invigoration of feminine spirit and effort. The barriers set up by the monopolization of land and material by private owners for selfish ends have been broken down in many cases.

There can be no denying the substantial truth in these allegations. Indisputably there has been such a release and stimulation. But this is a question of proportion between benefits and losses. And all this stir, we argue, has been bought at too great a cost. It is like accelerating the speed of a ship by burning its cargo and timbers as fuel. At best, it is the feverish and wasteful reaping of a long accumulated harvest.

We must remember that a process may be evil as a whole, while in part it is beneficial. It would be stupid to deny that for countless minds the Great War has provided an enlightening excitement that could have been provided in no other way. To deny that, would be to assert the absolute aimlessness and incoherence of being. But while this harvest of beneficial by-products of the war is undeniable, there is no evidence of any fresh sowing, or, if the process of belligerence and warlike preparation is to continue, of any possibility of an adequate fresh sowing of further achievements. The root from which all the shining triumphs of technical and social science spring, we must remember, is the quiet and steadfast pursuit of pure science and philosophy and literature by those best endowed for these employments. And if the greedy expansion of the war-process is to continue, — and we have shown that without an organized world-peace it must continue, — there is nothing to reassure us of the continuance of that supply of free and vigorous educated intelligence, in which alone that root can flourish. On the contrary, it is one of the most obvious and most alarming aspects of the war-process that university education has practically ceased in Europe; Europe is now producing only schoolboys, and the very schools are understaffed and depleted. The laboratories of the English public schools are no longer making the scientific men of the future, they are making munitions. It is all very well for the scientific man of fifty to say that at last he has got his opportunity; but that is only a momentary triumph for science. Where now is the great scientific man for the year 1930? Smashed to pieces in an aeroplane, acting as a stretcher-bearer, or digging a trench. And what, unless we can secure the peace of the world, will become of the

potential scientific men of 1950? Suppose it to be possible to carry on this present top-heavy militarist system for so long a period as that, what will have happened then to our potential Faradays, Newtons, and Darwins? They will be, at best, half educated; they will be highly trained soldiers, robbed of their intellectual inheritance and incapable of rendering their gifts to the world. The progress of knowledge will be slowing down toward stagnation.

IV

A considerable amount of opposition to the League of Nations movement may be classified under the heading of *Objections from precedent and prepossession*. The mind is already occupied by the idea of attachment to some political system which stands in the way of a world-league. These objections vary very much in intellectual quality. Nevertheless, even the most unintelligent demand some attention, because numerically these antagonists form considerable masses. Collectively, in their unorganized way, they produce a general discouragement and hostility far more formidable than any soundly reasoned case against an organized world-peace.

The objection from prepossession is necessarily protean; it takes various forms because men's prepossessions are various; but 'There never has been a League of Nations, and there never will be,' may be regarded as the underlying idea of most of these forms. And the objector relapses upon his prepossession as the only possible thing. A few years ago people were saying, 'Men have never succeeded in flying, and they never will.' And we are told, particularly by people who have obviously never given human nature ten minutes thought in their lives, that world-unity is 'against human nature.' To substantiate these sweeping nega-

tives, the objector will adduce a heterogeneous collection of instances to show the confusions and contradictions of the human will, and a thousand cases of successful mass-coöperations will be ignored; we are moved to doubt at last whether human beings did ever suppress piracy, develop a railway system, or teach a whole population to read and write. If the individual objector is carefully examined, it will be found at times that he is under the sway of some narrow and intense mental inhibition, based on personal habits or experiences. Some of these inhibitions, if they are traced to their source, will be found to be even absurdly narrow. The objector dislikes the idea of a World-League of Nations because it is 'international,' or, worse, 'cosmopolitan,' and he has got into the habit of associating these words with shady finance or anarchist outrages or the white-slave traffic. Or he has had uncomfortable experiences in hotels abroad, or he has suffered in his business from foreign competition. Many of the objections that phrase themselves in some such formulas as 'People will never stand it,' or 'You do not understand the intensity of feeling,' are indeed rather cases for Jung and Freud than for serious dialectics. But from such levels of unreasoned hostility we can ascend to much more reasoned and acceptable forms of prepossession, which must be met with a greater respect.

Most human beings are 'patriotic.' They have a pride, quite passionate in quality, in the race or nation to which they belong; an affection identical in nature with, and sometimes as intense as, that which they feel for family and home, for a certain atmosphere of thought and behavior, for a certain familiar landscape and atmosphere, for certain qualities none the less real because they are often exquisitely inde-

finable. And they are jealous for this 'national' quality of theirs — at times almost as men are jealous for their wives. Now, how far does this group of feelings stand in the way of a League of Nations project? A number of vigorous speakers and writers do certainly play upon this jealousy. They point out that the League of Nations project, as it develops, involves controls, not merely of military, but of economic concerns — controls by councils or committees upon which every country will see a majority of 'foreigners,' and they exaggerate and intensify to the utmost the suggestion of unlimited interference on the part of these same 'foreigners,' with the most intimate and sacred things.

One eloquent writer, for example (Mr. Belloc), declares that the League of Nations would place us all 'at the mercy of a world-police'; and another (Mr. I. D. Colvin) declares that the council of a League of Nations would 'own' all our property as the British now 'own' the empire; an unfortunate parallel, if we consider the amount of ownership exercised by the British Government over the life and affairs of a New Zealander or a Hindu.

Perhaps the most effective answer to this sort of thing is to be found in current instances. One might imagine from these critics that at present every government in the world was a national government; but in spite of such instances as Sweden and France, national governments are the exception rather than the rule. There are very few nationalities in the world now which are embodied in a sovereign government. There is no sovereign state of England, for example. The English, the Scotch, and the Welsh, all strongly marked and contrasted nationalities, live in an atmosphere of mutual criticism and cordial coöperation. Consider again the numerous nations in the

British Empire, which act in unison through the Imperial Government, imperfect and unrepresentative as it is; consider the dissolving nationalities in the American melting-pot; consider the Prussians and Saxons in the German Empire. What is there in common between an Australian native, a London freethinker, a Bengali villager, a Uganda gentleman, a Rand negro, an Egyptian merchant, and a Singapore Chinaman, that they should all be capable of living as they do under one rule and one peace, and with a common collective policy, and yet be incapable of a slightly larger coöperation with a Frenchman, a New Englander, or a Russian? The Welshman is perhaps the best instance of all, to show how completely participation in a great political synthesis is compatible with intense national peculiarity and self-respect.

But if one looks closely into the objections of these 'anti-foreign' alarmists, it will usually become clear that the real prejudice is not a genuine patriotism at all; the objection is not to interference with the realities of national life, but to interference with national aggression and competition, which is quite a different thing. The 'British' ultra-patriot, who begins by warning us against the impossibility of having 'foreigners' interfering in our national life, is presently warning us against the interference of 'foreigners' with 'our' empire or 'our' predominant over-seas trade.

It is curious to see in how many instances certain conventional ideas, never properly analyzed, dominate the minds of the critics of the League of Nations project. Many publicists, it becomes evident, think of international relations in terms of 'Powers,' mysterious entities of a value entirely romantic and diplomatic. International politics are for them only thinkable as a competition of those powers; they see the

lives of states as primarily systems of conflict. A 'power' to them means the sort of thing which was brought to perfection in Europe in the eighteenth century, in the courts of Versailles, Potsdam, St. Petersburg, and at St. James's, and it means nothing else in the world to them. It is, in fact, a conspiracy against other and competing powers, centring round an aggressive Foreign Office, and availing itself of nationalist prejudice rather than of national self-respect. Patriotism is, indeed, not something that the power represents; it is something upon which the power trades. To this power idea the political life of the last two centuries has schooled many otherwise highly intelligent men, and by it their minds are now invincibly circumscribed and fixed. They can disregard the fact that the great majority of men in the world live out of relation to any such government with astonishing ease. The United States, Canada, China, India, Australia, South America, for example, show us masses of mankind whose affairs are not incorporated in any 'power,' as the word is understood in diplomatic jargon; and quite recently the people of Russia have violently broken away from such an idea of the state, and show small disposition to revert to it. These objectors are in fact thinking still in terms of the seventeenth and eighteenth century in Europe — a very special phase in history. But the fixity of their minds upon this old and almost entirely European idea of international politics as an affair of competitive foreign offices has its value for those who are convinced of the need of a new order of human relationships, because it opens up so clearly the incompatibility with the pressing needs of the present time of the European conceptions of a foreign office and of diplomacy as a secretive chaffering for advantages.

Upon this point we cannot be too clear: it is not nationality that is threatened by the League of Nations, it is this 'power' obsession, which used national feeling in an entirely Machiavellian spirit. And this power idea carries with it much more mischief than the threat of sudden war and the attendant necessities of armament. It is about the nuclei of these European power systems that the current conceptions of economic warfare and territorial exploitation have grown. It is to them that we owe the conception of peace as a phase of military preparation during which there is a systematic attempt to put rivals at an economic disadvantage. And it will be clear that an abandonment of the idea of the world as a conflict of powers involves, not merely the abandonment of ideas essentially militarist, but also the abandonment of the idea of the world as a conflict of economic systems.

So, as we penetrate these common prepossessions of an age which is now drawing to a close, the positive as compared with the negative side of the League of Nations proposal opens out. Behind the primarily negative project of 'no war upon earth,' appears as a necessary corollary a new economic phase in history, in which there will be a collective regard for the common weal of mankind. The examination and elaboration of the possibilities of economic world-control, already immensely foreshadowed by the gigantic 'poolings' that have been forced upon the powers allied against Germany, is one of the most rapidly expanding chapters in the study of the League of Nations project.

V

Another considerable body of criticism hostile to the League of Nations proposal is grouped about certain moral

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facts. Before concluding these introductory remarks, it is advisable to discuss this, not merely in order to answer so much of it as amounts to an argument against the world-league project, but also because it opens out before us the real scope of the League of Nations proposal. There seems to be a disposition in certain quarters to underestimate the scale upon which a League of Nations project can be planned. It is dealt with as if it were a little legal scheme detached from the main body of human life. It seems to be assumed that some little group of 'jurists,' sitting together in a permanent conference at The Hague or in New York, will be able to divert the whole process of humanity into new channels, to overcome the massive, multitudinous, and tremendous forces that make for armed conflict and warfare among men, and to inaugurate a new era of peace throughout the world.

The change we contemplate here is not to be so easily achieved. It is a project of world-politics, and there is no modest way of treating such a project. It would be better left alone than treated timidly. It is a change in which nations and political and educational systems are the counters, and about which we must think, if we are to think effectively, in terms of the wealth of nations and millions of men. It is a proposal to change the life and mentality of everyone on earth.

Now the thought of those who direct their attention to the moral probabilities of a world-peace turns largely upon the idea of 'loyalty.' They apprehend man as a creature of intense, essential egotism, who has to be taught and trained very painfully and laboriously to unselfishness, and the substitution of great and noble ends for base and narrow ones. They argue that he was in his origins a not very social creature who has been forced by his

own inventions into a larger circle of intercourse. He had learned his first unselfishness from his mother in the family group; he had been tamed into devotion by the tribe and his tribal religion; the greater dangers of a solitary life had enforced these subjugations upon him. But he still relapses very readily into base self-seeking. His loyalty to his nation may easily become a mere extension of his personal vanity; his religious faith a cloak for hatred of and base behavior toward unbelievers. In times of peace and security, the great forms in which he lives do so tend to degenerate. And the great justification of war from this point of view is that it creates a phase of national life in which a certain community of sacrifice to a common end, a certain common faithfulness and helpfulness, is exacted as a matter of course from every citizen. Men are called upon to die, and all are called upon to give help and suffer privations. War gives reality to loyalty. It is the fire that makes fine the clay of solidarity. The war-phase has been hitherto a binding and confirming phase in the life of communities, while peace has been a releasing and relaxing phase. And if we are to contemplate a state of the world in which there is to be no warfare, we must be prepared also, these critics argue, for a process of moral disintegration.

The late Professor William James found enough validity in this line of thought to discuss it very seriously. In his essay on 'The Moral Equivalent of War' he deals very illuminatingly with this question. He agrees that to relieve the consciousness of ordinary men from the probability of war, without substituting any other incentive to devotion, may be a very grave social loss. His own suggestion for giving every citizen a sense of obligation and ownership in the commonwealth, for weaving the ideas of loyalty and serv-

ice, that is, into every life, is to substitute the collective war of mankind against ignorance, confusion, and natural hardships, for the war between man and man; to teach this, not only theoretically, but by the very practical expedient of insisting upon a period of compulsory state service for every citizen, male or female. He proposes to solve at the same time this moral problem and an equally grave social problem, by making the unskilled or semi-skilled part of the labor in the (nationalized) mines, in the (nationalized) fisheries, in hospitals, in many types of factory, and so forth, a public service. Personal freedom, he insists, has invariably been bought, and must always be bought, by responsible participation in the toils and cares of that system of law and service which constitutes the framework of human liberty.

It would be idle to deny the substantial truth in this type of criticism of peace. To recognize it is to sweep out of one's mind all dreams of a world-peace contrived by a few jurists and influential people in some odd corner of the world's administrative bureaus. Permanent world-peace must necessarily be a great process and state of affairs, greater, indeed, than any war-process, because it must anticipate, comprehend, and prevent any war-process, and demand the understanding, the willing and conscious participation of the great majority of human beings. We, who look to it as a possible thing, are bound not to blind ourselves to, or conceal from others, the gigantic and laborious system of labors, the immense tangle of coöperations, which its establishment involves. If political institutions or social methods stand in the way of this great good for mankind, it is fatuous to dream of compromises with them. A world-peace organization cannot evade universal relationships.

It is clear that, if a world-league is to

be living and enduring, the idea of it and the need and righteousness of its service must be taught by every educational system in the world. It must either be served by, or be in conflict with, every religious organization; it must come into the life of everyone, not to release men and women from loyalty, but to demand it for itself.

The answer to this criticism that the world-peace will release men from service, is, therefore, that the world-peace is itself a service. It calls, not as war

does, for the deaths, but for that greater gift, the lives, of men. The League of Nations cannot be a little thing; it is either to be a great thing in the world, an overriding idea of a greater state, or nothing. Every state aims ultimately at the production of a sort of man, and it is an idle and a wasteful diplomacy, a pandering to timidities and shams, to pretend that the World-League of Nations is not ultimately a state aiming at that ennobled individual whose city is the world.

DEMOBILIZATION IN ENGLAND

BY W. P. CROZIER

I

In England, as will be found elsewhere, demobilization is a much more complex matter than appears at first sight. The fighting is over: why should not the millions of mobilized men be distributed again among the industries which are thirsting to absorb them?

There are two obstacles to a general and immediate release of large numbers of men. General demobilization cannot begin until peace is secure; and although we know in fact that Germany has been, by the terms of the armistice, rendered powerless to renew the war, it is only common prudence to postpone the beginning of general disbandment until at least the peace preliminaries have been signed. The peace preliminaries are an outline of the terms of peace which, signed by the belligerents, have binding force, but which require to be filled out in detail by the final

treaty; and the settlement of the details may take many weary months.

A second difficulty is the state of the industries to which the demobilized men will return. The industries need men, it is true, but at present they lack the raw material with which to furnish employment for the men. In cotton spinning and weaving there are now 150,000 fewer men and women employed than when the war began; in the building trades 350,000 fewer men; in paper-making 100,000; and so on in many other industries. Before these numbers can be reemployed, the necessary raw materials for their work must be imported, and that is a question of the tonnage-supply. At the moment, therefore, the great need, from the point of view of industry and reemployment, is, not to disband the army as rapidly as possible, but to collect all the available shipping in order to restock the country with sufficient raw materials.

Thus the interval between the signing of the armistice and the settlement of peace presents an opportunity. Demobilization proper, which means the transport, not only of great numbers of men, but of vast masses of military stores, will itself make a heavy demand on British shipping. At present the transport of men and munitions to the front from England is comparatively small, and shipping can be spared for importation. Shortly, when a large supply of materials has begun to flow into the country and when peace is actually between our hands, it will be possible to release by rapid process between three and four million men from the navy, the army, and the air-force.

But that is only one, though much the largest, part of the demobilization problem. There are also the war-workers. In the munitions industries it is estimated that, while the great bulk of the workers will remain and carry on the normal peace occupations of the trade, not less than a million (mostly women) will have to search for employment in some other field. That is the main problem on the civil side. There is another which demobilization brings with it — the future of the 'war-substitutes,' again mostly women, large numbers of whom will certainly be displaced by the returning men. Over a million and a half women have entered industry and commerce during the war. Such, broadly, is the problem.

General demobilization is postponed; within narrow and restricted limits the process has already begun. Both now and in the future the guiding principle is to be the needs of industry. There will be no demobilization by military units; that method would only flood the country with unemployed. Individuals, not units, will be released, according as industry can absorb them, and there are jobs waiting for them to

take up. The men who are now being brought back are of three classes.

First, the miners. They are needed, like the ships bringing in the raw materials, to lay the foundations for a great expansion of industry, and they are needed at once. A hundred thousand are to be released forthwith. We hear little of the immediate release of railwaymen, but it seems certain that the influx of raw materials and the increased production of coal will demand the early return of numbers of men to enlarge our transport facilities; even the slowing down in the dispatch of military supplies to the front will scarcely supply the necessary means. The second class to be released are the 'demobilizers,' those who are required to work the machinery of demobilization. These include the officials of the labor exchanges, upon whom the success of the whole process will largely depend, and additional personnel to carry out the transporting of so many troops in a short time by sea and land. Thirdly, the 'pivotal' men. These are they on whose employment turns the employment of much larger numbers than their own. The number of them to be returned at once is put at 150,000.

For every man in all three classes a job is waiting. On their speedy return and the work that they will do, together with the provision of adequate raw materials, depends the possibility of a rapid and successful general demobilization of the forces.

II

The machinery for demobilization has been carefully thought out. The Ministry of Reconstruction — a thinking but not an executive department — has worked out the plans, in conjunction with the Ministry of Labor and the War Office. It is believed that sixty per cent of the forces have work of some

kind awaiting them, and the problem is to bring the man to his job as smoothly and quickly as possible.

We start, then, with the man. He receives a form on which he will give particulars as to himself — his previous employment, whether married or single, and especially whether he has received from his employer an undertaking to receive him back. This form will be sent to the Labor Exchange in the area in which the man normally resides, and it will be the business of the Labor Exchange to verify his statement. Employers, on their side, are being asked to fill up cards asking for the return of those men whom they need, so that the card of the employer ought to meet the soldier's form at the Labor Exchange. When the employer has not sent in the card, the Labor Exchange will inquire of him whether he proposes to take back the man whose form it has received. In either case, whether the employer assents after inquiry or has already sent in his card, the Labor Exchange tears off a 'slip' from the foot of the man's form and returns it to his commanding officer. In this way the 'slip men' are constituted, — those for whom work is waiting, — and preference will be given to them in order of release. But they will not all stand on an equal footing. The Government has divided the trades and industries of the country into forty-two groups, and these it has arranged in a 'Priority List' according to their importance to the nation, the state of the supply of raw materials in each, and so forth. It thus refines the principle of the needs of industry: the reservoir of 'slip men' will be drawn on according to the needs of those industries which are, at the moment, the most essential to the country and the most capable of expansion.

Again, within the groups on the 'Priority List' there are certain qualifications in the choice of men. Prefer-

ence will be given to married men, to men with a record of long service in the field and to those long-service men — alas! there can be but few of them left — who entered the army before the war. As for the forty per cent of the army who apparently will be 'non-slip' men, without work waiting for them, they too will be demobilized in their turn according to the importance of their previous trade or occupation on the Priority List.

There is, naturally, no little discontent among some sections in the army with this machinery. Married men with families and men who have been on active service for the greater part of the war are inevitably aggrieved that others with no such title to consideration should be released before them. They will receive the sympathy of all humane men, but there can be no doubt that the British Government has chosen aright in subordinating other considerations to the smooth and ordered reabsorption of the army into industry.

There is a natural disquietude among some of the men abroad as to whether the army at home, being on the spot, will have an unfair advantage in securing the employment that is open. It has therefore been arranged that, so far as possible, the home and foreign armies shall be demobilized in equal proportions. The sick, wounded, and prisoners of war will be released without any reservation, as soon as they have been sent back to England or are fit for return to work. It will not, of course, be possible to send home, at any rate in the early stages of demobilization, the whole of any units abroad. As the process goes on, involving, as it will, the removal of immense quantities of military supplies, a certain number of troops will be required as guards and supervisors, and units will therefore be reduced to cadres which it is expected

will number about a third of the strength. These cadres will in their turn be brought home gradually, as circumstances may permit.

The navy, again, stands on a special footing. Its demobilization depends on the certainty and security of the peace settlement, and all that is decided at the moment is that demobilization, when it begins, will keep in view the necessity of reëstablishing the mercantile marine and fishing industry. Whatever be the general character of the peace settlement, however, it ought obviously to be possible to release without delay a large number of the men who have been engaged in the immense fleet, numbering from three to four thousand ships of all kinds, which has constituted the anti-submarine service.

The machinery for the return of the soldiers from their stations abroad to their places of residence or work at home has been drawn out in great detail; and in order that there may be no hitch in the organization, complete rehearsals have been held at various stages in the process. Concentration camps will be set up at various points behind the front. These camps will serve certain fixed dispersal areas at home, of which there are twelve, containing eighteen dispersal stations. In giving the soldier information as to what, exactly, will happen to him on demobilization the Ministry of Reconstruction addresses him in these terms:

'For instance, if your home is in Bradford, you will be sent from your unit to the concentration camp for the West Riding of Yorkshire, where you will meet other men from other units, all of whom are going to the West Riding. From that concentration camp [or collecting place in the case of units serving at home] there will be mapped out a particular route by which parties will travel direct to the dispersal stations in their particular area at home.'

Every soldier will receive a dispersal certificate, informing him what he has to do, together with a list of the arms and equipment which he has to carry. Arrived at the dispersal station, he will hand in his arms and equipment, which must correspond with the list, and he will then receive certain documents and be sent on twenty-eight days' furlough. The documents include a railway warrant to his home, a protection certificate to show that he is a properly demobilized man, a gratuity based on the length of his service (for a private who has served over-seas five pounds for the first year and ten shillings for each additional month), a ration-book, and a so-called 'donation policy,' which comes into force in case of unemployment.

To the gratuities there are three classes of exceptions. No conscientious objector will receive them; no man who has been discharged within six months as medically unfit for service; and no man who has been released for civil work for the time that he has been engaged on such work at full rates of civil pay. During his twenty-eight days' furlough, the soldier will receive his ordinary pay and ration allowance, and his separation or family allowance to his wife or dependents will be continued.

At the end of the furlough the soldier will, to quote the words of the Ministry of Reconstruction, be 'finally demobilized.' It will be noticed that the word 'discharged' is not used; and inasmuch as the phrase chosen by the Ministry is a reply to a supposed question in which the soldier asks about the date of his 'final discharge,' it has been keenly criticized. The soldier asks whether he is to be 'discharged,' that is to say, completely released from all his military obligations; and he is told only that he is to be 'demobilized,' which means, not discharge, but continuance under some sort of obligation to rejoin the army. For some time there

was considerable doubt as to the Government's intentions on this point, and from certain answers which were given in Parliament, it appeared that the Government itself had either not made up its mind whether it would or would not maintain military authority over the demobilized forces, or was not ready at the time to declare its intentions. All doubt has, however, now been cleared up by a new army order which has been issued by the War Office.

It is obvious that the general military policy of England must depend on the character of the peace settlement. If we are to have the Europe and the foreign policy of the past, we shall need one kind of army; if we obtain the League of Nations and disarmament, an army — or a police contingent — of a very different kind. But meanwhile, even if only on a small scale, demobilization is beginning. The question, therefore, which the soldier is asking, — whether on being sent home he will be finally and absolutely released from military authority, — has been decided in the negative. The War Office has formed a new army reserve called Class Z. Into this reserve all the men will be passed who are now coming home, and they can be recalled to the army, in the words of the order, 'in the event of an emergency, remobilization becoming necessary.' It is quite clear, however, that this army reserve is likely to receive a great many more of the demobilized soldiers than the early and privileged classes which precede the general dispersal. After stating that the new class is intended for the man now coming home, the order goes on to say that it will apply to all men demobilized so long as the Military Service Acts remain in force. The acts, however, will in all probability remain in force for a considerable time (estimated by some authorities at eighteen months), which will depend on the duration of the Peace

Conference. It is not merely a question of the peace preliminaries, which may be signed in the early spring, or even of the final treaty, which some authorities think will require a further six months, but of the ratifications of the treaty of peace, which will be deposited by the signatories in due course. At least until the ratifications have been received, Class Z will remain in existence, and there would therefore appear to be no doubt that the great bulk of the demobilized army, on returning to industry, will be comprehended within the new reserve, and will be liable to be recalled for service in case of a sufficient emergency. Subject to this obligation, the War Office lays no restriction whatever on the demobilized soldier. He will not be subject to any form of military discipline. He will not, by virtue of his inclusion in the reserve, forfeit any right he may otherwise possess to a disability or other pension, and the order remarks, perhaps a little ambiguously, that 'it is not intended that the formation of the new reserve should be a bar to emigration or repatriation over-seas.'

It would be unreasonable to object to the decision of the Government to retain their hold in this manner over the demobilized army. Probability is one thing and certainty another. It is improbable in the extreme that any emergency will arise in Europe which could require the recall of the army or of any large part of it. On the other hand, absolute certainty there is none; and just as caution forbids the Government to demobilize during the armistice, which is technically only a suspension of hostilities, so prudence forbids them completely to relax their hold over our military forces until the final signature of peace.

Demobilization, however, brings with it an immediate military problem which is not solved by the creation of Class Z, and the solution of which cannot

be left until the final peace settlement. That is the question of the provision of garrisons over-seas, for example, in India and Egypt; possibly also in Germany, if forces have to be kept there until the German Government has carried out the conditions of the peace treaty. The Government has therefore decided forthwith to raise a special voluntary army, which will be a substitute for the forces at present forming the overseas garrisons and will constitute the necessary reserves at home. Men at present in the army are being invited to extend their period of service for two, three, and four years, if they are between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five, and special bounties and periods of furlough are being held out to them as an inducement. The formation of this army is independent of anything it may be necessary to do when the military policy of England comes to be settled after the treaty of peace.

In spite of all that the Government has done and may be able to do, there is likely to be considerable unemployment. It has already been stated that only some sixty per cent of the men in the army have promises of reinstatement from their employers, and for some time at least the difficulty of providing adequate raw materials and tonnage for the country's industries is certain to be great. The Government has therefore put into force a scheme of unemployment benefit, in order to tide over the transition period. The demobilized soldier or munition-worker will endeavor to find employment through the local labor exchanges; and working in conjunction with these, there will everywhere be local advisory committees, of which some two hundred and sixty have already been set up. These committees will consist in equal proportions of representatives of the employers and of the employed, and it will be their business to consider the

state of trade and industry within their area and to act as advisers to the labor exchanges, and also to the men seeking employment, with regard to the available openings and the capacity of industry to absorb labor.

After an effort has been made to find employment and has failed, the so-called donation policy comes into force. The demobilized soldier will be entitled to receive benefit for twenty weeks during the first twelve months, at the rate of twenty-nine shillings per week, with six shillings a week for the first child under fifteen years of age and three shillings a week for each additional child. Women who have been engaged with the military or naval forces will receive twenty-five shillings a week, with the same allowances for dependents. The same scheme applies to civilian workers, except that it will be in operation for six months instead of twelve, and the donation will be payable for thirteen instead of twenty weeks. There are reduced rates of benefit for boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, who receive fourteen shillings and sixpence, and girls of the same age who receive twelve shillings and sixpence.¹ Vigorous protests against these rates of pay have already been raised by certain sections of labor, which demand that the benefit for adult workers, whether male or female, should be fifty shillings per week. No payment will be made during the first three days of any period of unemployment. This provision is adopted from the existing organization

¹ While revising the article, the writer has had to alter the figures for unemployment benefit. Men were to have had 24 shillings, women 20 shillings, boys 12 shillings, and girls 10 shillings. But the Cabinet, which has just announced a bonus on war-pensions, has now increased the unemployment benefits by 5 shillings for adults and 2 shillings and sixpence for boys and girls. Polling day is just ahead — December 14. — THE AUTHOR.

under the Insurance Act, and is intended to supply a period during which the applicant must make an endeavor to find work, or must accept the work that is offered, if the Labor Exchange concerned is of opinion that the offer is a fair and reasonable one.

Special provision will have to be made with regard to the disabled men. The plan which holds the field and which in broad outline has now been adopted by the Government is that known as the Rothband scheme, after its originator, a large employer of labor in the North of England. Mr. Rothband's proposal was that a national appeal should be made by the King, to all employers of labor asking them to bind themselves to give employment at the close of the war to disabled men. Lists of employers who had given such an undertaking would be compiled and would be placed in the hands of the labor exchanges, whose business it would be to see that they fulfilled their obligations. The obligation would be only a moral one, but obviously the labor exchanges would have the means of bringing pressure to bear in the case of the attempt of any firm to shirk its undertaking. The scheme has its weak side, in that certain employers would probably persist in standing out; and if they chose to put up with the discredit, they might succeed in burking their obligations. On the other hand, the only alternative would appear to be a compulsory scheme, which would be extremely distasteful to employers and would put a premium on the slackness and inefficiency of any men who chose to trade on the knowledge that there was a legal obligation on employers to find work for them. The idea of compulsion was, therefore, abandoned, and it is anticipated that after the elections the national appeal will be made, although it is yet uncertain whether it will be put forward by the King or by

the Government. It may be added that the same kind of question was debated by the Imperial Government in Germany before the revolution, and there, too, the idea of a compulsory scheme was finally abandoned as impracticable.

Much has been made in England of the provision of land for ex-soldiers and sailors as part of the demobilization scheme. Many plans have been discussed, but little has been done. In 1917 the War Office took a *plébiscite* of certain forces at the front, and it was afterwards announced that no less than seventeen per cent of the men had expressed a desire to go on the land when the war was over. This figure, which amounts roughly to three quarters of a million men, should be heavily discounted. Large numbers of men, especially when they had been only a short time in the army, declared the attractions of the free and open-air life to be such that they would not on any account return to their former and frequently sedentary occupations. It has, however, been found that the longer time they spent in the army, the more contented they became at the prospect of returning to their former employment; and probably the number who have any serious desire to go on the land is very much smaller than that suggested by the *plébiscite*.

Another large reduction has to be made for those who have neither experience nor capital. The Government made a start with its policy of finding land for ex-soldiers by means of an experiment under the Small-Holdings (Colonies) Act of 1916. The feature of the scheme was that the land colonies were to be established on a communal and coöperative basis. The settlers worked in the colony either as individual small holders or as members sharing the profits derived from working the colony as one large farm. An estate was, for instance, leased from the

Crown in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and it was the original intention that the colony should consist of a central farm and sixty small holdings ranged round it. The central farm was, in the first instance, to embrace the greater part of the estate, and land would be gradually taken from it and added to the small holdings as the settlers became qualified for their work. It was afterwards decided that, in the first instance, the estate should be worked as a whole on a profit-sharing basis, instead of being divided up into small holdings. Another colony, in Lincolnshire, was designed for market-gardening, and the intention was to divide it up into holdings of about ten acres each. These experiments, however, touch only the fringe of the subject; only four colonies have been provided with a total of six thousand acres. Sir Richard Winfrey, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, expressed the hope a few months since that eventually one million acres would be secured, but demobilization is already close upon us and little has been done.

Not long before the close of the last Parliamentary session, the Government introduced a bill to make it easier for the county councils to secure land for the purpose of allotments or small holdings, and also to make it easier for them to erect houses and buildings for settlers. Plans, however, are one thing and practice another, and at the present time we have not got beyond the pioneer colonies and the gift from certain public-spirited landowners, like the Duke of Sutherland, of farm lands to be used for the benefit of soldiers. The whole question is hedged about with difficulties of finance and ownership. In the Dominions the problem is much simpler, and some of the governments, which have much land at their disposal, are putting generous schemes

into force for the benefit of the returning troops.

In other directions the Government is taking various measures to assist demobilized officers and men. There are, for instance, the men who on going into the army were compelled to break their apprenticeship in various industries. Many of them will now desire to complete their training, but they could not do so if at their present age they were to receive only the wages appropriate to their position as apprentices. The State will therefore step in and make an addition to the wages which the employer pays. In the Civil Service, for twelve months from the beginning of demobilization, all permanent appointments will be reserved for ex-officers and ex-soldiers. The only exceptions will be such posts as require special qualifications or involve special responsibility or are held by men unfit for general service. Again, assistance will be given to officers and men whose professional training was interrupted by their entrance into the army. Provision is being made to assist those who by reason of their military service are unable to meet their financial obligations after the war, such as rent, insurance, or school-fees; and the Civil Liabilities Department will be instructed to lend aid, especially in the case of the one-man business, the closing of which has been one of the chief hardships of the war. A minor but not unimportant help given by the Government is the provision of free passages for the wives and families of officers and men returning over-seas.

Demobilization brings with it also a group of problems relating to material of war. Special measures have to be taken to deal with vast quantities of army stores. It has not been forgotten in England how great were the scandals in South Africa when military supplies were disposed of after the Boer War.

The value of the army stores which will now have to be sold is put at about five hundred million pounds, and the Government has instituted a general survey, both of the materials to be disposed of and of the uses to which they may be put in the various industries of the country. The Ministry of Reconstruction has come to the conclusion that there ought to be a Ministry of Supply, dealing with the whole question of the provision and the sale of government stores of all kinds; and it is projected, apparently, that the Ministry of Munitions, having finished its own work, should be transformed into such a ministry. Except, however, for the decision that one single organization shall be made responsible for the sale of the military stores, and that the process shall be based, so far as possible, on a careful analysis of the needs of our industries, the Government's intentions have not been announced.

There are other very difficult questions of a like kind, such as the future of the national factories and workshops, some of which are not even yet fully constructed. Dr. Addison, the Minister of Reconstruction, has explained that they fall into various classes: those that are state-owned, those that are partly state-owned and partly owned by firms; those that are serviceable for the purpose of storage, and so on. The policy of the Government with regard to their disposal is awaited with much interest. It involves large and difficult questions of finance and employment, and its broad outlines yet remain to be announced.

England, therefore, has her plans in varied stages of elaboration. Some are perfected, like those relating to the demobilization of the home and foreign armies. Some are extremely vague, especially those relating to all questions of material, and on the provision of material depends the employment of the demobilized men and women. To all plans alike the test of execution has still to be applied. There are, at the moment of writing, many complaints of the slowness with which the demobilization of even the first selected men is being conducted. But allowances ought to be made. The position is rather like that of any army which, having conducted a long and continuous offensive, is suddenly thrown on the defensive. All our organization has hitherto looked outwards toward the front. Now we have suddenly to change front, to face both ways, to organize another and an inward-flowing stream. At the same time, the Government has to feed our industries with raw materials, grapple with gigantic problems of supply, and control the transference of the war industries to works of peace. The General Election distracts both ministers and people from the attention that they should be giving to these problems. Not until it is over and done with, are we likely to learn the full plans of the Government on some subjects which will necessarily affect the amount of fresh employment and therefore the rate of demobilization. This is a period of experiment and improvisation, and the test is about to begin.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FROM A PRIVATE LOG

WELL, things have been sort of moving lately. It is very hard to realize that the war is over, even though a great German fleet of battleships, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, and destroyers is lying at anchor, with flags lowered, under our guns. The new Emden is only about three cables from us at the present moment!

The armistice was signed on the 11th, but except for a little exuberance that night when we 'spliced the main brace,' everyone (of course, I am only talking about the fleet, not of people ashore) took the news and the fact very quietly — indeed, you would n't have known that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Of course, the German Fleet was still very much a 'fleet in being,' and so there was no relaxation possible on our part, and we just carried on as if nothing had happened, — did our usual drills and firing, — and last Sunday the Sydney did what I suppose was the last North Sea patrol during the war.

Early on Wednesday morning, the 20th, we got back to our anchorage, dirty and bedraggled-looking, and got the news that the King was going to inspect the Grand Fleet that morning. This meant a real hustle and polishing and tidying up; but by 11.30, when he came round, we were n't looking so bad. At 12.30 it was all over, and then our programme was, dinner, prepare for coaling, coal ship, tea, clear ship, supper, and prepare for sea.

At 1.40 Thursday morning, November 21, we sailed — the whole Grand Fleet steaming out, squadron by squad-

ron, nearly 200 ships in all — 33 battleships (including the 6th Battle-Squadron — the American squadron), 9 battle-cruisers, 5 special-service cruisers, 32 light cruisers, and a hundred or more destroyers. At daylight that morning, we formed into two divisions in line ahead, six miles apart, — cleared for action, with all hands at their battle-stations, — and in this formation we steamed to meet the German High Sea Fleet, coming to surrender ignominiously without firing a shot.

At about 9.30 the Cardiff, a British light cruiser, was sighted leading a long line of German ships disappearing in the far distance over the horizon. For a fortnight we had had nothing but dense fog day and night, but on this one morning Nature rose to the occasion, and though it was n't absolutely clear, the sun was shining, the sea was almost like glass, and the visibility varying from about four to six miles.

The two fleets met, steaming in opposite directions, the Germans passing down the centre between the two lines, with British airships low down overhead — and then at a given signal all squadron leaders altered the course 180 degrees outward from the German line, the remaining ships of each squadron following round in succession. This brought the Grand Fleet round in the same formation as before, but steaming in the same direction as the Germans, and the course was set for the Firth of Forth.

Sir David Beatty, in the Queen Elizabeth, led the Battle Fleet of the Northern line, and abreast him was the Seidlitz, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Täger, leading the Ger-

man battle-cruiser squadron of five ships. Astern of the rear ship, the Von der Tann, came the German Commander-in-Chief, Admiral von Reuter, flying his flag in the Friedrich der Grosse, and followed by the remaining eight ships of the battle squadron. Then came a gap, bridged by the King Orry, once an Isle of Man pleasure steamer, but now flying the White Ensign and acting as a connecting link for signaling purposes; and then, led by the Phaeton, a British light cruiser, came Commodore Harder and his seven light cruisers.

Astern of the rear German light cruiser followed what can only be described as swarms of destroyers — British, then 49 Germans, then more British.

I've no words to describe it. It was stupendous, magnificent, wonderful; and this huge fleet — such a fleet as the world has never before seen manoeuvred, or even in company — was handled with such precision, with such absolute accuracy and absence of 'flaps,' that it might have been a huge clockwork toy, devised mechanically to do certain things at definite times. There was not an accident or the vestige of a hitch in the whole proceedings, and it was really a triumph of accuracy and skill.

By 3 P.M. the German Fleet was at anchor in the Firth of Forth east of Inchkeith, guarded by sufficient units of the Grand Fleet. Each ship of the guarding force then had to send an inspection party, under a commander, to a corresponding German ship, to search for possible explosives, and to give the commanding officers their instructions. Rather appropriately, the Emden fell to the lot of the Sydney, as her predecessor had done four years ago, though in a somewhat different manner!

The German colors were still flying from each German ship, but at 3.57, as I stepped on board at the head of my

small party of officers and men, the 'sunset' bugles sounded, and down they came with a run, never to be hoisted again — at least, until the peace conference decides what is to be done.

On my arrival on board, I was received by the commander, being piped over the side with peace-time formality, and went straight to the captain's cabin, where the captain, Becker, was waiting. It was a trying business and I hope I shall never have to go through anything like it again; for, in spite of all the devilish cruelty the Huns have indulged in, I could n't help feeling terribly sorry for him. Here was a man forced by circumstances to surrender his ship without firing a shot, and I could n't help putting myself in his position — or rather trying to. I did n't succeed, for such a thing is so entirely outside all our training and upbringing, all our traditions, that it was, and is, impossible to imagine it. With a British Fleet it just could n't have happened — either there would have been a fight, or our ships would have been blown up.

I think the Germans wanted to be perfectly friendly, but though, of course, one was absolutely courteous, there could be no fraternization, and I limited conversation strictly to necessary questions and answers; but I could n't help feeling rather a beast. Captain Becker offered me his hand and also a cigarette, both of which I of course refused — the first by having both my hands occupied sorting out papers, and the second by 'I don't smoke, thank you!'

After collecting the information I wanted, and leaving the Commander-in-Chief's instructions in writing, I did a quick inspection of the ship, just going through her magazines, shell-rooms, torpedo-rooms, and so forth, and finding them all empty. The next morning at 9 o'clock I again went on board and made a thorough and complete exam-

ination of every hole and corner in the ship, which took some hours; but there was nothing at all in the way of arms or explosives on board — even the breech-blocks of the guns had been landed at Wilhelmshaven. There seemed to be plenty of food and clothing, but otherwise the ship was practically empty.

Before leaving for the last time I went to the captain and thanked him for the assistance his officers had given me; and I was rather touched when he thanked me for the 'great discretion and consideration' I had shown in the way I had 'carried out a duty which must have been very distasteful' to me! It *was* distasteful, for I had the feeling the whole time that I was hitting a man when he was down, and also, when going round the ship and seeing all the various devices, I felt as if I were looking over my opponent's hand at cards, or reading someone else's letters! However, the business had to be done, and was done thoroughly, and with due dignity and formality.

The situation on board was interesting. There was discipline of sorts, and men obeyed their officers, but it had relaxed considerably, and orders were obeyed in a slack manner. This was the general impression I received; but it was also very noticeable that there was a section of men on board, cleaner and smarter-looking than the remainder, who still held to the old traditions of discipline and loyalty to their officers. When we were in the captain's cabin he called an orderly and asked if a certain form had been completed, and the orderly replied, 'How should I know?' in a most insolent manner. The captain turned to me and said in English, with rather a despairing shrug of the shoulders, 'They have all gone mad — mad!' Some few men had blacked out the 'S.M.S.' on their cap-ribbons, leaving only 'Emden.'

The German ships and destroyers are now leaving in batches for Scapa, and our turn comes on Monday to escort the light cruisers up there — and then I don't know what we shall do. I hope the powers that be won't think it necessary to keep us there too. I've certainly seen enough of Scapa in the winter to last me for the rest of my life.

This 'neither-one-thing-nor-the-other' period — neither peace nor war — is worse than either! It's curious how it affects people. While war was on, everyone was happy and cheery, however uncomfortable the conditions — the ship was just a happy family; but now everybody's nerves seem to be rather on edge, and I spend half my time soothing people down and smoothing over stupid little quarrels which just could n't have happened a fortnight ago. I feel it myself, too, and find I have to exercise an enormous amount of self-restraint to avoid damning people up hill and down dale without real rhyme or reason! It is the relief from strain I suppose — strain that one has n't noticed much, but that must have been felt almost unconsciously; and, too, there is the feeling of staleness, — that everything now is flat and unprofitable, — but probably the first 'leave' will cure all that! It has n't been possible to get ashore much lately. I think I've only landed about three times this month, and that tends to make one rather irritable.

STYLISH STOUTS

The title is not my own; it is the comforting caption that advertises a dress sale, comforting because it perhaps indicates an epochal adjustment of fashion to fact. Is it possible that the stout woman, poor dear, has at last become stylish? May she at last be frankly fat, emancipated from frantic remodelings

at the hands of *corsetière* and *couturière*? The burden of obesity is not in the carrying of its pounds, but in being forced to treat the obvious as if it were surreptitious. What dizzy elation for the fat woman to realize that henceforth she is suffered to be not only frank but fashionable! Dame Fashion is as fertile in the unexpected as Dame Fortune.

The fat woman has been so long accustomed to commiseration that it may be difficult for her to realize her new dignity; we have all pitied her, been sorry for the bursting glove-clasp, the exuberant girth, the sweets desired but denied, the chin whose apparent hauteur was so unjust to the kindly heart beneath it; and above all for that plump palm laid upon our arm with its accompanying tremulous whisper, 'Am I as fat as she, or she, or she?'

But now all that evil time is forgotten. The anti-fat nostrum, the recipes for rolling, the panting mountain climb, all the many-doctored advice, all the beauty-parlor pummeling — all this is obsolete, for obesity has come into its own. The corpulent dame now has dresses made to exhibit, not to conceal, her shapeliness; these throng authentic fashion-sheets. She has her own clothes, not the adapted 'line' of the lean and lovely sylph. The fat woman is no longer done out of her inheritance by a cruel and carping world. She has become a 'stylish stout.'

The 'stout' is even entering story, not for farcical effect either. There is an increasing number of portly heroines in fiction. The male novelist still averts his eyes a little when he makes one. He leaves his outlines a bit vague, out of deference for past convention; for he knows he is an innovator. Fiction is always far in arrear of popular opinion, but there are a few romancers who are coming abreast of the times in portraiture. Alice of *Buried Alive* is a dumpy darling, and her charm is increased

rather than diminished by the fact that she is fat. There is nothing neurasthenic about a well-padded person. The obese are always amiable. Older and wiser than we, the Oriental has incorporated this fact in his daily philosophy. In the Orient stouts have always been stylish. Knowing that fat women are good to live with, the harem husband long ago persuaded both himself and the ladies that they are equally good to look at. The Westerner, on the contrary, is still at that callow stage of development when he tries to persuade himself that a woman, because she is good to look at, is also good to live with. Fortunate for the Occidental husband are our customs of liberty for ladies, permitting women whose nerves are but thinly clad with flesh to run freely about the streets, venting their irritability on the neighbors. Under Eastern seclusion a thin woman, closely confined, might keep the whole seraglio in a stew. It is for self-protection that Oriental convention cultivates an ideal of sleekness and opulence as the feminine standard.

It is a curious fact that in neither East nor West has the stylishness of stouts been extended to the male sex. The norm for man is to be long and limber. As the hero of romance, a man may be brawny; but except in farce, he may not yet be fat. In America this ideal of masculine slimness is explained by our fondness for thinking of our men as lean wrestlers with frontier conditions, for the fact of a frontier is still a pleasant figment of our fancy. As a matter of brutal truth, both our men and our women have swelled perceptibly during a long period of plenty and of ease. Not all our Hooverizing has notably reduced the tendency of both sexes toward an opulent maturity. The pitiful point is that our men are not yet allowed by fashion to grow fat with dignity. Of course, it has never been so hard for a man to be voluminous as

for a woman, because he thinks only of how uncomfortable he feels, and not, concomitantly, of how ungainly he looks. And yet the fat man has had pain enough in being the butt of the papers and of his pals; and from this anguish he cannot be relieved until fashion lifts its ban from his person as it has lifted it from that of the lady. No shop is as yet exhibiting styles for the stout man. He is still forced to squeeze himself into clothes designed for the stripling.

But the emancipation of men will follow that of women. Women are not so selfish that they will permit themselves to expand into efflorescence without seeking to obtain equal liberty for the fat man. No chivalrous woman will be content with her privilege of obesity without wanting men to share it. In due time the fat man, like the fat woman, will be made heroic in fiction and in fashion-plate. The day of the fat lady was long in dawning, but at last her freedom and her fashionableness have arrived. Just as surely will a day come when tailors will announce to men patrons the happy era of stylish stouts.

THE FARM

The grandfather and grandmother are sitting on the lawn under the maples, near the old gray-white house under the eaves of which the mud-wasps have plastered their little fawn-colored homes. It is August, and the air is very soft and hazy, and filled with the whirring of insects. In the fields the butterflies are flitting about over the delicate wild carrot, and the woods in the distance are beginning to thin out and take on a rusty appearance.

The grandfather is reading aloud to the grandmother, who is knitting — knitting very fast, with quick, regular darts of her forefinger. The grandfather puts out his hand as he reads, and strokes the shaggy Airedale terrier. He is a puppy, but he looks like an old dog, with stiff, limited motions of his hind legs, and patience in his amber eyes, which peer out from wisps of dull red-brown hair.

A bird with a downy white feather in its beak flies to the top of the apple tree; but soon the feather comes wafting slowly down. A mellow, buff-colored apple falls with a gentle thud, and a little stubbly green one topples down, brushing the tree-trunk. Over near the tennis court the pear trees are bent with the weight of their fruit, and children are playing on the green, green grass, and there is the soft pad-pad of the ball on ground, against racket.

All about us there is peace and quiet, but now a shadow passes over the grass. The turkeys under the thorny bush and the hens that are taking dust-baths in the roadway see it, and know that there is a chicken-hawk overhead, and there is an uneasy stir among them. One young turkey hen twists its glistening neck and cocks its eye apprehensively upward.

For us — the grandfather is reading an article describing the treatment of the prisoners taken by the Germans; and the grandmother, who wears a Red Cross button in place of her accustomed brooch, is knitting, knitting. And of the things that she is knitting there is already quite a little pile, and they are all 'stump socks,' to be worn on the ends of amputated limbs instead of gloves or stockings.